UW-Eau Claire McIntyre Library
0628 001225726l

# MEMOIRS

OF

# FREDERICK PERTHES.

# MEMOIRS

OF

# FREDERICK PERTHES

OR

## LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, AND POLITICAL LIFE IN GERMANY,

FROM 1789 TO 1843.

FROM THE GERMAN OF

CLEMENT THEODORE PERTHES,

PROFESSOR OF LAW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE AND CO.

HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., LONDON.

MDCCCLVI.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

315
.P46
A3
2

# CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The Marriage of the Eldest Daughter, . . . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

The Marriage of the Second Daughter, . . . . . 16

CHAPTER III.

Departure of the Eldest Son for the University, . . . . . 25

CHAPTER IV.

The Last Days of Caroline, . . . . . 42

CHAPTER V.

Condition of Gotha, and Perthes' First Settlement there—1822, . . . 62

CHAPTER VI.

Establishment of the Publishing Business, . . . . . 76

CHAPTER VII.

Excursions during the Summer and Autumn of 1822, . . . . 98

CHAPTER VIII.

Perthes' Activity in Unprofessional Life—1822-1824, . . . . 108

191976

LIAM D. McINTYRE LIBRARY

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

Perthes' Inner Life during the First Years of his Residence in Gotha—1822-1825, . . . . . 131

CHAPTER X.

Perthes' Second Marriage—1825, . . . . . 156

CHAPTER XI.

First Years of the Second Marriage—1825-1830. . . . . 170

CHAPTER XII.

Perthes' Theological Press—1822-1830, . . . . . 190

CHAPTER XIII.

Correspondence on the Relations of Life, . . . . . 209

CHAPTER XIV.

Catholicism and the Protestant Church-Parties—1822-1830, . . 220

CHAPTER XV.

Rationalism and its Opponents—1822-1830, . . . . 240

CHAPTER XVI.

Movements in Private Circles outside the Church—1822-1830, . . 254

CHAPTER XVII.

Scientific Theology and Ecclesiastical Authority—1822-1830, . . 265

CHAPTER XVIII.

Political Movements in Southern Europe—1822, 1823, . . . 277

CHAPTER XIX.

Liberalism and the Political Institutions of Germany—1822-1825, . 285

CHAPTER XX.

PAGE
Political Feelings and Expectations—1822-1825, . . . . . 297

CHAPTER XXI.

Political Events and Relations—1825-1830, . . . . . 310

CHAPTER XXII.

The Revolution of July 1830, . . . . . 322

CHAPTER XXIII.

Situation of Prussia—1830, 1831, . . . . . 334

CHAPTER XXIV.

Course of the Political Movement in Germany—1831-1833, . . 352

CHAPTER XXV.

Literary Discussions—1830-1840, . . . . . 367

CHAPTER XXVI.

Protestant Movements—1830-1840, . . . . . 378

CHAPTER XXVII.

Controversy about the Constitution of the State-Assemblies—1834-1838, 393

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Hierarchical Constitution and the Public Agitation—1837, 1838, . . 400

CHAPTER XXIX.

Political Tendencies and Events—1838-1843, . . . . . 406

CHAPTER XXX.

Theological and Ecclesiastical Controversies—1840-1843, . . 418

CHAPTER XXXI.

PAGE
Perthes' Activity in Business—1830-1843, . . . . . 432

CHAPTER XXXII.

Perthes' Domestic and Social Life—1830-1837, . . . . . 443

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Last Years—1837-1843, . . . . . 458

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sickness and Death—1843, . . . . . 477

# THE LIFE OF PERTHES.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Although neither the political commotions, nor the manifold religious and ecclesiastical controversies of the time ever became uninteresting to Caroline, or failed to draw forth her sympathies, they never again engrossed her whole soul as in 1813. Her heart was in her home, and there she ever found fresh cause of joy and gratitude. Her eldest daughter, Agnes, had been betrothed, since the summer of 1813, to William Perthes, who had formerly taken part in the business at Hamburgh, afterwards campaigned as a volunteer, and now managed the business which he had inherited from his father in Gotha, and which, under his auspices, had become very flourishing. "God has again showered down joy and gladness upon us," wrote Caroline about this time; "how can I thank Him enough for so manifestly protecting us and our children! It is certainly a great happiness to be able to commit so pure and innocent a child to the man whom we have so long esteemed, knowing that he will cleave to her with his whole heart, loving and cherishing her as long as he lives."

On the 12th of May 1818, the marriage took place, and on

the 16th the young couple departed for their new home. The following is the first letter of a correspondence which supplied the lack of personal intercourse :—"My beloved Agnes, you have hardly been gone from me three hours, and I am already writing to you, because I cannot help it. When you left, I watched you till you had passed the bridge, and then gave you up in the sure confidence that you are, and ever will remain, in God's hands. You—dear Agnes, know that I love you, and can imagine the rest. How well I remember the moment when you were first laid beside me on the bed, when I looked at you for the first time, and gave you the first kiss. Since then, I have rejoiced in you every day, I might say every hour, through twenty years. Should I not thank God, and if He has willed it, consent to part with you? He will forgive me if I cannot do it without tears. And you, too, my dear Agnes, must and ought to weep ; and your beloved William will understand you, and forgive you if you weep too long. Never conceal from him anything that relates to yourself, even if you think that it may displease him ; you will soon find that even with the fondest love, there is room for mutual forbearance. I rejoice beforehand in your future, for we, too, shall be sharers in it : remember that you are never to be weary of communicating your joys and sorrows, that so we may still live a common life." Joy and gratitude for the happiness of her daughter, and for her own, was the groundwork of all Caroline's letters. "Perthes has just brought me your letter," she writes in answer to the first news from Gotha : "I have read it again and again, and rejoice and thank God, and also your dear William, for making you so happy. You know how confident I was of this beforehand, and it will be permanent where God

has given His blessing. Conjugal happiness lives in the depths of the heart even amid the sorrows and trials of life; indeed it is by these only the more deeply rooted, as I know from my own experience, thank God. I rejoice with you, and on your account, dear children, and school myself to bear your absence cheerfully; so does your father; it is a real pleasure to look at his face when he comes to the door with one of your letters." —"We cannot think of anything but William's birthday," she writes somewhat later; "we would gladly have lived in the same place with you if God had so ordered it. Ah! what a pity that the world is so wide! how delightful it would be if we, and all whom we love, could live together, and we could have kept this birthday with you. But I will not complain, I will rather rejoice and be glad even in your removal. May God preserve your happiness to you and us, and with it a thankful and watchful heart. I cannot tell you often enough that you are always with me and at my side; and none knows so well as myself how gladly I would hear you answer when in thought I speak with you. At the same time, I do not grudge you to your dear William, and it is my constant desire that you may become dearer and dearer to each other. That you are in the right path I am fully persuaded; yours is indeed a happy lot, my beloved Agnes, and if every day finds you walking more humbly before God, and more lovingly, you will have a heaven within you. Your dear father is well and cheerful. Would that he could only secure a quiet hour for me occasionally! this is my only want, and it troubles me more and oftener than it ought."

In July 1818, Caroline went with Perthes for a few days to Lübeck to visit her family, returning by Rheinfeld, the birthplace of her father. "We have actually been to Lübeck, and

have enjoyed it very much," she wrote to Agnes. "Your father was young again, and very merry, and so was I. We stayed two days with my brother, and were truly happy. I am really well, and hardly know which is best, to awake or to go to sleep in health; but I think the latter. Oh, Agnes, pray that I may remain so!—St. Mary's Church is large, and I believe that many earnest prayers and cries ascend to heaven from it. The long row of tombs, with their great stone coffins, and the obscurity of the place, impressed me deeply; one can hardly realize the destruction of these heavy coffins, and this is to me an unpleasant thought, seeing that the body, on account of which they are erected, is so soon dissolved. The Cathedral Church is very fine, and I would gladly pass an occasional hour there. On Tuesday evening we left for Rheinfeld; the quietness of this place passes all description; it is situated on the shore of a large lake, richly wooded on one side. It was a still, peaceful evening: we had escaped from the world, were alone, and inconceivably happy. Would to God we had more such hours! When our busy life in Hamburgh occurred to me, I felt rather discouraged, and yet I am convinced that my work there is, on the whole, better for me than this calm blessedness. God has led me by a very different way from that which I had laid out for myself, but it has been the right way—this I not only believe but know; He has given me in labour and tumult what I would gladly have sought and found in quiet and solitude. We also went to the church of your dear grandfather, and to his grave, and into the confessional where there was an old arm-chair in which he had often sat, and a few books in which he had often read. The next morning we again went out for a walk, and rested ourselves in a beautiful spot. How did I rejoice in the happiness

of Perthes, he was so delighted with me and everything! But to return to you and your letter: what you write of N.'s children is true, and distresses me greatly, for I am convinced that heartfelt love, which lets itself be seen, and in a manner felt in everything, is the dew and the rain indispensable to the growth and bloom of children. I believe that the more children are loved, and the more conscious they are of being loved, the better; of course there is also a time for seriousness and discipline. But I know many people who think it right carefully to conceal their affection from their children. They should study 1 Cor. xiii., and they would see that there is nothing to fear in that direction. You know that with reference neither to children, nor to anything else, am I fond of words; but to give occasional expression to the feelings of the heart, I consider not only not wrong, but right; the mouth naturally overflows with whatever fills the heart,—and how can it overflow but in words?"

Caroline was anxious to instruct her daughter in housekeeping, and often desired her to write all sorts of details. In return she sent many an approved receipt, and many a useful hint, and also gave news of her daughter's friends. Thus:—"You ask after Z.; she was here lately, and was so ingenuous and confiding, that, to my horror, she did not shrink from saying that she believed all unmarried women had missed their vocation, and had but a melancholy prospect. I pray God to defend every girl from so miserable a notion. No; God has provided love and happiness for all who will accept them, whatever their rank or sex. No one need want objects of affection, dear Agnes; you cannot for a moment doubt that I, like you, regard a good husband as a great and

precious gift from God; but God can send His blessing directly into the heart, without attaching it to any intermediate object, and make us happy without husbands. For, dear Agnes, your mutual love can be a means of happiness and blessing only as it increases your love to God; and can you not imagine, that to turn directly to God, and love Him without the intervention of any human medium, must be far, far better? And even with a human medium I can imagine unmarried to be quite as happy as married life, else poor maidens must indeed despair, and we with them, and for them. If we but propose to ourselves some serious object, pursuing it with our whole heart, and labouring for it in dependence on God, His blessing and happiness can never fail us. This is my honest opinion, and I believe that every young woman acts wisely when she turns her affections to God, instead of looking about her with yearning and anxiety for an earthly object; this is a melancholy condition which withers and dries up the heart, and annihilates all happiness. I know nothing so sad as a poor girl in this condition, especially if she be pure and good. If, however, a woman finds such a dear Perthes as you and I have found, or rather as God has given us, let her close with him at once, and be thankful."

But Caroline's anxiety about the spiritual influences that her daughter might find in her new home, took precedence of every other. "I thank you for your letter," she wrote, "but not at all that you have not yet looked out for a real friend of your own sex. I earnestly wish one for you, so that you may have something to fall back upon, when William cannot be with you. If you are sketching a model of perfection in your friend, I can quite understand how it is that you have not found one; but

you must make allowances, and go forth with a generous confidence, not suffering yourself to be ruffled, as you too often do. It is often easier to tolerate weaknesses and failings, than manners and modes of speech to which we are unaccustomed. Only bear perpetually in mind that there is no difference at heart between the people of Gotha and Hamburgh; there, as here, there is much shortcoming and much good, and many little things that you would rather do without, yet which you must take along with every acquisition. It is very natural that the good qualities of your friends here should appear to you in the liveliest colours; their weaknesses and failings, on the other hand, in the faintest; and yet, there were not many of them with whom you could speak of the deepest and holiest things, and to whom you could pour out your whole heart. Nevertheless you loved them, and took pleasure in their society. Only make the attempt in Gotha, let your heart speak in truth and confidence, and you will find that what comes from the heart, goes to the heart; you will be met more than half way, for the necessity and the pleasure of loving and being loved is common to us all, and the young ladies there have no William as you have."

Perthes also wrote to warn his daughter against seclusion from others:—"Make the most of your own happiness, but remember that you are not alone in the world; and do not shut up your house from your friends! it is perilous, and leads to family egotism, and brings its own punishment. I am glad that you have young men living with your dear William; continue this custom even to old age; it will preserve you alike from the gossip and the tedium of company. Communicate freely with others, and shew that domestic happiness does not estrange you from them.

The earth is God's house, and we may not live only to ourselves. I know, dear Agnes, that you will not let any needy person whom you can help go empty away; but neighbours and acquaintances wish to talk of their affairs, their joys and sorrows, and those of their friends, and nothing is so offensive as cold reserve, as though we were beings of a superior nature, able to live, and suffer, and rejoice alone."

"That you do not find in the pulpit what you seek," wrote Caroline, "distresses me greatly, but does not surprise me, since the clergy for the most part preach only morality, which is but meagre fare. But do not be cast down on this account, my dear Agnes; take refuge in your own inner church: God can serve up a better table than any preacher, and will assuredly feed you, if only you are hungry. The old hymns and chorals have ever been my best stimulants, and are so still, whenever the inner life grows languid; in particular, those beautiful hymns of longing after God, in Freylinghausen's book, have often revived me, and will, I trust, support me even in death. But if the preaching be not satisfactory, do not on this account absent yourself from church; there are seasons in which you are more likely to be aroused and quickened in the church than in the house, where I at least seldom have a quiet hour." "I am indeed sorry," she says in a letter of later date, "that you are obliged to live without music; still, my advice is, not to form any intimacies only for the sake of music; you might pay too dearly for it, and not perhaps find it easy to draw back. My piano is also dumb, I cannot sing one of *our* songs to it; when I sound the first note, I feel that you are no longer by my side; tears then come and choke the rest. Yes, dear Agnes, I feel that it is a hard duty

to part from a gift in which God has so long allowed us to rejoice."

In this, and in many other letters, we see the struggle in Caroline's heart, between her joy at the happiness of her child, and the sorrow of separation. "I know that you are happy, and that is the chief thing; but, my dear Agnes, a mother's heart is not at all times to be quieted by reason, and has its own rights too. Only it must not be intractable; that it should not be so is, in quiet hours, my daily study. As long as you were with me, I was wholly yours—heart and soul, mind and body, hands and feet; if you have no longer need of my hands and feet, you may yet find my affection useful, for in this consists the glory and excellency of love, that if we are only pure, it can never hurt us; of its giving and receiving there is no end here, and it endures throughout eternity."—"That you still think of us with warm affection and attachment, and would gladly be with us, I find quite natural," she writes in another letter; "you could not love your William so well if you could forget us. I am fully persuaded that I love you as truly and fondly as William does, and have done so for twenty years; and thus it is but just that you should continue to love me for at least twenty years, and what will be yet better, my dear, long-loved Agnes,—for ever. Preserve then your affection for us in all its fervour, it is quite consistent with that to your dear William. The soul is so constituted, that, while we are here below, wishing and yearning are not only compatible with our happiness, but our best and proper happiness is only realized when this wishing and yearning are directed towards the best things."—"To-morrow is our wedding-day," writes Caroline in a letter on the 1st of August; "it is the first

on which I have had to look back on gifts resigned. Do you enjoy the onward road, it also has its cares and troubles; but, as I find by experience, the retrospect is harder and more painful. Youth has its dangers, but those of age are, I fear, greater and more trying, though, thank Heaven, I observe this rather in others than in myself, and in God's name I also am going forward. Dear Agnes, love me still, and keep as close to me as you can. My dear bridegroom is quite well and cheerful, and as dear to me now as he was twenty years ago. I never believed it possible that affection could continue so uninterruptedly for twenty-one years—and how much longer it will continue is not for me to say." Again, on the following day,—"The children had adorned our breakfast-table with flowers and wedding garlands; we sat in a bower of leafy green, and examined the little presents that your sisters had prepared for us. It appears very strange to me that you should be wandering about the world without me on this day, and that I should not know whether you are at Schwarzburg or Rudolfstadt, or where you are."

But it was not only the joyful anniversaries that Caroline loved to devote to correspondence with her absent daughter; those consecrated by sad remembrance were also spent in the same way. "It is six years to-day since my angel Bernard was born," she writes on the 27th September, "and his earthly body is already so decayed, that I can now see only his dear, bright eye, which, when I was in trouble, used to revive and strengthen me, and renew my confidence and joy in the Lord. You also recollect how he rejoiced and comforted us all at Aschau, and how kindly, and pleasantly, and lovingly he looked on us all. Would that, though unseen by me, he still looked upon me, and raised my soul to God! The

angel-child must be able, and he is certainly willing, to do even more for us now. How gladly I would know more about the nature of the happiness of my beloved, departed children! God does indeed allow us to apprehend it in the depths of our hearts, as something transcending thought; but whenever I would realize this presentiment of the heart in my understanding, it dissolves and vanishes altogether: and yet, I cannot help thinking, though I know that it is in vain, and that on this, as on all other great questions, we can do nothing more in this world than keep alive in ourselves the yearning and longing after truth, not allowing it to be disturbed and destroyed by external influences of any kind."

A new source of happiness was opened to Caroline in the prospect of becoming a grandmother. "I have just received your letter, dear children, and am beyond measure delighted, affected, and thankful. You can have no idea of the happiness that, if it please God, is awaiting you, neither can I explain it to you, although for twenty years my heart has been filled with it. Rejoice, and again I say rejoice, and pray to God for His blessing. If I could but tell you something of your coming joys,—but they are inconceivable and unspeakable, and come directly from God himself; may He impart them in richest measure!"

The succeeding letters express the tenderest maternal sympathy with the hopes and fears of her daughter; but in all, the call to gratitude and joy is paramount. Thus towards the the end of 1818 she wrote—"Every one has, doubtless, reason both for hope and fear, in regard to the New-Year, but God helps us all through. Farewell, dear Agnes, and don't forget your grandfather's prescription for the eve of New-Year's Day,

viz., to sit down upon a stone and pray:—you have much to remember and to hope for; but you must spare us, too, a thought from the depths of your heart." "A happy, happy Christmas may God give you, dear children," so wrote Caroline, on despatching a small Christmas box;—"if you have but a tenth part of the delight in unpacking which the children have had in packing it, you will be content. The three little ones have been especially busy, and the pleasure of giving and sending has often ended in tears because there was nothing more to give. Remember that your gratification is to equal theirs, or we shall not be satisfied. The box will reach you at six o'clock, and then, assuredly, you will think of us; and I, too, shall think of you, dear Agnes: you seem still a part of myself; and though I weep, I cannot tell whether they are tears of joy or of sorrow. The Christmas prayer which I put up from my inmost heart for you, last year, is more than fulfilled; let us then, now again, thank God, and place ourselves, and those who are near and dear to us, with confidence and faith in His arms, and rejoice. You must also help us to thank him; let us with united voice sing, 'Oh for a thousand tongues,' &c. That sweet hymn always recurs to me when I know not what to say in reviewing the past one-and-twenty years."—"Perthes is a true child at Christmas time," says Caroline, a few days later, in her account of Christmas eve; "my heart is stirred afresh by him every year at that season. It is three-and-twenty years since I first felt this, and my conviction, that one who could take such child-like delight in the Christmas tree must have a pure and simple heart, has not been falsified. This was the impression that my heart received on that evening, when I, properly

speaking, first saw him; that, indeed, was the day of my real betrothal. I can never thank God enough for his affection. When, yesterday evening, at six o'clock, we sat down to table, Perthes was so wearied and depressed, that it made us sad to see him, but when the tree was lighted, he became as lively and as frolicsome as the youngest child." At Easter Caroline writes, "God give you a joyous festival—and why should He not? since He has made every day a festival by the deep and abiding love that He has put into your heart. That He can give us nothing better even in eternity is certain; only we cannot yet understand the greatness of our blessedness, because we know so little at present of pure love to God, although we have some foretaste of it in the delight we feel in the outgoings of our feeble love towards our fellow-creatures. The children are all gone out, and I meant to read a sermon of Taulerus, but you and William, your happiness and your hopes, have stirred my heart so deeply, that I have been unable. Dear William! I feel real joy and happiness in having so nursed, and cherished, and brought up Agnes for you; may God grant you the same pleasure in your children that he has hitherto given us in ours. More I cannot wish you, for I know no more. I have, to my great delight, just opened the balcony door for the first time this year, and am quite transported with all that the sweet spring breathes, and with all that it reveals to eye and ear. The little birds know not how to leave off singing and rejoicing, and I would sing and rejoice with them."

Ever since the autumn of 1818, Caroline had cherished the hope of visiting her daughter in Gotha in the course of the following spring. Accordingly, on the 23d of April Perthes and Caroline, with four children, set out from Hamburgh, commit-

ting their second son to the charge of his grandmother in Wandsbeck, and leaving the eldest in charge of the house. "We arrived safe, and well, and happy," wrote Caroline from Gotha; "the journey was bitterly cold, but our inward joy kept us so warm, that the external cold could not touch us. The postilions were all good and steady except one, who had a drop in his head; but just as we were beginning to be uneasy, we met another posting carriage, and by changing horses got quit of him. Both the little ones behaved very well, and by their merriment and their lively observation of all that they saw and heard, and their surprise at the sight of mountains, trees, and rocks, greatly increased our pleasure, although the charge of such young travellers was not without inconvenience: I was obliged to hold one in each arm during the whole night, to keep them from the cold, and soften the jolting of the carriage. When we came near Gotha, I could scarcely restrain my feelings, and on Tuesday the 27th of April, we arrived." After Caroline's return to Hamburgh with her husband and children, in the beginning of June, the weeks she had spent with her daughter were a source of grateful remembrance. "Since I have seen you in your own house," she writes, "I have lost the feeling of entire separation, and really live with you again; and if your heart yearn after me, you will often find me. The happy remembrance of the days that I have spent with you so lately prevails even over the pain of separation."

A year of trouble and disquietude of all sorts awaited Caroline on her return from Gotha; she had found her second son Clement seriously ill in Hamburgh, and it was many months before her anxiety on his account was in any degree abated. To her eldest son Matthias, who was passing the holidays at

Gotha, she wrote at this time,—"Gaze, not to satiety, but till you are hungry, on the beauties of nature; salute the rocks at Schwarzburg, and go before noon to the Trippstein, when the sun shines aslant through the firs, and reflect that your father and I have also been there, have thanked God and rejoiced. In all my present sorrow, the remembrance of that sweet spot can cheer and solace me; in such a place one can rise higher, at least more easily, than in one's own room. As for the hours of sore and burning trial, who knows and who can reckon the benefit we derive from them! They are not appointed in vain."

On the 14th of August, in the midst of her anxiety for her sick son, the news of the birth of her first grandchild reached her, and Caroline wrote,—"Oh that I had a thousand tongues, and a thousand voices that might strive together in praising God for what He has done for you! May God himself help me to thank Him, that He has heard my prayer: I have always the feeling that we can pray fervently much longer than we can praise; so that our thanksgivings are all too short compared with our supplications. If I could escape from the anxiety and sorrow which surround me, I should be still nearer to you; but my heart is divided between joy and sadness, and a divided heart brings labour and unrest. You will be astonished to find in how many new and pleasurable aspects the child will appear to you, if God grant His blessing,—and this He certainly never denies to those who honestly seek it. Pray, then, that God may send His angel to guide your little one through the joys and sorrows of life, and to be very near him in the time of trial and the hour of death."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE SECOND DAUGHTER.

Scarcely was Caroline's anxiety for her invalid son removed, when her repose was again interrupted by a proposal for the hand of her second daughter, Louisa, who had remained at Gotha to nurse her sister. The young suitor, Agricola, was scarcely known to her, and the decision was difficult. "How could we commit so great a charge," wrote Caroline, "to one whom we know not?—it is always a trial to give up a beloved child to any one, and we are now called on to do it to a stranger. I know not where to find counsel or help; it seems to me the greatest trial of my life." The confidence manifested by the daughter induced the parents to leave the decision to her alone: and when Agricola became known to them through his letters, all anxiety vanished. In the middle of November 1819, Louisa returned to Hamburgh for the winter. "We are anticipating," wrote Caroline, "a right pleasant winter with our dear happy bride." The anticipation was realized. The invalid son meanwhile had made such progress, that he was able to be removed to Wandsbeck for some months for change of air. Caroline's letters at this time are filled again with joy and thankfulness; but the present was sometimes overcast by the prospect of parting, not only with the daughter, but also with the eldest son,

who was to enter the University at Easter. "It often distresses me greatly," wrote Caroline, "that my young Louisa is so early called upon to play an independent part, and to do without me; still I have a firm confidence in her happiness. Young people who are so sincerely attached, and who express their affection so simply and naturally as these two, are doubtless sound at heart."—"The welcome New Year," she wrote in the end of December 1819, "lies heavy on my heart, since it is to separate me from two of my beloved children. I know that I ought not to be so, yet I am quite troubled and oppressed. Rejoice in your sweet infant; the joy will indeed be of a nobler kind when the fondling is over, but never wish a day away; enjoy that blessed season of maternity during which you have your child in your arms, and it cannot do without you, but stretches out its little arms, and lovingly embraces you. "To-day," she writes again soon afterwards, "Louisa's trousseau is packed up. God loveth a cheerful giver: He certainly loves Perthes, then; for he gives almost too freely, and too cheerfully, what it has cost him so much to gather. Life is very serious to me now; the past and the future stir my soul, but my constant comfort is in the lively and steadfast feeling that God guides and leads us for our good; only we should not invade His office and cater for ourselves: but this I have never consciously done, at least never desired to do."

At the beginning of April 1820, both children left the paternal roof, the son for the university, and a week later, the young couple, who had been married on the 12th of April, for Gotha, accompanied by Perthes, and his son Clement. "I could not write yesterday," says Caroline, "the tumult in my soul was so

great that I could not command my feelings sufficiently. Dear Agnes, what a powerful thing is a mother's heart; yes, I believe that the love of parents is stronger than the love of children; what wishes, hopes, fears, and anxieties, stir within me! A steadfast feeling of the presence of God supported me at the parting, and lightened that sad hour; and while my heart is sorrowful, I know and feel that all is right, and that we have much cause for thankfulness; what good would the outward presence of my children do me if their hearts were not with me? If here below we must part and give up, it is only that we may learn to submit our wills, and set forward on the road to our proper home." Perthes had passed some weeks in Leipzic, and on his return to Hamburgh had quite unexpectedly brought his eldest daughter and his little grandchild from Gotha with him. "As soon as I heard the post-horn," wrote Caroline, "I flew to the door, and when it was opened Perthes put the little prattling healthy child into my arms; my Agnes was also there, and it was a joyful hour indeed. For a long while I could not compose myself, and forgot that Perthes was there too, which afterwards vexed me much."—"You may imagine," she writes a few days later, "how happy I am with my child and grandchild! I have not yet settled down into quiet enjoyment, my delight is so tumultuous. God be praised for awarding me so much!" After a stay of five weeks Agnes returned home with her husband.

Caroline had now three absent children, each of whom expected letters from her regularly, and they were seldom disappointed; she kept up a constant correspondence with her second daughter during the honey-moon, and the transition period between it and the settled repose of matrimonial life.

"That you are so happy and contented with your Agricola is only what I expected, and I hope better and greater things still for you, for these are only gilded weeks which, however, I do not grudge you; but it requires many a serious hour, and many an earnest wish with and for each other, before real happiness and confidence are established. Genuine affection is the way to this end; perfect openness towards each other, at all times, and in all things, is also a great help. Strive to have common objects of pursuit, and to support each other, when either seems ready to faint, and let your first aim be, to draw nearer to God, and to assist each other in becoming more like Him. Do not be disturbed by occasional differences of opinion with regard to the highest things, only be true to each other, and seek only the truth; you will thus, though by devious paths, be sure to meet again. I know that I have always been in earnest, and that I often have been in difficulties, but I also know, that, at last, I have always reached the same goal with my beloved Perthes—the how and when do not concern others, and no one has any right to inquire."—"You can well believe," wrote Caroline soon afterwards, "that I enjoy nothing more truly than what you tell me of your happy affection. But the human heart is a strange thing; when you wrote lately that you could not understand how you could have hitherto been happy without your Agricola, I felt as if you had done me an injury. I am, at every moment, conscious of loving you with my whole soul, of hoping and wishing for you, and of doing you all the good I can; more than this I cannot do, neither can your husband; why, then, should you not have been happy with me? Can you tell me? Agricola has loved you for only one year, while I have loved you for eighteen, and with all

my heart. Is not this, then, very wrong of you, and can you say that it is not wrong? I know not what to reply except that it was just so with me when I was married to Perthes, and that I thank God that you now cause me the same grief which I then caused my parents."

Hours of home-sickness were not wanting to the absent daughter. "You cannot wish yourself by my side," wrote Caroline, "so much as I wish myself by yours. But remember one thing, would I not often be in the way when Agricola comes home? Can you deny this? I see you blushing; but do not blush, and do not vex yourself about it, my dear Louisa; I am contented, and can thank God that I am now only secondary with you, while I love you as well as if I had the first place in your heart."—"That you find it hard to bear the loneliness, and the distance from us, especially when Agricola is not with you, I can very well understand," she wrote. "I myself, when the children are gone out for a half holiday, am as stupid and dull as an owl by daylight, but one must not yield to this, which happens, more or less, to all young wives. The best relief is work, engaged in with interest and diligence; work, then, constantly and diligently, at something or other, for idleness is the devil's snare for small and great, says your grandfather, and he says true. I do not mean that there is anything wrong in your longing after us when Agricola is absent, my own dear child, only you must strive to retain your composure; and yet, if you should be overcome by filial yearning, Agricola will not be angry with you. You are quite right to tell him everything that you think and feel at all times; where truth and affection abide, joy and happiness are not long absent."—And again: "Is it not true that the life of a house-

keeper is more stirring than that of a young girl at home? It is quite right that you should take pleasure in your little household affairs, and enjoy your clean pretty house; and I can see you, in the afternoons, looking and listening for your husband, when you expect him from the courts. How gladly would I sometimes be behind the door when he comes in! Fancy me on Saturdays looking through your rooms, your presses, and your shelves, and praising you when all is neat and in order." And in another letter:—"I delight to find that you take pleasure in all the little matters of your housekeeping; great events do not often come under our management, but if we are observant and watchful, we find our appointed work, and we have more need to pray for a heart to enjoy our blessings, than for a larger share of them."—"You are quite right, my dear Louisa, to visit your neighbours occasionally, but it is still better that you prefer staying at home. God grant that you may ever find the same pleasure in your pretty room!" In order to sympathize fully with her daughter's interests, Caroline desired to receive more detailed accounts of her daily life than Louisa was accustomed to give. "You have not yet got into the proper way of writing, you tell me only of things in general, and great events, but, my dear child, I want to know the most minute particulars; you always tell me how dearly you love Agricola, but I should also like to know why you love him. We understand a man's character best from his conduct in little circumstances, and in daily life. Don't always seek for something of importance to write; you are writing for my motherly heart, to which everything is important that brings you more vividly before me. Write, then, without too much consideration, about trifles and anything whatever; great events con-

stitute the life, but trifles, the interest of a correspondence. You know that Agnes fills her letters with cabbages and turnips, and so gives me unspeakable pleasure. Man, here below, consists of two parts, and thus, petty things, not paltry recollect, are part of our existence."—Again: "I am sorry that you tore up your letter because it was not written in a happy mood; next time send it me just as it is. I know as well as you do, that the heart is not always in the same frame; we should, indeed, endeavour to be at all times master of ourselves, but it takes a good many trials before we attain to this; and I remember how many uneasy moods and moments I myself had to pass through."

When, in the course of time, the daughter made that discovery which every young wife has to make for herself, viz., that even in her new position, the earnestness of life is not wanting, Caroline wrote,—"Yes, dear child, God's gift of true love grows and improves under all circumstances, and although we would gladly escape the sweat of the brow, we soon see that it is necessary, and a part of our earthly discipline; all men have felt, that as life brings us greater happiness, it also becomes more earnest. Thank your Agricola with all your heart for sharing his cares with you, rather than concealing them in order to spare you. If a wife cannot actually remove, she can often lighten care, and sweet and bitter should be shared by man and wife. I might indeed desire nothing but joy and happiness for you, but I do not at all despair about you. Men's characters differ greatly, and with them God's means of promoting their welfare. Your father and I had many struggles, which were often very painful; but when I look back, I see clearly that all served to unite us, and make us better acquainted with each

other, and that is a result which can never be bought too dear." —"You are quite right, dear Louisa, to be on your guard against all sources of irritation. It is great and noble to attain to a state of mind which does not allow affection to be saddened or interrupted by the trifles of daily life. A strong determination against this must be rooted in the heart; but I have learnt from good old François de Sales, and from experience, that there are many things which, though they are not to be lightly regarded, must be lightly handled. We must not oppose an irritable tendency by force, otherwise the irritation may only change its form. To oppose one's own irritability with greater irritability, is disturbing to others, and may embitter our own hearts, but I am not at all anxious about you; you never had a fretful disposition, and a loving heart is proof against it; but you cannot have recourse to any one who will understand you so well as I do, for I have felt it all myself."

In November 1820, her daughter was severely tried by the illness of her husband, who was in great danger for many weeks from nervous fever, and had a very slow recovery. "Your father and I think of you day and night," wrote Caroline, when the crisis was over: "we feel but too deeply how painful it is to have a child whom we cannot soothe and make happy. These have been very sad days for us; it was quite a new thought to me that I might have my own dear child in my house and in my arms, and yet that all my affection could neither satisfy nor comfort her." Soon afterwards she wrote, —"Let us first thank God for having preserved your Agricola, and having given you trust and confidence in time of need, and then pray for his further recovery. We need neither be ashamed nor vexed that we are always ready to ask; God

knows better than we do that we can do nothing without him." When the invalid was beginning to recover his strength, she wrote,—"We no longer feel the burden, we only remember it, and now rejoice with you in the coming spring, and the warm sunbeams; although the spring-time of youth is past for us, not so, thank God, the eternal spring, which still grows fresher as we grow older. Let your heart beat in sympathy with the renewed spring-time of nature, which makes us young, and fresh, and gladsome, like the little variegated tom-tits in the oak-tree behind my window. Ever rejoice in the spring and in life, dear Agricola, and be thankful that you are preserved to my Louisa and to us all."

## CHAPTER III.

### DEPARTURE OF THE ELDEST SON FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

While the correspondence with the married daughters devolved mainly on the mother, Perthes adding now and then a kind word on special occasions, that with the eldest son, Matthias, who had been studying theology at the University of Tübingen since Easter 1820, was kept up alike by both parents. The doubts and difficulties suggested to the son by the study of theology, were submitted to the father. Perthes always sympathized with his son's inexperience, and endeavoured to allay his misgivings. "I have been reading over many of your letters a second time," he once wrote, "and am more and more convinced that it would not be well to answer your earnest communications in detail by a discussion of your views. In the case of a striving, energetic youth like yourself, months are more fruitful than years are to an older man; the scales are moving up and down, and so it should be. One thing rectifies another in the course of the student's own hearty efforts, which God always blesses. This is better for you than listening to an old man's experience, which must always be somewhat strange, even though it be your own father's."—"I cannot and dare not enter into the subjects

which you mention. It would ill become the man whose mind is matured by age, and whose intellectual training has been so different, to set bounds which might impede the young theologian in his career; when your advancing age brings you nearer to my own, we shall readily understand one another. You say, 'The God of the many does not satisfy my yearnings, I want one to whom I can put up my petitions in the hope that He will be moved by my humility to grant me health and strength.' These are your own words; keep to them, my dear son." In another letter, Perthes explained his views of the difference between youth and age more fully:—"Between youth and age there is a wall of partition, which a man does not observe till he has passed it. The transition is generally made in middle life, but passes unnoticed amid the necessary cares and labours of one's calling. All at once man finds himself upon an eminence, and sees much that is varied and cheerful behind and beneath him. This is a decisive moment for the soul, for now arises the question, whether he shall give himself entirely to God, and turn away from the world, not with contempt,—for it has been his training school, but with a glad contentedness; or, whether he shall again mingle with the many things that should be left behind, and thus become not only a transgressor, but a laughing-stock in the eyes of superior intelligences. Generally, when a man has passed through the season of wayward minority, and stands erect in manhood, he asks himself, what means all this? his reply must be, all below is vain and fleeting; true joy and peace are only to be found in spiritual life. I have done many things and perhaps well, but where is the fruit of the blossoms which looked so promising? '*The ideals have disappeared,*' but not the faculty

of labour; and therefore, clothed with humility, 'forwards,' I say, to suffer and to do. This is to become a master in the business of life; but it is vain to expect that this can be attained without passing through an apprenticeship and the *Wanderjahre*. Here it is that so many well-disposed youths of the present day make shipwreck. They affect a simplicity, plainness, and stoutness of heart, which almost look like the repose and dignity of age; they harden their bodies, adopt severity of manners, and are modern Stoics. But this is an unnatural condition for youth, and it will not be generally found a safe one: this contempt of the world and of the true riches of human life soon passes into repulsive egotism or sonorous emptiness; or if the character be of sterner mould, into inhuman tyranny and wickedness. But there are others among our would-be men who, from misconception of the religious sentiment, would fain jump to their majority, by avoiding all conflict with the world, both within and without; they think that they can, even in youth, pluck the precocious buds and blossoms which themselves have nurtured: but this is vanity: let us give ourselves to the LORD in humility. God's special messengers generally pass through a discipline in youth; many persons, on the other hand, have to endure the conflict with their own hearts and with the world, in later years, and that with aggravated difficulty and peril; others wither away in empty formalism; and many end in the vilest hypocrisy. Both these forms of premature manhood belong to modern times; and both have often borrowed from Christianity forms of speech which they take for their own proper expression. I would not have you, dear Matthias, fasten these words of mine on any individuals; what I have said applies only to classes.

We should always take for granted that it is all right with the individual, and that he has merely received his colouring from the age. A wonderful admixture of youth and age now prevails, and to the detriment of both, each trespassing on the other; for to keep clearly in sight the real line of demarcation between the two, is alike essential to both teacher and learner; for the power of the Spirit and the love of Jesus Christ have a special applicability to the several circumstances of life. This is exactly what we find in the Acts of the Apostles, when Paul adapts himself specially to every variety of character and place. What countless errors and deviations from the path of duty do we find to have arisen in the present day, from well-intentioned preachers having laid down *general* rules of conduct from instructions designed only for *limited* application!"

Although Perthes always avoided giving an opinion on the theological questions and religious doubts which exercised the mind of his son, he did not object to point out frequently, and with decision, the course of conduct which a student, earnest in his search after truth, should adopt. Thus, on one occasion, he writes, "You ask, if I object to your joining the Burschenschaft. Since the Authorities of the university are not absolutely opposed to it, and I am unacquainted with the state of affairs at Tübingen, on which the whole question hinges, it might be better to leave the decision to your own judgment; but it is well to consider the expenditure of time, which time belongs not only to yourself but to your vocation; and then you must not be too sanguine in your expectation of improving others, whom, in your youthful enthusiasm, you hope to influence. We influence others only when the ruling spirit

of our own minds is the stronger; such a man, for instance, as Plehwe, whom may God help, exercises great influence, but God forbid that you should be like him. You are much too thoughtful, inquiring, and contemplative to command the minds of young people, who are, for the most part, under the influence of physical temperament. They will be led only by one who has shewn his superiority to them on their own ground. Moreover, in carrying out that which you recognise to be right and true, you are apt to be decided and harsh, and to grow impatient, and would thus increase your difficulties. Nevertheless, I am not, as you know, one to keep back anybody, even a child of my own, from a path which may lead to good, merely because it is beset with dangers: one thing, however, appears decisive to me,—as soon as you join this association there will arise in your own breast a discord that will not be easily quieted; for duty towards God is not separable by a clear straight line from the claims of conventional honour. He who will dance upon the ice must reckon upon falls. I cannot, therefore, but oppose your joining the Burschenschaft."

But the correspondence of Perthes bore more generally on the broad principles connected with the vocation to which his son had devoted himself than on details of this kind. Thus he once wrote:—"The distinction which you make between a man of learning, and one who only uses learning as a means to an end, appears to me to be too subtle. In the present day there are but few who value learning for its own sake; even the teacher uses science as a means of forming and influencing other minds. Still it is certain that he who has chosen any path of practical usefulness can never have acquired too much scientific learning; and in your own case, if the path you

have chosen be followed out, you can be kept from deviation into by-paths, and advanced in the right way only by the most thorough learning. But do not misunderstand me; in the present range of scientific knowledge it is necessary that a man circumscribe himself, and rigidly keep within certain limits, otherwise he will get lost in its immensity, and prove superficial in all. It appears to me that the first requisite for a theologian is a thorough acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew, Latin being, of course, presupposed. If a young man be well-grounded in the original language of the text, he has won a standing-ground for all future inquiry and investigation. Stand to your daily work, my beloved son; study methodically and faithfully, and collect materials; then you will have learnt what admits of investigation, and what not." Again he writes:—"You are not satisfied with the conviction of the deceitfulness of all human thought and inquiry, and you refuse to take the leap that separates reason from faith in revelation—you would fain prove by scientific research that revelation is a reality. Be it so. Only recollect that, for some centuries past, inquirers and divines have trodden the same path, and soon found themselves at the end of it. All that men could discover in the Scriptures concerning the Life of Christ, is certainly laid down in the early Fathers. Have they and all their followers not been able to present a connected system that might satisfy the minds of young inquirers like you, till you are far enough advanced in science to frame one for yourselves? Do you recognise no authority in your teachers when they say to you, 'This is found in Scripture, this our predecessors have found, and this you will also find when you are sufficiently advanced in the study of languages and of history?' It would

be sad indeed, if learning, which has made such progress since the Reformation, had not even so much weight as this with beginners."

When, in the further pursuit of his studies, the son felt himself more and more attracted by philosophy, Perthes wrote to him :—"Since, as I see, you have betaken yourself to philosophy, I should wish you to put yourself under the guidance of some able thinker, a good man, and a theologian, even though of a different religious persuasion from my own. Would not Professor Steudel give you an hour now and then? It seems to me that you should at present pursue the study of theology dogmatically and historically only, disregarding for a while its philosophical basis. But at the same time I would thoroughly study some one philosophical system without reference to Revelation, and run through the history of philosophical systems; when you have done this, throw aside the one you have mastered, take up another, and so on, until you have found one that is tenable; only beware of bringing to any system thoughts which it has not itself originated, and reject with contempt that legerdemain which represents, as proper to a system, thoughts which owe their origin to Revelation alone. Then I am convinced that you will soon enough discover that all mere philosophizing is vain, and will gladly avail yourself of Revelation, if, indeed, any true religious feeling be awakened within you. Take example from others. Hamann on receiving the third part of Jacobi's works, wrote to his old friend :—'I have read and re-read much of your new book with high satisfaction, whilst, at the same time, much that is in it has depressed me not a little. How poor and pitiable is our present-condition even at its best! since men of the purest, most truth-loving, and

acute minds, after years of patient investigation can elicit nothing in which they themselves can rest, or even when they succeed in silencing their own doubts, have so little power of imparting similar satisfaction to other inquirers. Hence a constant misunderstanding amongst thinking men. I confess that this thought has often occurred to me in the perusal of your work, and filled me with sorrow.' Jacobi replied,—'In your lamentation over the insufficiency of all our philosophizing, I, alas! sympathize from the depths of my heart; and yet I know of no middle course between Philosophy and Catholicism; there is none; just as there is no middle course between Christianity and Paganism,—that is to say, between the deification of nature, and a Socratic, Platonic anthropomorphism.' When Jacobi sent me these extracts, which I was afterwards to communicate to Reinhold, he added, addressing Reinhold,—'You see that I am still unchanged—a heathen in understanding, but a Christian in all my feelings: the two streams within me will not coalesce so as to bear up my spirit—whilst upborne by the one, I am in danger of sinking in the other.' Here, dear Matthias, you have a pledge of the truth of my statement respecting philosophy. Scepticism alone cannot suffice. The most thorough and highly educated sceptic that I have ever known was our old friend Schönborn—he was perfectly at one with himself, and knew nothing of the conflict of opposing streams within, neither would he recognise the possibility of truth in other men's opinions, otherwise he must have acknowledged the fact of truth itself, which he did not believe to exist. And yet how melancholy, how awful were the last days of the honest, upright, loving man! My dear son, read frequently your mother's letters,—be attracted within the atmosphere of her

piety,—keep your heart pure, that it may never be a stranger to prayer: then may you investigate freely; for prayer and earnest study will help you to overcome in the conflict with doubt."

Caroline considered her son's determination to pursue the study of theology as a matter of primary importance. "Matthias," she wrote, "has handled a hot iron; but, if he grasp it rightly, he has achieved a great matter, and God is with him." But when he left for the university, her sense of the earnestness of his vocation was for a while supplanted by her regret at separation from him. "How painful it was to me," she wrote immediately afterwards, "to part with Matthias, and to send him into the world, without being able to commit him to the guidance of any human heart or eye. I have had hard work with myself, but now I have laid down my arms, and am at peace." At the same time she wrote to her son,—"My thoughts of you are disturbed by a painful feeling of your solitude and distance. I know and am persuaded that in great and important matters you cleave to God, and can do without us; still there are many seasons in which parental love and sympathy are a source of great happiness and comfort. This I myself feel."—"Your letter is just come," she writes a few days later; "I am filled with joy and thankfulness to God, who has so wondrously heard and blessed our wishes and desires in placing you amongst the truly good. But you know not, dear Matthias, how wholly I have committed you to God, praying that He may guide, and teach, and care for you in great and in little things. I am persuaded that you are in His hands, and am happier and more reconciled than I could have thought possible, although there are moments when the yearnings of the mother's

heart prevail over these better feelings. We have also letters from Gotha with the best tidings. I do not know how to make enough of the happiness which God has given us on all sides, and must take refuge in the hymn-book." Again, she wrote, "When I am sitting alone on the sofa in the parlour, before the children come down in the morning, and your father has just gone to business, I thank God, and pray for you with all my heart, and look at your portrait which you gave me last Christmas. It brings you vividly before me, and often it seems as if you saw my thoughts, and responded to them."—"Your grandmother, at Wandsbeck, will rejoice to see that people love your grandfather, and you for his sake," wrote Caroline shortly afterwards. "Indeed, dear Matthias, how many advantages you enjoy that others have not! God will expect more from you, and you must expect more from your own self, on this very account."

In several other letters Caroline urges her son to realize the responsibilities involved in his choice of a calling. "It is quite clear to my own mind," she writes, "that there are many more inquirers for counsel and encouragement than there were ten or fifteen years ago, and it is a great privilege to guide such; but it is no easy task. We get over many difficulties in our own minds, because the solution does not require to be put into words, which must, however, be used when we would help another." In another letter Caroline writes,—"I was well aware, whilst you were still with us, that the time would come when you would see many things, both within and without, in a different light from us; but I did not *say* this because I hoped and believed that you were earnest and truth-loving, and because I trusted that God would give you right views and

opinions at the right time. Moreover, I know that man can impart but little to his fellow-man; each must seek and find for himself. I can say with truth that I have been for many years in trouble and perplexity, from which I am not even now free. I have found that it is better not to think of one's-self so much, but rather to think more of God, and to long earnestly after Him; and if we have fallen, to rise at once and go on, trusting in God: thus we are continually advancing, by God's grace, towards a peaceful and blessed end. The Princess Gallitzin once said to me, from her inmost soul, and with a deep sense of her insufficiency, 'But I will still *will*.' This word often recurs to me, and cheers me when I am cast down. We often become more free and happy when we look at ourselves as a whole, rather than in detail. If we keep all the good thoughts that have occurred to our minds continually present, we shall easily be led to think more highly of ourselves than we ought, and so shall in reality retrograde."—"I am not distressed to hear," wrote Caroline at another time, "that you find yourself unable to pray with as much faith and confidence as you desire, for we are at best but as reeds moved to and fro by the wind; if we only yearn for living faith, God will not fail to help us on, and all doubts and discouragements will eventually cease; but it is almost too much to expect that you should be as yet near to this happy consummation. Socrates thought that inward peace was not to be attained until a man had reached his fortieth year, and Confucius has placed the goal still farther forward; but I do wrong in referring to Socrates and Confucius when we have Christ; consider it then as unsaid. I always take comfort from that man in the Gospel to whom our Lord Christ said, that he must *believe* before he could be

helped; and who replied to him, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' This is all that we can do, and where we can do nothing, God is ever ready to aid; besides, there may be much unrest and unbelief in the head whilst the heart holds firmly by its anchor—'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.' I know of nothing more certain, imperfect as our love must needs be here below." Great as was the importance which Caroline attached to this anchor of the heart, she was far from wishing to make it an excuse for indolent security. "Dear Matthias," she once wrote, "accustom yourself to laborious study. It is not mere ignorance, but the want of the power of application, which is found to have such evil and bitter consequences. Tell me, then, whether you are bravely diligent: I wish and hope it may be so; and I should like to know how you arrange your studies. I do not believe that it is possible for a young man, however earnest and well intentioned, always to see the why and wherefore of his studies. You would relieve me from a great anxiety if you would commit yours to the direction of some sensible, learned, and older man, who might take your father's place, and direct your scientific career. Without pretending to understand more, I know that experience makes the best guide. Perhaps, dear Matthias, you will laugh at this counsel; you are quite welcome; only consider it, and tell me what you think of it. I would so gladly know that you are on the straightest road even to human learning."

"You may imagine," wrote Caroline, in transmitting some controversial pamphlets, "the *pros* and *contras* that these have occasioned; it is very sad and grievous that the holiest and brightest truths of religion should be treated as mere topics of conversation and amusement—and yet it has this good, that it

leads men to ask themselves on which side they are. I believe with you that, in order to deal honestly with your future congregation, and with your own understanding, you must diligently investigate, in order that you may come to the stedfast knowledge, and the clear consciousness, that 'in Christ Jesus are hidden all the treasures of wisdom;' but I also trust in God that, if you wrestle and strive earnestly, He will give you a yearning, and a stedfast faith by which He will carry on the work of grace in your heart, even when your understanding labours under perplexity." In answer to a letter in which her son had told her of the many valuable friends whom he had found at the University, Caroline replied,—"I was rejoiced to receive your last letter, and although I make allowance for youthful enthusiasm, and am well aware that your best moments are not lasting, yet I see that all your hopes and efforts are in the right direction, and we are thankful that you have joined such a circle of friends. Tell me how you generally spend the Sunday, and whether you have found a preacher who proclaims the truth without many human additions, and with the inward confidence that he has the same interest as his hearers have in what he says. I hope that you are pursuing the study of logic right earnestly; many feel the want of it. Last Sunday I heard a sermon of much ability, and containing much that was good in the details, but the whole so confused that it was almost impossible to follow it; thought and learning are, in general, necessary before we can teach others. I thank God that you are committed to teachers who unite in themselves learning and respect for the faith."

But it was not only in the studies and perplexities of her son that Caroline was interested, she also sympathized warmly

with him in the pleasures which the University offered. "Your external life is somewhat monotonous, but you must vary it a little, and I think you should do so as far as is consistent with order and regularity."—"You have given us great pleasure by the narrative of your journey," she wrote, when the young student had sought recreation for a time in Switzerland; "open your eyes wide, look at everything, so that the impressions, which are to be the materials of thought when you are set fast in the yoke, may be permanent. If you keep your eye and your heart steadfastly fixed on the goal, the yoke will be softer and lighter: this your father finds, for God does not send him empty away: he also has his circle of influence where God blesses his efforts; of this I am certain."—"Your letter from Zurich is just come, and tells us that you are well, and in dear Switzerland, where my heart has so long yearned to be. I have got the map out, and have followed you from place to place, and have calculated distances, and have seen everything with you as far as possible. No one can sympathize with you more than I do, in the enjoyment of the works of God; only, they must lead you into the depths of your own heart and to prayer."

The mother's care extended to the minutest details of the student-life, and warned him against bad habits, so easily acquired when removed from the paternal roof. "It is long since you have written about yourself," she says in one of her letters, "and of your daily life at home and abroad, so that I can see exactly what you are about. If such a letter is not already on the way, sit down at once, and tell me, circumstantially, whether you are in good spirits, what you are at work upon, and whether you are making progress; also about your friends, your amusements, your chairs, and tables, your coats and shoes, in

short, about all that appertains to the nourishment and necessities of this mortal life; I am longing for such tidings." Shortly after this she writes:—"Make a point of keeping your room clean and neat, and of opening the windows every day; and then, dear Matthias, I entreat you, out of love to me, dress yourself on first rising, and don't sit for hours half-dressed, and with shoes down at the heels: I dislike it very much; dress yourself for the day, and you will feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for anything that may come."

But while Caroline thus fully entered into the life of her eldest son, she kept up his interest in home by communicating all those trifling events which make up domestic life: all anniversaries were especially noticed; thus, on the 2d August 1820, the anniversary of her wedding-day, Caroline wrote,—"We were sitting at the breakfast-table, almost buried in garlands, as you have seen us,—joy and pleasure in all hearts and eyes—when your letter and congratulatory verses were brought to us; we read it, rejoiced, and thanked God. I was especially affected by your wedding garland, for if you had not been my own very child, you would not have sent it. I have wept my fill, but rather from joy than from sorrow. My whole heart thanks you for your affection, and I pray to God that He may strengthen and uphold your purpose, and enable you to act upon it. We have need to will, and will afresh every minute, for thus we generally bring something to good effect, often unconsciously indeed; but what is unconscious is often best. At least there is nothing that I fear so much as self-satisfaction; for the feeling of need, and of insufficiency, and the reaching after God's mercy, are our best safeguards here below, because this is our real and natural condition. That God may help

you, and all of us, my dear Matthias, is my constant prayer." —"The 18th October," she writes on another occasion, "the anniversary of the battle of Leipzic, was right festively commemorated. Early in the morning all the bells were ringing, all the churches were full, and crowds waited without; at noon the whole town-guard turned out; the streets were so full of holiday folks walking, driving, and riding, that I could not hear myself speak; in the evening there were fire-works in every direction. I sat at home and thought; the recollection of that great epoch is engraven in my heart; I have lived those iron months over again with all their joys, and sorrows, and anxieties; you will believe that my eyes overflowed, and I thanked God as well as I could, though not so fervently as I wished, for all His goodness. If I could but once keep this day in the Aschau cellar, gratitude would rise spontaneously, and overpower all other thoughts: that cellar I shall remember as long as I live; how perplexed I often was when I left you all for a quarter of an hour, to be alone, and to give free course to my tears. I am really angry with all who on such a day can allow themselves to be dissatisfied with things as they are; on other days people may be angry, and demand reforms, but on the 18th of October we ought only to rejoice and be glad in the deliverance which God wrought for us. And when I think of ourselves in particular, what overflowing pleasure do I see; only my darling, blessed Bernard's place is empty! we miss him, and shall miss him till we go to him." In another letter she says,—"All my anniversaries, now that we are so dispersed, are spoilt, and no longer yield the same enjoyment, for it takes much thought to bring you all before me now; still, so long as nothing disturbing comes

between you and my longing after you, I shall rejoice."—"The empty places at the Christmas table," she writes, "did indeed mar my joy, but not my gratitude to God, for you, my dear absent children, and for the persuasion that you have set out on the good and right way. Though I cannot see you, my heart is glad in its affection, and especially on dear Christmas-eve; still it was a quiet festival, and less happy than usual on account of our anxiety for Agricola."—The 16th January was Matthias' birth-day, and his mother wrote, "How I long to see you face to face, and to hold you in my arms, tall as you may be, for maternal love is not appalled by height, and the child is a child still though he be a man. You, my dear old Matthias, I would so gladly have with us; keep well, and enter on your one-and-twentieth year with joy and energy: may God be with you, and preserve you, and grant all my wishes for you, and bless you for evermore, as I believe He will. I send you the birth-day wish and prayer, with which I this morning awoke, that you may make it your own. 'O thou Eternal Light and strong Rock, let the light of thy life-giving word shine upon him, and teach him to know thee aright, and to call thee Father with his whole heart; teach him that Christ is our Lord and Master, and that there is none besides, that he may seek thee only, and trust in thee with all his strength.' My beloved child, may God grant it!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LAST DAYS OF CAROLINE.

The bodily sufferings to which Caroline had been subject, ever since the trying scenes of 1813, had been greatly aggravated by the cares and anxieties of the last summer. The irritability of the nervous system, and the heart disease had now reached an alarming height; but her serenity of mind was undisturbed; her Christian faith and hope waxed even brighter and stronger as the body approached its last resting-place. "I have lately had feelings, thoughts, and views, formerly quite unknown to me with reference to our earthly life and our appointed work therein, and in connexion with these, a greater serenity." This she wrote in the spring of 1820.—And again, about the same time, "How differently I regard my position, now that I am consciously going down the hill, and find myself so much nearer the end than the beginning of life. If I am not self-deceived, when I examine myself as in the sight of God, I find an increase of peace and assurance, and there are seasons when I am even confident. God grant that the peace and confidence may be abiding, and not a mere play of fancy! God will surely help me. The desire of my heart is for peace and submission to His will, but I cannot always master the desire to live here on earth. I have still much

enjoyment and happiness in life, and I have my Perthes."—"It refreshes my spirit, dear Agnes, to hear, that like me, you are seeking and finding God in many things that appear insignificant, but that do really gently stir and rejoice our hearts all the day long. I cannot say much about them, but I can thank God, and long for more. Let us only be faithful and earnest in little things and perhaps, in heaven, great things may be committed to us." An anxious, doubting state of mind was unknown to her, and she was not inclined to regard it favourably in others. "N." she writes, "has left us; he has failed to discern much that is good here, and also much that is not good in the circle of his own friends; I fancy, because here as elsewhere, externals cast a veil over the inner-man. He is certainly a pious man, but his misfortune is that, for the most part, he has an eye only for what he dislikes in the lives of Christians." In another letter she says:—"We are anxiously looking for a man of truth and earnestness to prepare Matilda for confirmation, and, as yet, without success. Pl—'s sister has gone from Riga to Kiel for a year and a half, that her daughter may enjoy the benefit of Harms' instruction: gladly as I would avail myself of his teaching for Matilda, I could never have taken such a step, because it seems to me to involve a distrust of the Divine power and influence; and besides, how could one look other children in the face, whose parents were unable to do so much for them?"

That it was possible for a Christian to be, for a longer or shorter period, depressed by anxiety concerning his spiritual state, Caroline was well aware, for she had herself experienced it. "Come to my arms," she wrote in the spring of 1821, to a deeply dejected friend, "and pour out your heart with all its

hopes and fears, its anxieties and sadness. I understand you, and have not forgotten my own griefs, but I believe that God will look upon us for good, if even one groan escape from our breasts. Only we must be willing at every moment to take up our burden, and to bear what God sends; and that He often sends heaviness no one will deny. I cannot say that I have never murmured, but I have often asked God with tears why He has weighed me down; and then I have been strengthened by the thought that it is all His doing, and cannot be without reason; that He knows our anxiety and cannot be offended by it."

Although well acquainted with the cares and sorrows of the inner-life, a feeling of joy and thankfulness was nevertheless habitual to Caroline, even when her bodily sufferings were severe; the source of this joy she indicates in a letter to her eldest daughter:—"That you are a happy woman I know, and I desire with all my heart that you may continue so: nor do I doubt it; perplexed you may be, but not unhappy; for one who strives from the heart to be resigned to the will of God, under all circumstances, can never be unhappy." Caroline possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of tracing the sources of happiness, and of not allowing them to pass by unnoticed and unenjoyed. On the day preceding the last anniversary of her betrothal, which she survived, she wrote:—"To-morrow will be my day of days, the 1st of May, and gladly would I wander with my beloved bridegroom amid the hills and woods, where I might see and hear none but himself, and might thank God, that, after four-and-twenty years, I can keep the day with feelings of the most thorough joy and satisfaction. A few sighs may escape, for my breath is but short; but joy shall be continually renewed: yes, certainly, the woods, the

green woods, would be my chosen home ; though, when I look through the fresh green leaves at the blue waters and the unclouded sky, all is so beautiful, that it is only with shame and self-reproach that I can really wish for more. Such a fulness of spring splendour and beauty, I think I have never before seen ; the loveliness of the trees and foliage, grass, and flowers, is inexpressible. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might say, in a few hours. When we stand in the sweet spring-tide, looking through the tall, bright-green trees to the pure blue sky, one can scarcely realize all the trouble and sorrow that may be within us and around us : yes, spring is the time of joy ; and that joy carries my heart upwards to that bright and happy land, where there shall be no more pain or sorrow."

When nature was dark and wintry, Caroline had many other sources of happiness. Her affection for her husband and children was, above all other earthly things, an inexhaustible fountain of joy and gratitude :—" I must tell you, my dear Matthias," she wrote in 1821, " that, notwithstanding my difficulty of breathing, I am not cast down : and, indeed, I have no reason for being so ; for God overpowers us with blessings and joys, by making our children happy and prosperous. We hear nothing but good from Gotha, and we hope that you also are in the good way, and that God is with you. Matilda is a sensible though merry child, and has made herself useful, beyond what one could expect from her age, in the season of severe sickness ; she delights to go about with me and to take care of me as far as she is able. Perthes is specially fond of his little daughter. Eleanora is a nice girl, and her heart grows

full of kindliness and love: and my Andrew is my delight from morning till evening, when he does not happen to be passionate and naughty. My dearest Perthes grows daily in earnestness and grace, as regards his own soul; towards myself he could not be better. Can I then do otherwise than thank God and rejoice?" In a letter to her eldest daughter she says again, "I must tell you more about your father—how he continues to gain peace, quietness, and stability, in spite of the disturbance and confusion by which he is surrounded. I would that you knew this as surely as I do—it is so comforting and encouraging to see God's blessing so manifestly resting upon him. It may be difficult for those who look only at separate features of his character to realize this; but I, who am so thoroughly acquainted with him, know, that year by year he draws nearer to God, and is working out his own salvation with earnestness. I call upon you to thank God with me for having given you such a father, he is almost too dear and good. If I could only have him a little more, or rather talk with him a little more; for I certainly have him wholly—of that I am persuaded. Nothing in heaven or in earth can surpass genuine affection; it will certainly make the happiness of heaven, only there it will be greater, and purer, and uninterrupted; and, according to my present feelings, I should desire even there to keep my Perthes and to love him." In the autumn she wrote, "What a constant and profound sense have I of God's mercy, in the bright hopes He has given me, and to so great an extent already realized, in and through you all! You cannot imagine what bright and blessed hours your father and I enjoy when we sit down together, to think over this. It is a gift of God's grace, unspeakably precious, to see our children walking in the

way to heaven, however great may be our fears and anxieties respecting them; for God who has begun the good work will perform it in us all, and will perfect that which concerneth us." In a letter written on the last day of December, Caroline says, "One could not have believed it possible to have sailed along the world's sea of sorrow and suffering, throughout three hundred and sixty-five days, and to find our fragile bark so little injured. Again, I feel that I cannot be thankful enough; and yet how many wishes and petitions are ready for the opening year."

From the commencement of her married life, Caroline had longed for more of outward calm and quiet, that her enjoyment of Perthes' society might have been more undisturbed; but the course of time convinced her that the bustling life to which she had been called was a needful and salutary discipline. "I rejoice with you," she once wrote to her daughter, "that you have returned to your wonted quiet and peaceful life, and that I still long with all my heart for quietness and peace; for this longing proves to me that my unrest has not injured me. Who can say that it has not done me good? I should certainly never choose to live in a whirl, but God makes all things work together for our good."

Her anxiety, however, lest the health of Perthes should suffer from the pressure of business could not be allayed. "Perthes," she once wrote, "works more than is good for him. Ah! if I could but get him safe out of this tumult! I can only live with him in thought, for the worry of incessant toil does not leave me a single quiet moment with him. But I must not, and will not complain, for he is in good spirits, and would rejoice if we could be more together." Ever since Caroline's

eldest daughter had been settled in Gotha, she had cherished the hope that, at no very distant period, Perthes would commit his large business and its unceasing cares to others, and at a distance from the tumult of the great city retire to Gotha, where he might live more to himself and for his family. In many letters she joyfully alludes to this cheering prospect. "If God will, we shall come nearer to you and enjoy a common happiness. Yes, in the depths of my heart, I anticipate that you, dear children, will be the joy of my old age, as you were of my youth." And somewhat later she wrote,—"I notice that Perthes is constantly endeavouring to bring matters to a point, in order that we may join you; but when I would express the delight that this gives me, he grows restive, and says, that I ought not even to rejoice in my heart, while all is still so uncertain." Perthes, in the meanwhile, was no less earnestly occupied with the hope of deliverance from the wear and tear of such a business. Thus, in the spring of 1821, he writes to his eldest daughter and her husband,—"You are indeed privileged in being able to enjoy your youthful years so free from care; mine has been a tumultuous life, and it is but seldom that a quiet hour, unburdened with anxiety, has fallen to my lot. I would thank God with all humility for His guidance hitherto, and commit my way to Him for the future. My desire is for quiet and repose. I would not be unemployed; but I long to feel at liberty to follow my inclination, and gradually to obliterate from my heart and mind the world's unrest, that I may be ready for that time when all reckonings here below must be cancelled." Caroline's hope to spend the latter years of her life in quiet union with Perthes and her married daughter, was not to be fulfilled. The disease that had attacked her

heart and nerves, increased to a painful degree in the spring of 1821. "I am restless, and my nerves are weak and weary," she wrote in April, "and my breathing is become very difficult. This is not a healthy condition, and Dr. Schroeder does his best, but he has not yet found the right medicine." Some weeks later she writes, "I am now drinking the Geilnauer waters, and am in the garden from six to eight o'clock; and happy to receive any visitors there. I take all sorts of journeys in imagination, and hold long conversations with you, my beloved children, when I am wandering about alone." Early in June she was brought to the gates of death by nervous fever, consequent on a severe attack of internal cramp; and she now became fully aware of her danger. "I am weary and done," she wrote when the danger had passed for a season; "and if you should see me, you would feel that my days are numbered. I give myself up to be nursed and cared for by Matilda, as the representative of you all. She ministers to me with childlike love, and with great judgment and caution. I have often had you by me, dear Matthias, and have wished you good morning and good night. I thank God that I can think of you with joy. Once, in my delirium, I thought you were become a Catholic; I took it sadly to heart, and now I rejoice the more that it is not so."

Serious thoughts of death had been familiar to Caroline throughout her whole life. She had always regarded it with solemn awe, but it had, perhaps, never excited in her mind that terror with which it is frequently associated even in the minds of pious men, and of which the majority of people are insensible, only because wholly given over to frivolity. The letters in which Caroline refers to the death of those near and dear to

her, are the expression of distress, but never of alarm—she is peaceful and resigned. Thus, in one of them she says—"This is another anniversary of death: ten years ago, my beloved John departed from us. In this long interval I have always, thank God, been able to love him, but not, alas! to see and hear him, and who can tell whether he is still capable of loving me? I believe that the relation of mother and child ceases in heaven; but God will assuredly so order all things that we shall still love each other." Again she says, "It is hard for the survivor, with a heart full of love and yearning, no longer to hear and see the dear departed one. How deeply and vividly I feel this when, with my motherly heart, I think of my beloved children in heaven. I cannot help asking, why our Heavenly Father has appointed these painful partings; and though I receive no answer, I am reassured and comforted by the knowledge that it is His will, and that He wills nothing but good, even when it does not seem so to us." In another letter she writes:—"Old Mrs. N. gently fell asleep yesterday. I rejoice to think that she was ready: she could no longer enjoy anything here below; and her weakness and confusion of mind were, as far as we can judge, a hindrance to the enjoyment of the presence and consolations of God himself. Now her dormant love is rekindled never to be dimmed by the thousand trifles that clouded and dogged it here." Again: "I have passed some very serious hours at S.'s deathbed. He died with wonderful peace and resignation, retaining his consciousness to the last. I rejoiced to look upon the corpse as it lay in the still repose of death, no longer constrained to cough, and tortured for want of air. It is remarkable, and I have often observed, how high and clear death makes the forehead:

even S.'s was very fine after death, though certainly it was not so in life." On receiving the news of the decease of Count F. L. Stolberg, in December 1819, Caroline had written to her eldest daughter, — "The dear, pure spirit will now see God face to face, of that I am persuaded; but we have one dear friend less on earth. The last month of his life was spent in writing a little book on Love: this was a good preparation for the enjoyment of the Eternal Love. May God enable us all to grow and stand fast in His love; then we shall be prepared for all that may happen! I would so gladly have ministered to Stolberg in his illness and at his death; there is no greater comfort on earth than to see a man die in full consciousness, committing himself peacefully and joyfully to the mercy of God in faith. Dear Agnes, we have once seen this together in my dear father. Do you still remember the wonderful beauty of his eyes in those last hours, even to the last minute?"

But while Caroline did not shrink from the thought of death, she thoroughly enjoyed life. "When at our outset in life we have surmounted one hill, we are apt to think that we have left all hills behind, and have nothing but smooth walking to the end of our days," she says to her daughter Louisa; "at least I have often felt this; and then I came to little hills and great mountains which I must needs cross, and so it will be till we have climbed the last, and laid down our burden. Still, notwithstanding the hills, life is pleasant and valuable to me, and were it God's will, I could gladly live among you yet awhile with my beloved Perthes, especially if he could find a place of rest where I might be more with him. In that case, I should indeed wish that my breathing were somewhat more free, so

that I might go about and enjoy life with you." And soon after,—"It ought not to be so, but the thought of keeping time in our grasp often occurs. Assuredly God cannot have less good in store for us in heaven, but that which we have here we see with our eyes, and thus it has a stronger hold on our hearts than the anticipation of even the better things awaiting us above. But even here below there are moments of great and inconceivable assurance and blessedness, if we could only keep them; but my special sorrow is, that I am not at all times master of my own heart, and my greatest comfort is, that God knows me perfectly; and certainly, I desire far more than I can accomplish."

In the middle of July, Caroline was taken to Wandsbeck, in order to be away from the bustle of home, and that she might take the air without going up and down stairs; she now suffered much from difficulty of breathing and cramp in the chest. "When I sit still, I am pretty well, and enjoy the beautiful weather, quite forgetting my pain, but the slightest movement reminds me of it at once."—"It is now three months," she writes another time, "since I have been able to do anything in the house, the kitchen, or the cellar, and this distresses me greatly. I long indescribably to return to my duties, and to spare my dear Perthes any further anxiety about my health. I cannot do any kind of work, not even knit, neither can I read; but I feel no tediousness, and am in very good spirits. I must not write any more, my dear child. It is not my heart, but my head that is weary." These were almost the last lines that she was able to write to her distant children, but her affection continued undiminished, and she rejoiced with them, as warmly as ever, on the occasion of the birth of her second

grandson in July. "God help those poor creatures," she wrote, "who have no love in their hearts; you dear, happy children, how glad I am to be your mother, and how I rejoice in all your happiness!" In the last letter to her son at Tübingen, on the 2d August, she says,—"We passed our wedding-day very happily at Wandsbeck; I went round the beautiful large meadow many times with my dear bridegroom, sitting down occasionally, and cannot be thankful enough for this delightful walk. We were alone, and it was many years since I had such a walk with my dear Perthes; our conversation was very comprehensive and hopeful; since it is not only the past but the present which is ours, we thought of you all." But Caroline's health was not improved by her stay at Wandsbeck: —"How gladly would I tell you that I am strong and hearty," wrote Caroline to Perthes on the 8th August, "but I cannot; I do not feel strong. Pleased I am, but not cheerful, though I might be so, could I sit on my bench in the open air; the pleasure of being out carries me beyond myself, but within doors I do not so easily forget myself, and my short breath: perhaps to-morrow God will send the doctor the right thought. My general health is still good, and the one weakness may yet be found out. My feelings tell me that I may be perfectly restored, though my understanding speaks rather differently." A few days after this Caroline returned to Hamburgh, in order to be near her physician, but the hope of recovery diminished day by day. Although Caroline was not at this time living in the immediate expectation of death, she enjoyed a closer communion with God. The old hymn,* "Lord, I would venture on thy word," was her delight. When, through the severity of

* "Herr auf dein Wort soll's sein gewagt."—German.

her sufferings, and the restlessness of fever, she could with difficulty keep before her the contents of the hymn, she would take up her pen, and write a few verses, in order to impress these breathings of prayer on her mind. Perthes had long been aware of her danger. Thus in a letter written somewhat later than this, he writes:—"I have long suffered on her account, and for many months have been weighed down with grief. My lonely walks have been spent in endeavouring to realize the heavy trial that is before me, and, with God's help, to prepare for it. Ever and anon hope revived, but only to be dashed again. No one, who knew as I did, the weight of the fetters that a weary body imposed upon so active and intense a spirit as hers, could believe that she could long endure it. She has suffered much for a long time, and it is a hard struggle for one so excitable and energetic, to feel herself constantly bound. It was only her genuine Christianity, and the consideration of the sufferings of our Lord, that supported her and kept her patient, yea cheerful, and preserved her sympathies to the last. I alone knew how weak she was, and how much she suffered; her friends and acquaintance saw only her kindness and her mental energy."

On Friday, 24th August, frequent and violent attacks of inward cramp placed her life in immediate danger, and from this time she alternated between wild delirium and exhaustion, struggles for breath, and profound sleep; but there were occasional hours of freedom from pain, and of perfect consciousness, and then the peace of faith, the assurance of hope, and the joy of love, were victorious over suffering and death. During these last days, Perthes enjoyed the most perfect resignation and peace. "Your mother is very ill," he says in a letter

to his sons-in-law, written on the 28th August; "we are in God's hand, and may hope, although we have more cause for fear: I find my comfort and support in submission; Thy will be done, O Lord. If God has ordained the death of your pious mother, His will be done: I could not count much on my own strength,—the rending of such ties is terrible; it is terrible to be left without the only creature who entirely knows me,—sad, desolate loneliness, long or short, is all that remains, no more comfort of mutual co-operation, no helper in all joys and sorrows. I cannot and dare not hope; it is only when I realize the worst that I find comfort and support." On the evening of the day on which this letter was written, on 28th August 1821, shortly after nine o'clock, a stroke of paralysis put an end to Caroline's life so suddenly, that no pressure of the hand, no word or look of love, gave token of farewell to those around her. Without making any unnatural efforts, without constrained resignation, Perthes gave himself up to the sorrow so natural on such a loss, but which yet is found only in connexion with Christianity, because it presupposes the necessity of submission and hope. "Here I am with my poor children," wrote Perthes on the following morning to his son-in-law, "and life looks empty and desolate; we seek for the overflowing affection that has been so richly granted to us; and yet, since we could have it only by bringing back my Caroline and your mother, could we wish that her free and pious spirit should be again imprisoned in the body? My poor little children,—you older ones have had the benefit of your mother's mind,—but the younger ones must for ever miss her love and her watchful spirit: God help them and me. It breaks my heart to see the little ones seeking up and down for their mother

everywhere, and to hear their sobs when they do not find her. The corpse is inexpressibly beautiful, from the height of the forehead and the sweet loving smile that plays about the mouth." In a letter written on the same day to his son Matthias, Perthes says,—"Her love can no longer bless us here below; she is at rest with God, while we mourn her loss: weep as much as you can, then compose and command yourself, and come to us."—"My sorrow does not make me idle," wrote Perthes, a few days afterwards, to his daughter, "it rather rouses my affections, and excites me to be helpful to all around me, as far as I can; I have abundant cause of thankfulness, that for four-and-twenty years God permitted me to enjoy this treasure of affection, energy, and intelligence, and I would render thanks to Him for this. Now she knows how and wherein I sinned, as she could not know here below, but now she also realizes the full measure of my affection. How many are the hindrances, and limitations, and circumstances, great and small, that oppose our recognition of the love that is in other men's hearts! That she now knows me thoroughly, and helps me to cleave to God and to walk before Him, I am fully persuaded, though I am aware that Revelation gives no express countenance to this belief." In a subsequent letter Perthes says,—"All that I have done and planned, that was not immediately connected with business, has for four-and-twenty years been solely in reference to your mother; she never knew, at least in full, how dependent I was on her; she only thought, through the depth of her love for me, what sacrifices I had made. But now all this is over, I am no longer bound, I can do what I will, and next to the yearning after her, I am most oppressed in my solitude by the consciousness of freedom. I

know by long experience the instability of man when he is left alone, and if humility can bring down help from above, I may venture to hope that it will not be denied. If it were not for you, children, my wish would be to depart, but my course is not yet ended, and I must continue to struggle and to act." In a letter to his son at Tübingen, he says,—" In my heart all is dark and desolate; I long for communication with some loving soul, as if communion with the Invisible were not enough, and to this disquiet is added the anxious fear, lest when time shall have cooled down my burning sorrow, my affection for your mother should also suffer some diminution." Again, after a few weeks, he wrote,—" I am now more reconciled to the transition from that yearning which arises from bereavement, and neither can nor should be permanent, to a continued life with the beloved one in the immediate presence of God and our Saviour: I trust I have found that peace of God, which is the only rest of the soul."

In a letter to Helena, the sister of F. H. Jacobi, who had been a motherly friend to Caroline from her girlhood, Perthes gave a lively picture of the great blessing which he had possessed in Caroline. " You, indeed, early appreciated the worth of my Caroline, but, removed as you were from her in these last years, you could not see the development of her mind; her piety and loveliness, and the simplicity of her character, were untouched by years, and her affection, while it retained all its strength and depth, expanded in every direction, and showered blessings and benefits on all within her reach. She had counsel, comfort, and help for all who approached her, and won love, and an esteem bordering on reverence from persons of the most opposite character and circumstances. Caroline's ima-

gination was of unparalleled vivacity, and originated the deepest sympathy with all that was passing in the world. She had much experience of human nature, but her judgment was always loving and pitiful, her faith was free from the narrowness of the letter, and great as was her affection for me, she was perfectly independent in mind. For four-and-twenty years we have lived together through cares and anxieties, sometimes through sorrow and trouble, but in all she was happy, for every moment was filled with love and lively sympathy; always resigned to the inevitable, she preserved her heroic spirit in great events. That poverty of spirit, so extolled by Taulerus and Thomas-à-Kempis, was hers; she had acquired it in struggling with a vigorous nature, to which passion, impetuosity, and ambition were not unknown. From her earliest youth she had lived in continual intercourse with God, and she was sincere as I have known few besides. And now this great and rare blessing is lost to me in the grave,—in vain I stretch out my arms; humanly speaking, I am alone, and yet I have a foretaste of a previously unknown blessedness, since our souls may now meet unfettered; but this may not be put into words, since once uttered it becomes untrue."

After Caroline's death, Perthes felt the constant bustle of business more painfully than ever, while for the motherless children a quieter life and a simpler style of living seemed indispensable. He had long planned the transfer of the Hamburgh business to Besser, and the removal of his own residence to Gotha. There, in the centre of Germany, he proposed to establish a publishing business, and henceforward exclusively to devote himself to this quieter and less wearing vocation. After Caroline's death, he resolved on carrying out the long

cherished purpose with as little delay as possible. "Next Easter we shall come to you, and, if it please God, stay with you; this resolution is not forced on me by excited feelings, but has been carefully considered, and is wise and necessary." —"The housekeeping can be carried on as usual," he says in a subsequent letter; "Matilda is active and sensible, and has conducted it with discretion and judgment beyond her years, during her mother's illness. She still continues to take care of the younger children; but apart from all other considerations, I should be doing injustice to Matilda, if by remaining here I were to oppress her youthful spirit of seventeen, by leaving so much under her charge."

The winter of 1821-22 was occupied with preparations for the transfer of the business and the removal to a new home. Mauke, who had long borne the burden and care of the vast business with Perthes, was now taken in as a partner, and things were put into such a train, that, if the Gotha plan succeeded, the final arrangements would not be difficult. But the separation from the friends of his youth, and from all the associations of his past life, was far more painful to Perthes than the dissolution of his business relations; with the former he had experienced the full joy and the full sorrow of life; amid these he had learned and suffered, wrestled and enjoyed. Thus he wrote in January:—"I will not tell you how I passed Christmas and the New Year; they were heavy, heavy days, and heavy days are still before me. Every step, every stroke of the pen vibrates in my heart, and seems to say, At last! Thirty years of my life have been passed in this neighbourhood; here I have won all that was dear to me, a calling, influence, and consideration; here I met with Caroline, and here

I found God. It is no light matter to leave a house and city, men and associations, with which my own life has grown up, and I feel it deeply; but it is needful for me to keep up my spirits, since I have not only to preserve my own composure, but also to keep my heart for others, well-resolved indeed, but not cold or insensible. I do my utmost to bridle the outer man, and may God help me to overcome the weakness that is within." At the close of February, Perthes wrote:—"An hour ago, your Wandsbeck grandmother left our house for the last time. How many days of joy and trouble, of sorrow and anxiety, she has passed here! Here two of her grandchildren died; from this house she saw us driven out into the world as wanderers; in this room she witnessed the departure of her husband and daughter—and now, in a few weeks, our place will no longer be found. When such depths of feeling, usually fast sealed up, are opened, and a heart that retains in advanced age all the energy of youth, gives way to the profoundest grief, it is hard to preserve one's calmness. It was one of the hardest and most painful trials of my life." Just before he left Hamburgh, Perthes wrote a few farewell lines to the Countess Louisa Stolberg:—"The time is come when I must take leave of the home and place where I have enjoyed so large a measure of happiness in affectionate and intelligent communion; my heart is oppressed with sorrow, but I humbly trust that strength will be given me; to you, my dear maternal friend, for the sake of our old associations and acquaintance, I send a parting greeting. How often has my beloved Caroline taken up the pen to bid you farewell—but she could not: deeply did she feel and return your love; of this you are well aware: let us cleave to each

other in faith, till we too are gathered to the abodes of peace and light."

On Wednesday, the 22d of March 1822, Perthes, with his four children, left Hamburgh, and on the following Monday reached Gotha, where, as he had anticipated, a calm and peaceful, but not inactive, life awaited him.

## CHAPTER V.

CONDITION OF GOTHA, AND PERTHES' FIRST SETTLEMENT THERE—1822.

PERTHES had lived exactly half a century, when called upon to begin, as it were, a new life, under new circumstances. He had exchanged the bustle of a great seaport for a quiet retreat containing about 12,000 inhabitants, an independent commercial republic for a small German capital. Gotha cannot fail favourably to impress all who visit it. It forms a crescent at the foot of the Schlossberg, from whose summit the palace of Friedenstein looks down on a green and fertile plain, and southwards to the glorious extent of the forest of Thuringia. Park-like grounds, rich in old trees, grassy slopes, and flourishing plantations, front the town on the opposite side, sheltering the remarkably fine orangery of the ducal palace together with many a pleasant pavilion, and giving to Gotha the appearance of standing in the middle of a spacious park. On the other hand, the narrow stream of the Leine, diverted with great skill from the hills, rather displays than supplies the want of water in the district, and the wide extent of treeless, level ground, between the forest and the town, intersected, at the period of which we speak, by no good roads, removes the mountain range to a considerable distance. Although it be true that Gotha is too small to possess any independent political

importance, yet, from time to time, it has exercised a marked and peculiar influence over the spiritual life of the nation. During the period of the Thirty-years' war, Duke Ernest the Pious impressed the religious character of the Reformation so firmly on the forms of church and school, law and discipline, that they retained it, even when the spirit that first gave them birth had passed away. We owe Veit, Ludwig von Seckendorf, and August Hermann Franke, to the Gymnasium of the pious Duke. The following century witnessed the utter extinction of creative energy in the German nation, and all that the best men of the time could do, was to collect and preserve the works of happier days. This national collecting tendency was specially exemplified in Gotha, where a library and a cabinet of coins were formed, on so large a scale that they still rank among the first in Germany. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, however, the revival of literature awoke new life in the land. A few years after Lessing had, in 1768, begun his dramatic works, it was the court theatre in Gotha in which, of all German boards, they were first acted. It was here that Eckhof found a refuge, Duke Ernest the Second directed his attention to the new phenomenon, Fr. Wilhelm Götter poetized, Iffland and Beck played, and Reichardt began his Theatrical Calendar in 1775. In short, the Gotha stage assumed that prominent position occupied at a later period by that of Mannheim, under the management of Iffland ; of Hamburgh, under Schröder's ; and of Weimar, under Goethe's.

Contemporaneous with this outbreak of theatrical activity, was the change wrought in real life. The mass of the educated in Germany was seized with the spirit of "Illumination," the more or less practical human intellect deciding, that while free to lose

itself at will, in external and internal experiences, as Goethe expresses it, that only which was intelligible, that only which appeared useful to every mind, should be authoritative in religion or art, education or politics. The Duchy of Gotha was prominent in carrying out this decision. Salzmann founded Schnepfenthal in 1784, and wrote his Carl von Carlsberg; Rudolf Zacharias Becker published in the same year the universally-read National Advertisers, and in the following, his *Noth und Hülfsbüchlein*, of which a million copies were soon circulated. Moritz August von Thümmel wrote from Gotha, and Weisshaupt, driven out of Bavaria in 1785 as the chief of the Illuminati, was allowed, unmolested, to end his days in Gotha. So strongly, indeed, had the new way of thinking stamped itself upon this small State, that it remained dominant here, even when in most other circles it had begun to yield, though only in questions of art and philosophy, to the attacks of the heroes of our literature. Gotha, meanwhile, appeared to have ended its spiritual life, remaining in the same state of development that it had reached in the last decade of the former century.

Together with the rest of Germany, Gotha was dragged into the whirlpool consequent upon the first French Revolution; but however strongly the period, dating from Luneville to the second peace of Paris, had convulsed the whole country, it had not been able to overcome the tenacity inherent in German character and outward circumstance. In many a small state the good old times had passed over unchanged into a new epoch, and in the Duchy of Gotha when Perthes first settled there in 1822, both town and country afforded a picture of manners, customs, and regulations, which carried one back to the years immediately preceding the Revolution. Every

evening the streets of one-storied houses were filled with cattle returning from pasture, and by night the only sound heard in them was the loud horn of the watchman and his pious caution,—"Put out fire, and put out light, that no evil chance to-night, and praise we God the Lord." The streets were lively only on the weekly market-days, when the robust form of Thuringian peasants, with their gaily dressed, healthy-looking wives and daughters, selling corn and wood, butter, flax, fruit, and other country and forest produce, filled the square in front of the old town-hall, on whose roof a greedy-looking wooden head opened its mouth wide at the striking of the hour, as if uncertain whether to speak or bite. There were a multitude of strange relics of a past time which met the stranger at every step, though the inhabitants of the place hardly remarked them. Day by day a little man, in a blue coat with shining buttons, mounted on a pony smaller still, might be seen wending his way midst the confusion of heavily laden wagons, which were wont to rest a night in Gotha on their way from Frankfurt to Leipsic. This functionary was the Weimar escort, the terror of the wagoners, looking out for any defaulters among them who had not paid the tax formerly levied in return for an armed escort, which served as protection against the assaults of knightly highwaymen. Long as this custom had become obsolete the fee was still rigidly exacted, as well as the town-toll, from wagons which were not permitted to go through but only around it. Not less notable to the youth of the place were the giant forms of the guard, with their wide white cloaks down to their heels, their great swords at their side, their heavy boots and clattering spurs, though horses they had none. Peaceful, friendly, obliging people they were, carpenters, locksmiths,

joiners, who, while following their respective trades, were accustomed to figure as warriors, so many times a month, for a moderate compensation. There were only about six or eight uniforms for the whole body, which were passed on from one to the other. Any one crossing the town at mid-day, was sure to meet an elder scholar, followed by ten or twelve smaller boys, running in breathless haste through the streets, singing a chorus the while, in hopes of thus collecting a few pence. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the choristers of the Gymnasium stationed themselves, in their black cloaks and three-cornered hats, before the doors of the wealthy, thus, by means of their persevering quartetts, extracting enough to support them during their school career.

As for family life and social intercourse, nothing could be more simple. The men assembled in the evenings in groups, composed of those of the same trade and condition, and enjoyed their long pipe over a glass of beer, and even the womankind of the more cultivated families made afternoon visits to each other's spinning rooms. The theatre consisted of a large room in a mill, where all classes, indifferently, might, for a zwanziger, gain admission to benches from whence to contemplate the strolling players. Any expensive outlay in eating and drinking was reserved for extraordinary occasions; the rooms were, according to the old fashion, small and low, the furniture, generally of deal, was at the very utmost of the cherry-wood of the district, and, in short, unostentatious comfort and scrupulous cleanliness everywhere prevailed. In trade and business too the old customs still endured. The different guilds were assiduous in preventing those who were not members of them from procuring employment; the saddler might not make a portmanteau, the

locksmith was forbidden to interfere with his brother of the anvil, and the tailors were sure to institute a crusade against any needlewomen who might venture to overstep the limits of their peculiar calling; the right of brewing was confined to certain firms, which, according to rule and precedent, supplied the citizens with a beverage, thin and sour enough. All intercourse with the small villages around was carried on by means of a walking post, who indulged in a perpetual warfare with the post-office authorities of Thurn and Taxis. The Thuringian forest was only traversed by the Tambach and Schmalkalde roads, and though the great highway through Gotha from Leipsic to Frankfurt was kept alive all the year by countless wagons, it did not yet boast a mail; and when in the September of 1825, the first Diligence entered Gotha, the whole town assembled to gaze upon the phenomenon, and for months nothing was spoken of but the energy of the Post-master-General, Nagler, who had actually brought seeming impossibilities to pass. In other directions the roads were impassable after rain, and journeys, whether of business or pleasure, had to be postponed till dry weather.

Nor could any one have guessed from the political condition of the Dukedom that it had belonged for long years to the Rhenish Confederacy, and that Duke Augustus had been one of the most fervent adherents of Napoleon. The law of the land was still, and had been for ages, a heterogeneous medley, which no one could understand, and yet which all needed to understand in self-defence. The higher departments of office were almost exclusively filled by the numerous nobles of the small territory. Without an army in which to take refuge, without state-diplomacy in which to entangle them-

selves, and without extensive landed possessions to fill up their minds, the nobility assumed, not indeed, a political but an exclusive social position, partly because they themselves desired it, but still more because the untitled classes pressed it upon them. The State College was at once the chief tribunal and the highest administrative power. Now, because in the solution of legal difficulties, it was obliged to decline all interference from the Duke and his ministers, it grew impatient of their control in affairs of civil government also, and assuming an attitude of almost complete independence, became inactive through very arbitrariness. The reigning Duke since 1804, Augustus Emilius, had, in the days of Napoleon, averted many a misfortune from his country, but later, his out of the way love-affairs, strange sallies, and wayward fancies, had injured his reputation, and the ministers, among whom was Herr von Lindenau, did not exercise an elevating influence over the affairs of the community. This state of things corresponds closely with the position of the nobles and towns which, in the year 1809, united to form the Rhenish Confederacy. In short, the epoch of the French Revolution had passed away, scarcely leaving a trace behind, and in the year following the union of Coburg with Gotha, the personal peculiarities of Duke Ernest, effected a far greater transformation than the French Revolution, the Rhenish Confederacy, and the war of Independence together.

Although the political, ecclesiastical, and social forms of Gotha belonged to bygone days, yet there was, not indeed in them, but co-existent with them, an amount of life, and intellectual excitement, not often to be met with in towns of the same size. The Gymnasium numbered amongst its teachers such men as Döring and Schulze, Ukert and Kries;

Rost and Wüstemann; the library had attracted to Gotha, Friedrich Jacobi, the Observatory Von Lindenau and Encke; Bretschneider was general superintendent; the natural sciences were worthily represented by Von Hoff and Von Schlotheim; Stieler had already begun his geographical labours, and Andreas Romberg had, until 1818, led the services of the ducal chapel. All these men were cordial friends, and every one was welcome to their periodical meetings who possessed any scientific tendencies whatsoever. Tradesmen and mechanics were, generally speaking, active and enterprising. They had planned and established, at their own expense, excellent schools for their own order, and many other useful institutions besides; the educational efforts of former centuries were continued and developed; free schools were carefully supported, and societies formed for the benefit of orphans and prisoners. The living influence of the town extended beyond its own confines. The Fire Insurance Office established in 1821, and the preparations for the Life Insurance Company which followed, in 1829, the getting up of the universally circulated genealogical pocket-books, as well as the great geographical undertaking of Justus Perthes, called out a spirit of enterprise on all sides. Mental influence of various kinds was diffused by the many born or educated in Gotha, and thence transplanted to German universities, while the parents of the numerous pupils who flocked to the Gymnasium from all parts of Germany, as well as from Denmark, Poland, and Russia, brought with them foreign interests into the town-circle.

With this fresh and vigorous intellectual life, the confusion and deadness prevailing both in politics and religion, was singularly contrasted. Here, as in the rest of Germany, the creed

of political rationalism, handed down by the last century, was combined with the national efforts, as also with the fantastic characteristics resulting from the war of independence and its concomitants.

In almost every respect, Perthes' new home afforded a fair epitome of the state of Germany. Death and life, disease and health, reason and unreason, old and new, were in close juxtaposition, as indeed they are everywhere, but here, perhaps, still more singularly blended than elsewhere.

Perthes had keenly felt his departure from Hamburgh, and the shadow of the last sad months there spent followed him into his new home. Writing to Count Adam Moltke, he says, —"It is a heavy year that lies behind me. My childhood was spent in poverty; as a youth I was thrown about from place to place, till, as a compensation for all besides, Wandsbeck was given me as a home. Home died with Caroline. The gradual removal from my desolate house of objects endeared by memory, the last look into the now empty rooms, which for eighteen years had been consecrated by the closest ties, all this cut me to the heart. We must be unspeakably guilty in God's sight, otherwise when through the darkness in which we walk, light shines through love, death would not be permitted to take it away. My nature could never endure to give itself up to a great and deep sorrow, and on this occasion it was only the labours and the efforts, essential, in order conscientiously to part from my home, my business, and my social and civic relations, that enabled me to bear the rending of so many ties by which my very life seemed bound. Our journey was a prosperous one, and a slight accident was the means of enriching us with a pleasant impression. At a village near Netra, our axle-

tree broke. I shall never forget this little village of Rittmannshausen. It was Sunday—all the peasants were at hand—the four-and-twenty families living there made but one; they were all related by love and friendship, and mutually behaved with the most refined politeness. The women were handsome—the lads well grown, the men Hessians, who had seen service, with their medals on their breasts, and all of them alike intelligent and helpful. For twelve hours they helped Wagner and the smith, and I had difficulty in getting them to take anything in return. In short, I met with an idyl in real life, which rejoiced my heart. On the 20th of March, at midday, we reached Gotha. Our meeting was a mournful one without 'the mother.'"

During the few first weeks after his arrival, Perthes was occupied with the various small matters connected with the arrangement of his new way of life. In April he wrote as follows:—"I have not yet begun my regular habits, the many things to be done just at first, and the presence of my son Matthias, who is come from Tübingen to see us, having filled up the time. Our provisional dwelling stands in a free and open situation, surrounded just now by a very sea of flowers, and commanding an extensive view. We see the Seeberg and the Inselsberg, and even the Brocken in clear weather. My daughter Matilda governs the new household judiciously and firmly; Clement I have sent to the Gymnasium; the education of the two youngest is provided for, and the most necessary visits made. We are a good deal with my married daughters and their husbands, and I already foresee that my new mode of life will suit me."

Towards the end of April, Perthes, having completed his

necessary family arrangements, was obliged to go to Leipsic. But the impulse given to the book-trade by the confluence, from all parts of Germany, of men of every kind, no longer excited him as of yore. In a letter to Besser he says:—"It is not the labour, nor the turmoil, but the emptiness of the pursuit which weighs upon me now. Everything seems to me null and void, and I can no longer get up an interest in things as I used to do. Many objects which a short time ago were bright and varied, have become grey and monotonous in their hue, and the life of life is over for me." In the middle of May Perthes returned to Gotha in melancholy mood. He again wrote to Besser:—"My spirit is deeply troubled. This returning home without Caroline, without finding the love, the fulness of soul from which I drew my life, is horrible. I can impart nothing, receive nothing, all is barren and dead. My arrival yesterday was most painful—no welcome, no life in our communications; the poor children cannot supply that want." The Countess Augustus Bernstorf *née* Stolberg wrote to him:—"The wilderness within, the blank, the loss,—ah! who knows these as I do,—the love, the longing, the home-sickness, and yet the consolation and the hope! Most heartily do I stretch out my hands towards you; we are one in faith, and strive towards the same goal—may eternal love and mercy help us to reach it!"

However sad Perthes may have been during the first few weeks of his residence in Gotha, this did not prevent his excitable nature from receiving new impressions. He wrote to Count Moltke:—"Very notable to me is life and action in this little ducal town, and the contrast between it and the commercial republic in which I have grown grey. Here there are no

State and social restrictions for me, scarcely, indeed, for those who hold office here. There is no place where one lives more unconcerned as to prince or governments, and that is not well; for what importance can these small duchies retain unless they preserve more intimate relations between prince and subject than is possible in great towns?" In a letter to Besser we find him saying:—"As I write, the village bell is sounding in my ears. Last night, the 16th of May, Duke Augustus died. All medical skill was in vain, for this half crazy prince could not deny himself the stimulus of the hottest spices." Later, Perthes writes to Rist:—"The funeral was a melancholy spectacle, no sympathy shewn by high or low, town or country. The domestic servants were the only mourners, and the Duke's favourite cock, who was almost always with him night and day, alone looked solemn and tragical. And yet this prince had injured and oppressed no one; he was both clever and feeling, but he was early ruined by an education founded on the principles of the French Encyclopedists; he took distorted views of everything, and his conduct bordered on insanity. On the morrow, when the country heard of the death of the old Duke, there was another ready, and the Saxon Dukes, who would gladly have succeeded, had to practise patience, and not only to condole upon the occasion of the death, but to congratulate on that of the accession. If, in the other smaller States, prince and people are not more closely united than they are here, we shall have some ugly experiences to go through."

Perthes' preconceived ideas of small principalities had led him to expect a patriarchal authority in the Prince, and a familiar attachment on the part of the people; but this we see was not the case. On the other hand, he found in the town an unexpected

extent of cultivation, and a variety of intellectual interests. "I am still," he says in one letter, "restrained by caution from entering into any business relations here, but what I have hitherto seen promises me more scope than I should have expected. It is really wonderful how many well-informed men of business, men of learning, and aspiring youths, this little town contains. Of the learned, the greater part have devoted themselves to natural science; their proficiency in this one department is acknowledged, and they possess considerable libraries and collections. Many of them are experienced in greater matters, know the world and the world's history, and all are social and communicative, though they prefer speaking upon their own special subjects, of which I know nothing. The theologians and philologists are much the same as elsewhere. Poetry and Art have no representatives, but we have no lack of originals. A gentler, more cheerful, and child-loving head of a school than Döring, the director of the Gymnasium, you could nowhere find. Though not far from his seventieth year, he wears a grass-green coat and a sulphur-coloured waistcoat; though decidedly humpbacked, he is a great rider, and a thorough Nimrod; he keeps and feeds singing-birds, reads Horace, and is good-humoured and jovial in his manner to his pupils. In short, society, in despite of the narrow limits of the town, is so exciting and many-sided, that one need never be obliged, like Richard Parish, to take frequent journeys, in order to rub off the cryptogamic growths with which a long stay in one and the same place is apt to incrust the human soul."

At another time we find him writing,—"I do not find it difficult to relinquish public activity in behalf of state and community: should it come in a man's way he may still take a part

in it so long as his powers endure, but older men are not to push themselves in, under the idea that they are indispensable. No one is indispensable, no dead man is long missed; the waves close over him, and the place that knew him knows him no more. The ambition of a youth of talent cannot refrain from striving and working on a great scale, but this will be the case with an older man, only if he be vain; if not, he will see more and more clearly that he is surely influencing the whole when quietly occupied with the particular, that the thing nearest at hand is the right thing to do, and that if there be a will, there is everywhere and always a way. It is without a pang that I find myself withdrawn for ever from all public activity, such as that of my Hamburgh life, and I am thankful that my outward circumstances do not compel me to summon up and strain all my energies, in order to fill my future position with credit. My present occupations and endeavours do not hinder, they rather further my soul's meditation and the growth of my spiritual life. Certainly, I have often trembled when I thought of the step I was about to take. It was no small matter to me to give up a long-established, certainly unquiet, but perfectly secure situation for a new and certainly quiet, but by no means an assured future. However, if one ever wishes to make a decided change in life, it must be while one has still strength not only to break off from the old, but to found the new, otherwise there results a wretched half-and-half existence, full of divided regrets and weak yearnings after the past, and a depressed disposition, which unfits for business, and never can prosper. Ten years later I should not have been able to carry out my resolve; now God will help me onward."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

Perthes, as we are already aware, had made over his prosperous Hamburgh business to his brother-in-law, Besser, and chosen Gotha for a residence, with the view of establishing a publishing business there. His letters written at this period fully express his views on the subject. In one of these he says, "Your question as to what I shall take to, now that I have done with my former busy life, did not surprise me. You think that the habit of thirty years must needs render even the overpressure of business necessary, and that the excitement of undertakings involving risk, and dependent upon chance, will be painfully missed by me; and in this you would be quite right, if I were contemplating a state of repose such as you imagine. But it is not so. The repose I ask is merely the means to such new activity as is permitted to our later years. You are aware that I rank the book-trade highly, as the indispensable condition of a German literature. Now the strength of the book-trade is the bookseller's shop. This possesses the art of diffusing books widely, and an appreciation of the best works, and a determination to sell them rather than any other gives it moral worth. I may be permitted to say, that I have carried on this branch of the trade as successfully as any

one. No establishment in Germany stood higher than mine. But I have, for some time past, clearly seen, that the energy of youth is best calculated successfully to pursue this calling. He who thinks he can work on in it till the approach of life's evening, and who puts off relinquishing it to younger hands, will have many a cause of regret. Publishing is the other branch of the trade, in all its relations perfectly distinct from the first; but only he who is experimentally acquainted with the shop can become a publisher advantageously to himself or to literature. Now, I have carried on the former for six-and-thirty years, I have a clear, if not a large capital, and a number of good books of my own printing, which I brought from my old establishment. My credit stands high in the mercantile world; I am on terms of friendship with many of the most distinguished men of the day; I am still healthy and robust, I love my calling, and having paid many a premium to experience, I now know what I really can do, whereas formerly I only knew what I wished to do, and hence took many a false step. Now all this may be said to constitute a pretty good vocation to become a publisher. As to your further inquiries, whether I have already laid down my plans for the future, or mean to be guided by circumstances, here is my answer—The authors who frequent the literary market, and know by divers artifices how to give it its tone, are hardly adapted to advance, or even to support the cause of German art, science, and deep learning. Book-making prevails in almost every branch of literature; criticism is in the last stage of decline; but we may assume with certainty, that the nation is better than its authors, and has literary wants that they do not satisfy. This is especially true in regard to history. The trying ten years

that Germany has had to go through, and the spirit-stirring influence of 1813, have given reality to what was formerly received as mere legendary lore. That which other times have only known through their historians, our own time has actually suffered and done; and having itself had a history, it has acquired a taste for history in general. The striking experiences common to all, have given to all a deeper insight, a higher point of view whence to contemplate the destiny of nations; different and more important questions are asked of history than in days of yore, and they require a different answer. My vocation shall be to endeavour to give an impulse to, and help on men capable of giving such an answer, to forward what they are able to execute, and to be generally useful to them."

As Perthes' purpose was to become an historical publisher, he could not fail to take interest in the preparatory labours of a circle of distinguished men, who for some years past had aimed at carrying out Baron Stein's gigantic idea. Stein had always thought it a national disgrace that Germany, where so much was done for science and learning, should be without any adequate collection of the sources of its own history.

The increase of national consciousness springing from the war of independence, and the repose promised by the recently concluded peace, seemed to hold out a chance of supplying this want; and Stein's plan was to assemble the learned men of Germany, and to engage them all in collecting materials for a history worthy of the nation. In order to defray the expense incurred at the outset, he and others of his rank established a committee in Frankfurt, and, in 1819, founded the Society for the investigation of ancient German history, to which the Confederation and several of the German sovereigns promised their

countenance and support. The appearance of the first volume of the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historiæ* was put off till 1826, but ever after the summer of 1819, a periodical had appeared, giving an account of the progress of the undertaking.

So far back as 1816, Perthes had, when in Nassau, discussed the matter with Stein, but the pressure of business prevented his doing more while in Hamburgh, than acquiring a general knowledge of the progress of the enterprise. After his move to Gotha, however, he carefully read all that had appeared respecting it. "Read the Archives of the Historical Society," said he, in a letter to Rist, dated June 1829; "there is a genuine earnestness of purpose in them, such as becomes an old nation like ours, and it is glorious to find in one's countrymen such strength of will, solidity, learning, discrimination, and science. Things are not so bad with us after all, and I wish all who tremble for the bankruptcy of our times would read these papers. There is no trace of north or south Germanism, Popery or Protestantism, Liberalism or Despotism, but for all that, or rather because of that, all is intensely German. What an able man Dr. Pertz is, and many others besides! what a rich-minded, attractive nature Counsellor Merian possesses! My old heart, as usual, throbs with youthful delight at the prospect of working with them, helping, encouraging."

But there were other voices to be heard uplifted in ridicule of the fervent zeal of these indefatigable men. For example, one of his Berlin acquaintances wrote to Perthes:—"I consider as you do that the Frankfurt undertaking is thoroughly good and praiseworthy, but it seems to me that rather too much excitement is felt, and too much energy put forth in connexion with what after all has for its object merely the reprinting of old

annals and chronicles. The idolatry of the Mediæval is the root of all these vigorous efforts, therefore the worthies connected with it never relax their censorship, and counts and barons like Solms and Stein, and good Catholics like Mirbach and Romberg, Landsberg and Spiegel, will take good care that nothing be printed that could give them a disagreeable impression." But insinuations of this kind could not prevent Perthes from doing all in his power to further the work begun. He pointed out many a new method of getting at libraries and archives difficult of access, and placed his connexions in Copenhagen, Sweden, Spain, and Livonia, at the disposal of the Society. At the same time the success of the enterprise did not by any means strike him as certain. In 1822, we find him saying,—"However prosperous this undertaking be now, it may yet suddenly and unexpectedly founder; if Stein dies, or becomes discouraged, all is over." On discovering from the archives the very doubtful financial condition of the Society, Perthes, in the following terms, applied to Dr. Schlosser of Frankfurt, who was a director:—"If the undertaking is to be made an affair of princes and nobles, these must be urged on. No one voluntarily comes forward with money. Why is not the Duke of Oldenburg, who always contributed towards any public object I brought under his notice, applied to now? why do the Dukes of Weimar and Saxony fail us? why are the Archdukes of Austria not named? I see few contributions from princes or nobles, why should not the Bernstorfs, Reventlows, and Humboldts come forward? But I need not ask these questions, for, as matters stand, help will only be found in the nation's universal sympathy. Subscriptions must be collected on a great scale, unless the admirable labours of the learned

are to be in vain. But we shall not do much if we only make a general appeal. Academies and universities, local meetings, libraries, even of small towns, gymnasia, historical societies, the book-trade, courts-martial, all must be individually set in motion, each in his place, and each in his own way. Together with the distinguished board of directors and the learned leaders, there must be a financial committee resting neither day nor night. Thus we shall infallibly succeed in gaining the sympathy of the whole nation for our undertaking, for the taste for history is universal. This is everywhere shewn by the historical tendency of periodicals, newspapers, and other floating literature. Even such humble efforts as these should be remarked and fostered by the Frankfurt Committee, so as to combine detached results, to encourage able but painfully modest men, to place youthful talent under experienced guidance, and lead it in the right direction. Much must be done to accomplish this; but, then, this would accomplish much. The contagion of Stein's society is spreading fast. Societies for inquiry into local history are already formed, in Westphalia, Thuringia, Silesia, and Würtemberg, and I think every patriotic mind must join such, not only because furthering the cause of historical science, but because affording a German point of union to Germans."

But however fascinated Perthes might be by the magnitude of Stein's undertaking, he yet saw that something more than historical inquiry and the collection of old records was needed. He wrote to Rist:—"Amongst men of business there are but few who have sufficient time and information to prosecute historical inquiries, and yet it is they and not the learned who influence facts, and, so to speak, shape history;

and therefore they, most of all, want individual insight and judgment in matters of history. But to such Stein's undertaking offers little or nothing. For them and for the nation at large, written history affords the only means of attaining historical information, and although historians might complain of a superfluity of historians, the German man of business of every class vainly seeks for channels of instruction. The older histories do not supply this want, their style is antiquated, their size inconvenient, and, above all, our own extraordinary times have led to new demands on our part. It is true that several universal histories have appeared within the last ten years: I can call to mind Joh. Müller, Schlosser, Rotteck, Pölitz, Eichhorn, Heeren, Fr. Schlegel, Saalfeld, but we are totally without a history of the individual states of Europe. The works of this kind, constructed on a connected plan, and published during the latter half of the preceding century at Heilbronn and Münster, are forgotten; those modelled upon Guthrie and Grey are incomplete and unconnected; Spittlers' important work is but a sketch. Woltmann and Galletti came to a stand-still at their first step. I have been for years occupied with the thought of calling into existence a great historical work, which should treat of each European State individually, but without ever losing sight of their relation to each other, or of their present political position. This plan would have to be wrought out by a society of able men upon a given plan, and though it need not be inconveniently limited as to extent, the history of each separate state must be proportionate in length to its political importance. There is no want of valuable materials, and men of different ages may be found fit for the task, and able and willing to undertake it.

The preliminary arrangements must, before the publication begins, be so far advanced that the whole might appear in a few years after the first part, the fragmentary character of our German literature being a great defect. The greatest difficulty will be to form a Committee to sketch out the general plan of the work, to fix the extent of each separate part, and to assign the right State to the right man. Such a Committee can only consist of two or three members, but these must not only have a genuine historical vocation, but be universally acknowledged to have it, in order to exercise due influence over the unmanageable race of authors. As the necessary caution with respect to capital, acquirements, and profit, will preclude all precipitation, I hold the plan to be feasible,—good-will under favourable circumstances can do much."

Rist's answer was as follows:—"If you desire to produce a genuine political history of the European States, I have this objection to make: our times are unsuited for great historical undertakings in the higher sense. The writing of history requires a contented mind, a peaceful environment, and susceptible contemporaries. But we are entirely without any fixed point of view whence to consider and decide upon external phenomena. Soon we shall for our sins have been wandering for forty years in the wilderness, and we do not yet stand on the mountain from whence the promised land can be seen. We men and fathers shall never enter Canaan. Happy, my dear friend, if we may climb the height from whence to look down on those who, after our departure, will go in and take it in possession. They too, no doubt, will have many a hard battle with Philistines and Canaanites, but still they will reach what we may only see. For what has yet been gained

as to our condition, our public life, what but the most utter confusion? What problem have we solved? what constitution have we established? We have shaken off a thousand illusions only to fall into more than a thousand doubts and uncertainties. The things from which we expected most, on which we staked life and time, have fallen to pieces in our hands. The people themselves have mistaken their own wishes, the rulers have mistaken alike their people and their own selves. Wise men have withdrawn themselves, seeking within the stability that public life denied them. Misunderstandings, schisms, doubts of conscience, discrepancy between means and end, sway the individual, the society, and the state. "Under these circumstances, where shall the historian find firm ground for himself and others? No; times of great fermentation, times of transition, are only adapted for the collection of materials, the prosecution of inquiries, not the writing of history. But granted that men equal to the task were there, they would not dare to write history. Would not the dread of placing weapons in the hand of those bold Jacobins, who, since Napoleon's time, everywhere abound, would not the disgust at the State's political censorship deprive the writer of his unfettered energy, and lame the wings that should enable him to soar? How long would he be permitted to speak historically of the abuses of the hierarchy, the inaction of men in power, and the origin of 'most serene' families? Moreover, you must not forget that a comprehensive historical undertaking, with you at its head, would attract universal attention, and provoke inquisitors from all quarters. No; our times cannot give birth to true and genuine history, and a work of mere convenience is not worth the sweat of your brow. Keep this in mind, dear friend."

Poel, also, to whom Perthes had imparted his plan and wishes, raised many grave objections thereto. "It is true," said he, "that the occurrences of our time have awakened in a few the desire for profound historical investigations, in order to detect the necessary and the accidental in the progressive development of society, the transitory and the abused in existing regulations, the right and true in the claims upon the future. But the number of such profound investigators is very small, and what they seek will only be found indicated, not carried out, in the very best historical handbooks. History will do little for most of our contemporaries of the educated class, in the way of instruction; scarcely indeed will they find entertainment in it. The excitable intellect of the present generation strives after a good that was not possessed by its forefathers, and has not been trifled away by their descendants; it does not trouble itself about letters and seals, capitulations agreed upon or infringed, but about the consciousness of matured powers, which in the long run cannot continue in the service of debility. Even the Anti-progress party does not rely upon the past. Questions relative to the present state of things may indeed be instructively and agreeably answered by history, but the time for this is not yet come. This remains for the future, which will end the strife and seize the prize. And altogether I am inclined to believe that all that constitutes the peculiar charm of history, and distinguishes it from a mere aggregate of facts,—the gradual developments, the scarcely perceptible transition from one period to another, the threads that run throughout it as a whole, binding together ages the most remote,—this, I say, can have but small interest for readers of an era so rich in great and unexpected events as ours has

been. To the many, whole centuries past, appear empty in comparison with a few months of the present, and newspaper articles are daily read through, rapidly and carelessly, which would have engrossed our forefathers' utmost attention and interest. But our intellectual palate, pampered as it has been, requires a stronger stimulus, and owing to the rapid developments we have seen, and the impatience with which we look forward to the future, all gradual change is for us an oppressive vacuity—all slow progress a wearisome standing still. You believe that you see many symptoms betokening the reverse. But the two thousand copies of Kohlrausch's German History, which found so cordial a reception, owe this popularity to their German dress, and to the German self-idolatry which was then the fashion. Walter Scott, again, will please all times, not because he is a historian, but a poet, who creates out of well-known elements a living reality, in which we feel at home, and which, through the magic exercised only by the true poet, affords us the charm of a double existence, in the present and the past. But instead of presupposing a taste for history, the predilection for Scott is only a means of awakening it. Again, nothing permanent can be expected from a history written at this time. Who can represent the present aspect of affairs? and were this possible, the picture, as soon as drawn, would cease to be true. Look at the state of France, Spain, and Italy a few years ago; who can say what it will be a few years hence? "How much that now seems dominant in the fermenting mass, will, during the process of fermentation, be cast out as a foreign element. How long will Spain continue to be ruled by the Encyclopedists, France by the Jesuits and Bourbons,—how long will the influence of Papists in Protestant Germany, and of the

half-converted natural philosophers in the Bavarian capital of Catholic Germany, endure? Is not our condition in civil, political, religious, and financial life, everywhere a provisional one? Now, history deals with the already accomplished, not with the process of accomplishment, and it is only when we see a result that we can recognise a cause. If your political history is to deal with the present, it will have the double fault of dealing with what is both transitory and imperfectly understood. Where is the man who can ever so dimly discern the giant convulsions of a not distant future? and were there such a one, how could he fail to anticipate events by his wishes and conjectures? His history would, like everything else in times of commotion, increase the prevalent agitation, excite conflicting passions, and afford a striking memorial of the present, but not a history of the past. Now such a history as this ought not, and no other can be written. In short, I do believe that no time can be more unfavourable than our own for writing a history of kingdoms just now in a transition-state. But, on the other hand, I cannot suppress a long-cherished wish of mine, to give a common memorial to the numerous little states that will be annihilated with a stroke of the pen some of these days. The least among them has its own history, noble deeds, distinguished citizens, and peculiar institutions. In all of these there is still an individuality, and it would be an act of piety to revive the memory of it in these unsparing days of ours. The dead may describe our time, not the living."

Perthes was firm in his resolve, and quietly and cautiously took the steps necessary for its accomplishment. The first thing to be done was to find men fit to lead the undertaking,

plan the arrangements of the whole, discover writers qualified to undertake the history of separate states, and decide with them upon the manner of treating it. When, in March 1822, Perthes moved from Hamburgh to Gotha, he had, as he passed through Göttingen, imparted his plans to Heeren, and begged him to come forward as editor. Heeren had requested time for consideration, and in May wrote to Perthes,—"Your leading ideas, my honoured friend, are very just, and I consider their execution possible, but during the short space of life that may remain to me after my sixty-second year, I dare not place myself at the head of so extensive an undertaking. I am occupied with the edition of my collective historical writings, and amuse myself besides with my favourite idea of writing a history of commerce, especially that of the East, under the Arab and Mongolian rule, continuing it through the Middle Ages, and thus helping to supply one of the greatest gaps in the history of the world. Then, I live in quite a different region from that of European history, and should do wrong in accepting your offer. But if I can help you by my advice, you know that I shall always be found ready." As Heeren, who paid Perthes a visit a few weeks later, still remained firm in his refusal, Perthes had to look elsewhere, and found near at hand what he had sought in vain far off. In June he wrote to his Hamburgh friend,—"Be at ease, I shall find what I want without going about like a roaring lion, and indeed I think that I have found it already."

Perthes alluded to Ukert, who had been settled for some years in Gotha as librarian and professor at the Gymnasium. At their first meeting he had felt himself attracted by Ukert, and even in July thus wrote of him to Rist:—"Ukert is a

man of acknowledged excellence as a scholar, and yet he is imaginative, lively, and liberal-minded. He knows the great world-relations, is in the fullest sense of the word interested in literature, has taste and discrimination, and is intimate with our leading historians. His quick wit will make him dreaded by many, but I delight in his critical, pungent humour, united as it is with fine moral sense, a noble character, and a polished bearing."

Ukert was not disinclined to undertake the management of the enterprise, and he and Perthes had many long discussions as to its spirit and form. No one was to be enlisted in the cause who looked upon history as a means of expounding his own political creed. In a letter to a friend, Perthes observes :— "Neither the science of universal politics, nor the description and defence of particular political systems, neither historical disquisitions nor reflections upon history, constitute the end and aim of our undertaking. We shall begin by a general introduction, treating of the downfal of the Roman Empire, and the origin of the new kingdoms. On this foundation the history of each separate European state will be raised by different authors, its external history, as manifested in its rulers and in its friendly or inimical relations to other states, forming the essence of each section. The rulers will thus be brought forward more than suits the taste of the times ; but it is nevertheless true, that rulers have always exercised a decisive influence over the course of history. This external history will answer questions as to the origin of the middle classes, and shew how the relations of one class to another, and to the prince, arose ; how armies and finances, arts and sciences, trade and commerce, moral and religious condition, were developed. The

narrative of events must be simple, clear, calm, and agreeable to fundamental truth, in so far as our present researches extend. Now it is not every one who can write a history of this nature; on the contrary, we shall have for every separate kingdom to search for a historian who has already made its development his favourite study, and can now present us with the results. That he should have treated his subject from a patriotic point of view, that his love should have even run into partiality, will be no disadvantage, rather the reverse, for we shall thus secure fervour in the writings of all, and the one-sided views will balance each other."

According to the repeatedly expressed wish both of Perthes and Ukert, Heeren now consented not only to give his advice, but his name towards the support of the undertaking, and before the end of 1822, the first step was taken to realize the plan of a "History of the States of Europe, edited by Heeren and Ukert."

The next thing to be done was to find men able and willing to undertake the history of each separate State. In March 1823, at a meeting held at Göttingen between Heeren, Ukert, and Perthes, it was resolved that Perthes should address certain leading historians, and endeavour to secure their counsel and sympathy. Accordingly, he wrote to Rehberg of Hanover; to Friedrich von Raumer; C. A. Menzel; Friedrich Christoph Schlosser, and Karl Friedrich Eichhorn of Göttingen. Their ready answers, without exception, expressed cordial sympathy, and promised advice and active assistance. In one of these answers we read:—"It is essential to prove to our ultras of every kind, that they do not know what is German, but give out as such either empty abstractions, foreign fooleries, or

foreign valuables smuggled into Germany. Nothing can correct this evil so well as history; but who reads anything now-a-days except newspapers? And this is the fault of the historians themselves, who do not take pains enough to make a book readable."

The worthy old Rehberg wrote from Hanover:—"The recollection, most honoured sir, of which your letter gives me a precious proof, and your confidence in my power of furthering a work so important to our nation, are inexpressibly valued by me. I will candidly tell you how far my help can go. England has long attracted my attention, as being the only State whose public transactions afford useful instruction to all nations whatsoever; and to a forty years' acquaintance with the proceedings of its parliament, I owe the best part of my political creed. However, I have always had a practical end in view, and if I am better acquainted with English events than is common in Germany, I am still far from being really familiar with English History. I have never occupied myself with its earlier sources, and therefore my opinions of ancient events would be solely taken from modern writers. I might, indeed, discover whether in the works submitted to my judgment, the general point of view were or were not correct, but I could form no decision at all as to details." Hormayr sent from Vienna hints as to the historical treatment of the Austrian Empire:—"Do not," said he, "let any one write about Austria who does not live there, least of all, one who has left it in our own day; otherwise the game will be played with false cards, and the value of the work will not survive the passions of the moment. It is incredible how much has been done here in the collection of old records, and any one who wishes

to write the history of Hungary, Bohemia, or Austria, should come to Vienna. I should give the right hand of fellowship to your deputy with the same pleasure as to the Frankfurt Society's deputy, Dr. Pertz, who is, both by his modesty and profound learning, admirably fitted for any scientific occupation. But the historian will have no easy time of it—we live in very unpleasant days, there is little sincerity and integrity, as well as little dignity or charm of manner—nothing is pure, all is stained with personalities—there is much cry, and little wool. He who by deed and sacrifice has taken part in the great national conflict, may well sink to the earth with shame at this generation, which has done and suffered nothing for it, and yet now comes to claim its share, with flapping wings and horrible croaking, like ravens flocking to a battle-field."

Another letter runs as follows:—"You see that I know you well, and value your confidence. Your plan, too, is admirable, only I do not know where you are to find your men, and that I must know first of all, because I will not lend myself to the infamous speculations of authors writing for fame or money. I have sacrificed more to truth than I can tell you, and, like the hermits of old, have willingly renounced for its sake the world and its joys, wife and children, and I think of dying for the truth with the same delight I have felt in living for it. Therefore, if yours is a mercantile affair, let the strange being who does not want your money go on his way; but if you are the same man that you shewed yourself to be at the time of Germany's oppression, then I will take whatever share you or the editors may assign to me, and believing that I am of service to my fatherland, I will work just as if I were in your pay. You wish my opinion about the men who now write history:

I should only have to say,—the one wants taste, the other earnestness; the one knowledge, the other religion; this man is deficient in philosophy, and that in everything. You would smile, but you would not, I hope, believe that the writer had a monopoly of wisdom. So I will not interfere with your assignments to others. I will gladly help, but only if some definite part be assigned to me. I am marvellously proud, but, pray, believe that I am also marvellously modest, and that it has never occurred to me to set a value upon my scribblings, but much upon the fact of numbers having again regained with and through me, that confidence in human-kind, of which my books had deprived them. If I am to have fellow-writers, I must know them; for I am above all things intolerant of bad fellowship, and good fellowship being rare, I live a solitary life."

Perthes and Ukert now began to look out for the right men. This was an anxious matter to Perthes, and we find him writing to the Baron von Gagern:—"Your Excellency will smile at my believing it possible to unite learned Germans in a common enterprise. I know the difficulties perfectly, but no one can influence the world by himself, and he who is too wise to be helped will never do great things in any department. I hope by this truth to overcome even the sensitiveness of the learned, who wish only for good society, that is to say, their own. I do not despair; I have the gift of uniting the dispersed, bringing the distant near together, and tuning any discord of heart and mind amongst right-feeling men. This is the plough I have ploughed with all my life." Perthes' confidence had not deceived him; on all sides men of learning gave in their adherence to his plan, and even expressed delight at the prospect of

labouring together in a common undertaking. It was not without a feeling of triumph that Perthes announced to his two doubting friends, Rist and Poel, the quantity of admirable *personal material* which had been collected. "It is just this admirable *personal material*, as you call it," said Rist in reply, "which forms your temptation to feel more secure than circumstances warrant. Napoleon had the same, and was misled by it into the Russian campaign; however, the cold was too much for it, and the present political atmosphere will, according to my thinking, be found to exercise the same deadly influence over historians. And besides, you must not forget that you have German 'savans' to deal with, who, as a rule, are great in preparatives for a work, but fail in that work, and are altogether a most unmanageable set of people, who will have their own way in all things, have not the least tact, never mince the matter, and are ready to die for an opinion. Further, remember that there exists between the authors invited, and the publishers who invite, a sort of delicate coquetry, which generally changes, after their union, into a very different relation."

Perthes had frequent occasion to remember these words, but yet after five years of strenuous effort, he was able, in 1827, to announce the historical work, of which the first part appeared two years later, and which has ever since been regularly continued. "It is hardly credible," wrote he, "what toil and trouble, what twisting and turning, this undertaking has cost me for the last six years. One of the learned would have failed in bringing or keeping men together; it pertained to a position like mine to effect what has been effected, and the question still remains,—Will the result meet the requirements of science, and diffuse historical truth through the nation?" Elsewhere

he writes,—"I am too old to take part in the disputes of the different writers. As a publisher, I have to remember that when Peter was hungry and would eat, he saw a sheet filled with creatures of every kind let down before him. Now, a publisher is not exactly in the same plight as to killing and eating, but he has to collect historians of all sorts, whether wild beasts or fowls of the air, and so to get the History of Europe written."—"I am very doubtful as to the commercial result," he writes in another letter; "the outlay is considerable, and I have but little confidence in the public; many a disagreeable artifice must be had recourse to, to make any impression upon it. True, this history is the very thing to supply a want extensively felt; but how are we to get this admitted?" It was with the preparations for this work that Perthes was chiefly occupied during the first years of his residence in Gotha; but in connexion with his publishing plans, many other works also claimed his attention. His connexion with scholars and authors went on extending, and his advice was equally useful to both; with Görres he discussed that author's projected work; to Nicolovius he wrote:—"Would it not be desirable just at this time to publish a selection from the writings of Johann Georg Schlosser? The earlier edition is no longer to be had, his detached pieces are scattered, and yet much that this vigorous-minded man prophesied in his day has now come to pass, both in politics and morals. Goethe does not portray him truly, nor do him justice."

Perthes was well aware that publishers not only need authors to write works, but booksellers to circulate them, and far from neglecting the latter class, he sought to establish confidential relations with them by means of correspondence, as well as of the

annual meeting of the book-trade at Leipsic. He once wrote to Besser:—"It is true that in small towns where there are no universities, the business of bookselling is almost without exception in the hands of the rude and ignorant, who have no love for their calling, but merely view it as a means of making their bread, and who while they are familiar with their mechanical work, are indifferent both to books and the men who buy them. But look at the majority, whether of pastors, professors, or officers, you will hardly find in them more love for their calling than in ourselves; to them, too, it is merely a means of subsistence, and considered only under its mechanical aspect. The majority of men are commonplace, and carry on their calling in a commonplace way, whether it be spiritual or worldly, mercantile or military. Those amongst them who are more, and aim at more, will, on that very account, not withdraw from the rest as though too good for them."

While Perthes was thus collecting all his energies to lay the foundation of his new business, he had at the same time to dissolve his Hamburgh connexions, and to settle matters with his old partner Besser. Accordingly he wrote to him:—"We must settle our affairs as soon as possible, for if one of us were to die before this were done, inevitable confusion and mischief would ensue, for then law would settle what we arrange as brothers: therefore I urge you to make all possible speed. After all, when this is over, I shall not be estranged even from your affairs; (from yourself I never could be so:) but I shall watch them with delight and sympathy, and in many things we shall be able to help each other as long as we live." The only difficulty attending the dissolution of partnership between these two brothers in mind and heart, arose from each think-

ing himself too much benefited by the propositions made by the other. However, matters were soon arranged, and upon the occasion of his retirement from the Hamburgh establishment, Perthes wrote to Besser :—" We have now, dear brother, worked together for a quarter of a century, carrying on one and the same concern in troublous times. Not once have we taken different views as to 'meum and tuum;' not for one moment during all those years have we ever felt it possible to waver in our mutual confidence. Let us thank God that at the hour of parting that confidence is as firm and pure as it has been during our long-associated life. Such happiness in such degree is vouchsafed to few."

## CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSION DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1822.

Despite the great amount of labour which his calling and his temperament alike imposed upon him, Perthes, during the first year of his life in Gotha, found time to make more or less distant excursions into the surrounding country. In the beginning of August he visited the Rudolstädt and Altenburg district; and later in August he went for a few weeks to Franconia and Bavaria. In a letter to a friend he says:—"When, on the 13th of September last, I left Gotha at mid-day, a magnificent thunderstorm accompanied me over the heights of the Thuringian Forest. I travelled in the Diligence, a nine-seated monster, on the top of which a seat is built for two people. If, from this perch, where one knows nothing of the heavy vehicle behind, one watches the six horses toiling up the hill, the mind naturally reverts to our humanity, which often forgets the heavy body there is no shaking off, and then childishly wonders at the trouble it gives us to rise. A diligence like this (I mean the actual Thurn and Taxis conveyance) is convenient and rapid in comparison with those of earlier days; but yet it requires that the passengers should be good-humoured, not over-sensitive, and not in a hurry. As for conductors, they are always wet or dusty. Mine made pious reflections during the thunder-

storm, and did not lose a moment in taking up five blind passengers, whom I could not see, as they got in during the night, and out before daybreak. But I, the only seeing passenger, had to take the conductor's place, not only at the customary halting-places, but at every intervening public-house, where he was minded to play a game at cards with the postilion. In Schwallungen I heard an enlightened watchman cry, 'The hammer has struck one,' instead of the bell has struck one. In Hildburghausen I ate at the same table with two of the prince's retainers, the one a valet, just out of bed, the other a sweep, just out of the chimney. The barefooted blackamoor was a fine-looking fellow, and discussed great European events better than many a professor. However, at Coburg, which I reached on the evening of the 14th I grew tired of the whole concern, took a carriage, and drove to Baireuth on Sunday morning before sunrise. The mist still filled the valleys. I passed the Bavarian frontier to Lichtenfels without trouble. The sun broke out, and the valley of the Maine lay before me bathed in light. Towards Bamberg and Würzburg, hill rose behind hill—the river a thread of silver—the high towers of the monastery of Banz and Vierzehnheiligen sparkled like gold; bells were sounding on all sides to celebrate the Sunday morning." He then passed through the valley of the Maine to Baireuth, where he remained some days.

In a letter to a friend, Perthes writes:—"As you were once rather an idolater of Jean Paul, you shall hear something about the impression his personality made upon me. It is better, however, I am well aware, to speak than to write about things and persons, that in the course of one's travels one may have become more or less acquainted with. How many opinions and judgments are only rightly understood by means of the com-

mentary of voice and manner! A good-natured smile softens the spoken word, and if the listener should take a matter too seriously, an additional word removes the misapprehension. But what is written remains hard, cold, rigid, and unalterable, and often the reader views as black what the writer at most meant only to paint as grey. In letters written on a journey, and conveying the impressions of the moment, one cannot be conscientious enough in one's opinions about people. Meanwhile, since I cannot speak, I needs must write. I went at eight in the morning to Jean Paul. A tall, strong, bony figure, like that of a farmer or a forester, entered the room, dressed in a hunting coat, with a badger's skin over his shoulder, and leading a white poodle by a string. As we had long been correspondents, we were soon in full talk. I spent two evenings with him, the first in his own house, the second at that of Madame von Kettenburg's. Not only was a court lady of the name of Stein present on both occasions, but the newly married Count and Countess Henckel-Donnersmarck. The wish to appear in the best light, excited Jean Paul, and, accustomed as he is only to be listened to, my sudden interpolations interrupted him, and the consequence was, that while he proved himself a worthy truth-loving man, and although the conversation turned on the leading men and leading events in Church and State, life and literature, I did not hear him utter one significant word, one deep view, one result of great inner experience: his conversation was throughout wearisome and obscure. He gave us the narrative of his daily life, as follows: 'In the summer at six, in the winter at eight, I walk about half a mile to Frau Schabenzel's, (an old countrywoman;) the poodle goes with me; I carry my papers and a bottle in my badger's

skin; there I work and drink my wine till one o'clock; then I do not drink again, but from five to seven I drink my beer as long as there is any in the jug.' For half an hour Jean Paul put us to sleep with receipts for sleeping. None of the lightning flashes and scintillations of fancy, the striking similes, or the glowing pictures with which his works abound, appeared in his conversation! I left him convinced that the man who, as an author, belongs to the tenderest and richest minds of Germany, is not, therefore, necessarily tender and soft-hearted. After Jean Paul, I felt most interest about a certain Councillor Kraus. In order to get at him, I applied to Jean Paul, having heard that they had been friends for years. 'We are old friends, it is true,' said he, 'but now we no longer meet. But go to him, and say, that though I never will have anything to do with him myself, I have sent you to him.' Accordingly, I went. I had to go up a steep stair, at the top of which was a closed lattice, and outside hung a long wooden hammer, with an inscription above to this effect: 'He who will enter must knock hard; if the hammer is inside I am not to be seen.' So I knocked hard, and the door was opened. As I entered a large library, which swarmed with cats of every age and colour, a friendly old man, a bachelor with silver hair, and in a long dressing-gown, advanced to meet me. After I had playfully delivered Jean Paul's message, we fell into conversation. 'Jean Paul,' said he, 'is a thoroughly upright, feeling, good man, rich in heart and mind, but the blossoms of his nature will never ripen into fruit, because he has not strength thoroughly and scientifically to mature any subject; he knows much, but all he knows is in disorder and confusion, and now that his own mind can create nothing further, he has fallen into all sorts of follies." Kraus

and I parted excellent friends. 'Farewell, my dear good foe,' said he, as I rattled down the steps. I have found out since then, that Kraus, together with Lang, wrote the well-known journey to Hammelburg." From Baireuth Perthes went for a few days with the son of the bookseller, Grau, to the Fichtelgebirge, and wandered on foot to Kemnath. "This is the true home of the German kobolds, dwarfs, and little mountain spirits, this barren, gloomy mountain range, whose far-stretching dark ridges, mighty detached granite blocks, and long winding valleys, make a deep, if not a pleasing impression on the traveller. Everything here is grey and mysterious. The rock is hardly covered with earth; stunted fir-trees, with ragged foliage, heath, and blackberry bushes, give the district all it has of colour, and dark moss shrouds trees and stones, hills and valleys, alike. Colossal rock-masses are heaped together in hundreds on the east side of the Luchsberg; some of them rounded, some table-shaped, but all perfectly detached, and most of them in the boldest positions, a world in fragments, a true picture of the ruins of the old German empire. Here we were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm. 'That's a loud noise,' said our guide, 'but there was a louder one when these stones were rolled together here.' Another time he pointed a rock out to us, 'called the Prince's Head, but if closely looked at,' he said, 'you will see that it is an inverted heart.' He was a rough man, this guide of ours, but full of sense and wit, and his talk was one series of bold, lively pictures. What he had heard from others he told in good German, but he gave his own thoughts in the rude yet melodious *patois* of the mountains. From the top of the ridge the Nahe flows to the south, the Maine to the

west, the Saal to the north, the Eger to the east. How different the outward position of the countries traversed by the streams which we see here at one glance, and yet the same joys, the same sorrows are to be found in them all."

Perthes continued his rambles through the upper Palatinate, and next spent a few days in Amberg. "This hilly, barren, and thickly inhabited district," he says, "contains an industrious and serious-minded race. Their dwellings are humble. Silence and repose are their general characteristics, their thin forms are poorly clothed, and their pale, sharp-featured faces, bear in their thoughtful expression, traces of their sad history for more than a century. From the time of the Reformation the Princes Palatine changed their creed in rapid succession; and forced their subjects to become now Catholics, now Lutherans, now Calvinists. When at last the agitations were over, there remained a medley of all confessions. Later came the numerous changes of government, but they must have had enough of religious warfare, for though controversial writings penetrate even here, yet both between people and priests there reigns perfect peace, even amounting to an indifference to conflicting doctrines, of which I could give you many an example. When in Amberg, I sought out Professor Joseph Moritz, who agreed to undertake the Index to Stolberg's History of Religion, and yet has left my letters unanswered for years. I knew that he was Professor of Church History at the Lyceum, and was held by Lang and other good judges to be one of the ablest and most erudite men in his own department. I found the old monk in his huge lofty cell, in what was once the Jesuit College; the walls were black with chronicles and old histories, the cell contained a table, two chairs, a dingy bed, a crucifix, and a pair of

wooden slippers, so large that St. Christopher might have worn them. I urged my petition, but he curtly and drily evaded all I said; every attempt to get him to speak out and to explain his refusal failed; at last I despaired of making anything of him, and adding, sharply enough, that the priest had broken his word, prepared to go. 'Stay,' said he, 'it may be well that you came: here is the manuscript complete up to the letter M. I showed it to a friend of mine in Ratisbon, who thought it too ample, and wished to make many alterations, which vexed me, for any one can make an index, but I aimed at producing a repertory of Church history, in which the reference to Stolberg's works should be a secondary affair. So I left off, but not for long; for I am fond of Stolberg's book, especially the first five volumes, and then, again, my bishop came and told me, it was time I should set about a religious work, and this Index was one. So I went on, and you might have had the whole, if there were not the articles "Pope" and "Rome" to get through; no easy matter that; one should neither be audacious nor timid, and yet one is both in turn; and, in short, I pray God to give me a right judgment, and you shall have all in January.' After this outpouring, the old man became quite friendly, and I found a gentle heart and bright mind beneath the rugged exterior. He took me through the long galleries of the college, the beautiful church, the rich library, and begged me to remain for dinner. I had a pleasant repast with him, and three others, formerly of his order. In the refectory I found a crucifix, opposite to it a Madonna, and over the latter a portrait I instantly recognised as that of Oken. 'What sort of a saint is that?' asked I. 'Pater Rixner,' said they, and the laugh went round. They were four worthy men, cultivated, observant, and just in their opinions."

From Amberg Perthes paid a visit to Sulzbach. "Here," he wrote, "we are suddenly transported into a new world; the sterile, gloomy character of the Palatinate has vanished; rich woods clothing beautiful hills, surround the half-burned village. What *was* the castle now belongs to a bookseller, named Von Seidel. Thither I made my way, and was pressed to remain. The book-trade is carried on here on the largest scale—nineteen presses are at work, they have Catholic, Lutheran, and Jewish presses, all distinct, each in different rooms. Here Von Seidel publishes many books of Protestant theology, but far more of Catholic. I have hardly ever seen so active a man of business. He thoroughly knows the state of Bavaria, and stands high in Munich. He has been at great expense in settling here; all round the hill there are hot-houses, grottos, fountains; a pantheon for Bavarian scholars, with a colossal Pallas, and all complete. The old gentleman seems rather unwilling to contemplate the possibility of having to leave all these splendours one day or other."

From Amberg Perthes proceeded to Ratisbon. "As we travel southwards," says he, "Nature loses her gloomy, parsimonious character. All is bright and fertile; meadows and trees are clothed in softest green, and the vine begins to appear; the men are tall and strongly built, the women full and fresh-looking; the houses, like those in the Tyrol, have projecting roofs, and galleries running round them, and are so attractive that one cannot pass one of them unobserved. In almost all the inns I met with a most striking figure, for you must know that the landlords are butchers as well, and therefore keep a fellow of all work, who in the morning kills and makes sausages, and then brings in coffee, and brushes boots

and clothes, carves at dinner, and hands the dishes round; in the evening lights the guests to their room, brings them their slippers, and asks whether they want anything more. Such an old-fashioned functionary as this is far more many-sided than any princely valet-de-chambre, and deserves with his butcher's figure, and his butcher's wit, to attract the attention of a Holberg. It is a pity that we cannot meet, I should have so many striking little touches of character and condition to tell you of, that cannot be written down."

Perthes spent several days in Ratisbon. The view of the Danube, with its cloisters and islands, and of the mountain range, the variety afforded by the Catholic and Protestant institutions, by the higher government officials, the Thurn and Taxis household, the great merchants, &c., all these endeared the town to him; and still more the towers and walls, the statues and monuments, the libraries and collections, in which was traced the history of the Roman period. "In the old Cathedral," wrote he, "the Carlovingians have built on the Roman foundation, and their descendants have gone on building; in the Cathedral we see the full ecclesiastical splendour of the Middle Ages, and in the older parts of the town we are confronted by the secular life of a giant antiquity.

"About fourteen castles, built within the walls, are still inhabited, and the rest of the houses are built in between them. Here I can perfectly understand the possibility of the Middle Age conflicts within Lombard towns, and the defence of Saragossa in later days. Each of these old castles is now divided into ten or twenty dwellings, and the gigantic towers standing near them, are also for the most part occupied. It is strange, that while so many learned men must have been

assembled here by the Diet, so little should have been said and written about this town, its beautiful situation and its treasures." In short, Ratisbon made such an impression on Perthes, that he often said that he should prefer it as a residence to any other town. The evening before his departure, he stood on the bridge over the Danube, the river shone like silver, the whole landscape slept, nothing was heard but the rushing of the water; to the left, fires in all the vineyards; to the right, the dark lofty Cathedral. "I could not move," wrote Perthes; "and grieved to be obliged to leave this charming town." Passing through Nuremberg, where he found his son Matthias, on his way to continue his studies in Berlin, Perthes travelled back to Coburg, and wound up his journey by a long walk through the Thuringian forest to Gotha.

## CHAPTER VIII.

PERTHES' ACTIVITY IN UNPROFESSIONAL LIFE.—1822-1824.

When Perthes returned from Bavaria to Gotha, in October 1822, a season of quiet lay before him, inviting him to steady and systematic occupation. It was necessary that he should exert himself to obtain that thorough acquaintance with the progress of literature, essential to his conception of a publisher's calling. Consequently, a daily and careful perusal of critical journals became imperative. "Journals and periodicals are most wearisome and offensive to me," he says: "this ephemeral literature is poor, or even worse; it is incredible how much verbiage and noisy declamation we find in it, and how rudely personal prejudice or partiality breaks out; no one can make head against this evil. Even the ablest men are powerless. We are sorely in need of a rigid, scientific, critical institute, but who is the man able and willing to head it? Those who choose the office of critic are brazen-faced and ruthless natures, the earnest and wise have neither inclination nor fitness for literary criminal jurisdiction."

It was with far more pleasure that Perthes turned his attention to the evidences of intellectual development afforded by many of the writers of the former century. Of these there were

several,—Klopstock, Claudius, Stolberg, and Jacobi, for example, with whom, in their later days, he had been acquainted. As for the period subsequent to the Peace of Basle, and the first appearance of Wilhelm Meister, and other of Goethe's works, he had himself lived through it, and had by his position been brought into such contact with its leading characters and events, as to render him peculiarly capable of thoroughly understanding it. He now sought to connect with his own experience the rich results afforded by the numerous biographies and correspondences which he made a point of reading. We find him writing to the Criminal Director Hitzig in Berlin: "To me, it is very significant, how, for some time past, biographies and autobiographies have begun to appear in Germany. Amongst us Germans, we find that such works treat chiefly of the inner life, and afford means of understanding it, whereas the biographies of other nations are almost all records of public life." Above all, Perthes was enchanted with Goethe's newly published 'French Campaign,' which he had hastily perused in the spring, immediately after his arrival in Gotha. He writes: "Here we have the old master-hand again: what fulness of life, what depth, what clearness! What treasures for the future historians of our present spiritual, moral, and scientific state, these volumes contain!" To Goethe himself he writes as follows:—"The whole nation must, together with me, feel roused to liveliest gratitude for this new section of your 'Truth and Fiction.' It is only such works as this that will ever render it possible for our descendants to appreciate the core of our history. The bridge between the present and the former generation is already broken down, and the circumstances of those earlier days appear perfectly unintelligible to

the youth of our own. Pempelfort and its life came home to me as wonderfully true, but I regret that there is not more hearty mention made of Jacobi himself. That in spite of his being influenced by the tendencies of his day, he should have kept untainted such love and truth in his own noble heart, proves a rare degree of greatness, which I should have liked to see acknowledged. I render you special thanks for all that you have written about the Princess Gallitzin. You and that remarkable woman could understand each other. To both of you idealism was repugnant: to you, as a departure from real life, that is, unnatural; to her, as a departure from God, that is, sinful. The realism of the Princess rested on God's revealed word: yours on the revelation of nature. Such another believer in Nature's revelation, as you are, the Princess could not have found amongst a million."

Perthes had to endure many a contradiction from the friends to whom he imparted his delight at Goethe's latest work. "I do not," wrote Count Caius Reventlow from Altenhof, "admire this last volume so thoroughly as you do. We knew both the Princess Gallitzin and Jacobi, and therefore we are interested when Goethe writes of them; but had we not done so, we should never have learned to know them from his description. And, then, how poor the narrative of the unfortunate expedition into Champagne; could not such a man as Goethe find anything to see, hear, or feel there at such a time, but the immaterial circumstances that he imparts to the reader?" Nicolovius writes:—"Goethe's account of Pempelfort has somewhat vexed me: he is unjust and cold, and he slurs over or forgets much that happened there, and made a great impression upon him at the time. It would appear that Jacobi was right

when he said that in those days Goethe bore traces of the wild military life. The passage about Schlosser gives evidence of this."

As chance would have it, Jacobi's two sisters were spending a few days with Perthes just at the time when he first read Goethe's new work. He wrote of them thus:—"The good old aunts have been here, and they have won all hearts, though at first my children were much afraid of the learned old ladies. The attachment of the sisters is touching; each fears to outlive the other, and to be alone in the world. They love and revere their brother's memory. Their stay with us brought many old stories to our recollection; and I read them Goethe's account of his stay in Pempelfort, by which they were much struck, and in the beauty of the description they overlooked Goethe's injustice towards Jacobi."

Perthes was so much impressed with the deep and abiding significance of the last ten years of the eighteenth century, that wherever he could he tried to stir up others to contribute towards their history. To the Prebendary Körte, in Halberstadt, he wrote:—"The period between Rabener and Schlegel's firebrands gave birth to all the crowding and conflicting tendencies of our day; without a knowledge of that period, no one can understand the present; and yet how rare that knowledge is. Goethe has given us admirable sketches of details, but only of details. Now you have Gleim's collected MSS., and might do much to complete them by oral tradition. You could represent each remarkable interval with its good and bad, strength and weakness, as few others are able to do."

"And so you, too, my honoured friend," wrote Perthes to Poel, then in Altona, "mean to make a change in your way of

life, and break up your household. Thus will vanish the last trace of a family circle which has stood alone in Germany for intellectual intercourse, cheerful benevolence, and truly Christian amenity. It really makes me melancholy. How many changes the old green parrot, in his brass cage, has lived through and outlived: he has witnessed the compilations of the Wolfenbüttel Fragments; he has seen Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Jacobi, Von Hess and Reinhold, Claudius and Franz Baader, Counts Reinhard and Kerner, Gall, Schönborn, and Stefens; now he sees sheer rationalism on one hand, and heathen missions on the other; and how many generations will he still outlive, and what else will he see? Is old Gerstenberg still alive, who sang 'The Marriage of Venus,' in 1759? It is only domestic memoirs that can develop the whole spiritual condition of these last hundred years, by which all times will be influenced; and it is not yet too late, for the journals already extant can still be filled up by yours and by Baron Voght's and Mother Sieveking's recollections. If these be lost, our children will have fabulous histories only. You should resolve to devote the evening of your life to the description of what, without you, will never go down to the next generation."

However great Perthes' partiality for the history of his own times might be, he yet made every effort to attain that knowledge of universal history, the want of which he had always lamented. We find him writing to the historian Pfister:— "Having grown up without education; having been early obliged to gain my own bread, then driven here and there by the turmoil of business, oppressed by poverty and care, it so happens that I am less well-informed in written history than men in general; but I have lived through much of the histo-

rical. I have watched our own important times with attentive eyes; and intercourse with able and learned men has formed my mind. And now, while possessing much that education cannot impart, I would fain gain what it alone can give—system and consecutiveness." Accordingly, as soon as he was settled in Gotha, he made great and persevering efforts to acquire at least an outline knowledge of the history of the last three centuries.

His principal authorities were Heeren, Spittlers, Müller, and Schlegel. "I cannot but admire," he writes, "the skill with which Müller has put such a vast historical skeleton together; but his mind, gifted as it was, impresses me painfully through his writings, as formerly through his life. Because of the incompleteness of his own character he is lost in admiration of all who have a will, and can carry out a political purpose with decision, whether it be good or bad. His standard of excellence is merely energy, no matter in what cause displayed. Schlegel's lectures have again struck me as very remarkable in their way of making all those events and characters appear bright, which other and especially Protestant historians leave in the shade, and *vice versa*. His history gives the opposite side of the histories already written. No doubt he is far from seeing things as they are, but perhaps not further than the others who have told us the very contrary. When I consider the differences in the descriptions of our historians, how not only opinions but facts are moulded by their own idiosyncrasies, and then again recall from my own experience the course things really take in every-day life, I am amazed at what our learned men set before us poor ignoramuses as history."

Perthes went on occupying himself for a few months with

the works of Schröckh, Planck, and Stolberg, with the view of acquiring a general view of Church History. Then, as he expressed it, he had had enough of the universal, and longed for the particular in which all the life of life consists. He turned to the Classics, read translations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and other writers. "I every day marvel more," he wrote to Niebuhr, "at the immense mass of what I do not know. Other men's studies precede their experience, with me it is just the contrary. The old schoolboy has certainly many a hard fight with a bad memory for dates and names, as well as with the want of previous information; but, on the other hand, I find that my past life affords me a key to the understanding of events which many a learned writer has not possessed. History wears a different aspect, and bears very different fruits when first read after fifty years of life and experience. Schlosser's words:—'We should industriously read the Bible and the Classics at the age of fourteen, in order to be able to understand them at forty,' may be applied with equal force to history." Perthes was recalled from the history of ancient to that of recent times by Rist's recommendation to him of Las Cases. "This book," wrote Rist, "portrays wonderfully the days in which we live. Both the hero and the narrator afford materials for tragedy and comedy alike. Nothing now remains romantic or mystical in the history of this colossal man. History has won, but poetry has lost. We may all learn much from the book, and those who wish for a career of public activity should pay especial heed to it."

"I owe you many thanks," said Perthes in reply, "for having pointed out Las Cases to me; it is indeed a remarkable book, because of its historical disclosures, but still more be-

cause of the light thrown upon Napoleon, and through him upon the workings in our own breast. Napoleon's conversations at St. Helena are like his whole former life, filled with contradictions. He holds legitimacy to be a necessity, and yet seizes at the crown by force; he seeks to do away with class differences, and yet bows low before the aristocracy; he intensely despises the French, and yet considers it the highest earthly honour to be born a Frenchman; he abhors England, but believes France and England united could sway the world; he has completely done with life, and yet his fancy is ceaselessly occupied in devising means of regaining freedom; he is filled with the loftiest pride, and yet tortured by the lowest vanity. But this does not involve falsehood, each of these contradictory moods being for the time earnest and true. Napoleon was not like Frederick the Great, the same at all times, a distinct personality asserting itself equally under all varieties of external circumstance. Napoleon was rather whatever some inward impulse or some outward impression might for the moment make him. Like Goethe, he was constrained to give form and shape to whatever he was feeling at the time; his changing mood expressing itself not in poetry but in bulletins and notes; his passionate feelings not in romances and dramas, but in battles and diplomatic negotiations. But he was always for the time what he appeared to be, and was powerful and influential because he always believed in the truth or the falsehood that he spoke or acted. His life is not a lie, but an epic poem, as he himself said. To realize what he did, required a wonderful compound of icy coldness and glowing passion, of keen calculating reason and fervid imagination, of energetic rashness and most enduring perseverance. Now, we certainly do

see in his journal that Napoleon was thoroughly human, but poetry loses nothing by that; on the contrary, the appearance on history's stage of so colossal a personality with human attributes, makes our prosaic time poetic. I feel deep compassion for Napoleon as an unhappy man. Did retributive justice ever strike more severely? Have you duly pictured to yourself Napoleon's position at St. Helena? It is horrible, and unmitigated by prayer and Christian resignation. We find doubts entertained as to the calling of the Catholic Church to be the medium of spiritual life, doubts which sprang from the complete want of Christian faith in Napoleon and his tools. No reformation, and no external pressure, had weakened in France and Italy the dominion and influence of the Catholic Church; and, nevertheless, the tremendous convulsions that agitated those countries, as well as all the men who took a part in public events, are totally uninfluenced by Christianity. Las Cases brings this out very prominently. I find innumerable important views and expressions of Napoleon in his journal, many of which had crossed my own head and heart. The valet-de-chambre, Las Cases, is the comic character in the drama, made up as he is of the respective vanities of Frenchman, courtier, and author, but still a worthy and well-informed man, and a clever fellow to boot."

Perthes' life flowed on in uniform and undisturbed occupations from the autumn of 1822 till that of 1825. We find him writing,—"The day, which, according to Rist, was to consist of forty-eight hours in Gotha, is still, as in Hamburgh, too short for me, and yet there is time enough if reckoned by hours, not days, for every one's work." In another letter he says:—"My home-circle and those of my sons-in-law, who are

both intimate friends of mine, fill up my idle hours. William Perthes is the same stable, firm, determined character he ever was; combining a healthy intellect and a warm heart as few others do. Among the younger men, I most frequently see Fritz Becker, Encke, and Ewald; Jacobi and Ukert among the elder." The uniformity of Perthes' life was broken in upon also by visits from such men as Heeren, Rehberg, Harms, Savigny, and many of his Hamburgh friends. Perthes, who up to the last year of his life delighted in long walks, began during this period to explore the Thuringian forest in all directions, sometimes visiting familiar spots, such as Schwarzburg, Liebenstein, &c., and sometimes, accompanied by his boys or his son-in-law, William Perthes, making his way through remote valleys, and exploring solitary crags, thoroughly enjoying the discovery of new wood-paths, ravines, and views, as well as the little difficulties and inconveniences attendant upon such rambles.

In the beginning of September, Perthes, accompanied by his two unmarried daughters, went to Hamburgh to settle his affairs there. "If this journey were not necessary," wrote he, "it would not be taken, for a stay in Hamburgh will be to me a look into the grave, and yet it is well for man's frivolous nature to have sometimes the pain of ending before his own end comes." The weeks he spent there were restless ones indeed; hard work, melancholy reminiscences, his relatives, as well as his countless friends and acquaintances, civic interests, great dinner parties daily, an excursion to Lübeck, and a visit to Count Moltke, divided his time. He entered with much animation into all these various interests. Haller tells him in a subsequent letter:—"I found you younger in mind and older

in mildness of temper."—"Your stay here," Rist playfully wrote, "has been a perfect ovation." Meanwhile his third daughter had betrothed herself to Frederick Becker in Gotha, who, as soon as he had received her consent, hurried off to Hamburgh, and there remained till Perthes left. Perthes had written a year before to Besser:—"Of all the friends of my sons-in-law, Becker suits me best; he is a noble-hearted good man, thoroughly intelligent, and well-informed; indulgent to others, and, perhaps, only too severe towards himself. One may learn from him the nature and influence of truly conscientious order."—To another friend he writes:—"You have heard from me of my warm attachment to Becker, and will, therefore, readily believe that I am rejoiced to give my child to him."

Towards the end of October, Perthes, accompanied by Becker, returned through Bremen to Gotha.

Soon after, the following letter was written to Rist:—"I look back with gratitude to my stay in Hamburgh, where I met with so much love and confidence. Some degree of self-complacency will mingle with the recollection of how poor, destitute, and dependent upon my own exertions I was, when I first entered it thirty years ago. Our journey home was prosperous, and fraught with small incidents. On the way between Hamburgh and Harburg, the steam-boat had to lie to several times in a thick fog; the Duke of Oldenburg was on board; the passage lasted seven whole hours, and the honour of his presence, of course, for the same time. We talked over every conceivable subject by way of diversion. Amongst other things the question was put whether one would like to live one's life over again, and whether it were not to be wished

that the duration of man's full powers extended from twenty to fifty years, or even longer. I negatived both these propositions, the first, because, amidst all the pleasures of this life, men have still a yearning after their departure from it; the second, because a prolonged grant of life's full powers did not improve men themselves, and would, by confirming them in pride, make them a terror to others. But the old gentleman seemed to know nothing of the yearning I spoke of, and the continuance of bodily powers seemed to him inexpressibly desirable. He stated, that in his youth he had been very hasty and passionate, so much so that, when he first joined the army, his Colonel had said to him,—'Prince, you will be lost in four weeks unless you learn to control yourself.' 'But,' continued the Duke, 'I did control myself, and I am no longer passionate, impatient, or hard, though no occupation affords more temptation to be so than mine.' At which his adjutant sighed deeply, and stroked his moustache, and his chamberlain made desperate attempts to look as he ought. Then the Captain asked whether he might fire a salute in the Duke's honour; 'Yes,' was the reply, 'if the ladies permit it.' The ladies did permit it, but the bottles of the Restaurateur were terrified to pieces to his comic distress. The Duke made it up to him, and then the whole crew drank to the Duke's health out of the broken bottles, and, in short, there was nothing for it, *nolens volens*, but getting into the best possible humour. As the Duke took leave of me he said 'that Providence had compensated for the length of the journey by my good fellowship.' To make up for lost time we travelled by night to Bremen, where I found our friend Smidt cheerful and active as of old, and had great pleasure in the friendly and intellectual society of the place. I have visited

Hamburgh, Lübeck, and Bremen in succession, and it was striking enough to see the contrasts between these independent powers, and to walk through their states, that is, their streets! After the excitement of all this travelling, quiet and occupation will do both soul and body good."

During the winter of 1823, Perthes had not only his betrothed daughter, but his eldest son Matthias at home. As the spring of 1824 approached, Perthes resolved to go, for a few weeks, to Bonn and Frankfurt, and his letters to his children and to Hamburgh friends give an account of his way of life there. Here is one of them:—"When I left you on Monday evening, I had to scramble over legs, carpet-bags, and cloaks, and, with much difficulty, to take my place as number six, in the middle of the back seat—five people being in already—but it was too dark to see their faces. A light that we passed threw a momentary ray over an odd-looking figure who went on with a discussion which my entrance had interrupted, about Walter Scott's account of the Battle of Waterloo. The speaker was a Scotchman, and after a week spent on the field, having been a good deal disgusted with pretended mementos of the battle, he had begun to dig himself, and had had the good luck at length to find a hero's skull, which he carried away, confident that he should easily find out to what nation it belonged, as a friend of his had once upon a time attended Blumenbach's lectures." 'Devil take the fellow, leave skulls alone, and the dead to rest in their graves,' muttered a deep voice in the corner next to me. 'What do you mean, sir?' answered the Scotchman, hastily. In short, the quarrel had begun, hot words passed—the Scotchman got the worst of it; we had universal commotion in a dark box, and no one knew what would come of it.

'Messieurs,' said a young good-humoured voice, 'shall I show the Scotch gentleman, for his collection, the letter of the Chinese that I met in Halle?' The Scot pricked his ears, forgot the rebuke he had received, and thought only of the genuine Chinese document. Peace was restored, and at Eisenach, on went the whole party, skull and all, to Frankfurt, I diverging to Cassel, which I reached after a journey of seventy-seven hours. We seldom see princely splendour, handsome palaces, and the independent turmoil of trade, brought in such close juxtaposition as in Cassel. I spent the evening with the brothers Grimm; they are the same as they were ten years ago, and yet different too. Then they were almost feminine in their bloom, filled with the tender dreams and hopes of youth, now they are almost exclusively devoted to severe study."

From Cassel Perthes went to Marburg, where he spent an evening with Suabedissen, Rehm, and Gerling, and then, with two Heidelberg students, whom he met accidentally, proceeded on foot to the Rhine. "Everywhere in Hesse," he writes, "we find two distinct races, the one fair-haired, with goat-like faces; the other dark, with the snub nose of Wirtemberg. Both of them, in contradistinction to the Saxons, have about them something stiff and solemn; they are untidy in their persons and abodes, but patient, industrious, and frugal. We entered the little hamlet Gladebach, a few miles from Marburg, and instantly there assembled, in honour of the strangers, the gendarmes, the roll-keeper, the advocate, and the notary, an odious, little, pale, spindle-legged fellow, who made a point of displaying before us 'educated men of the world,' all his enlightenment and profligacy, to the great displeasure of the worthy

people of the inn, the landlord, a colossal butcher, taking down from the ceiling where no one else could reach it, a handkerchief he had hung up there, and wiping his mouth after everything the notary said. My flat contradictions reduced the odious fellow to the most abject state.

"At Gladebach, a long-legged tailor took my carpet bag from our former guide, and though he was always tired, he brought us as far as Dillenburg, and here I left my students, and took a carriage to Siegen; then, accompanied by a two-wheeled car, which often had to convey me over the bridgeless streams, I went along the banks of the Sieg to Bonn. I found much beauty in this lovely and often wild valley, and discovered many German races hitherto unknown to me."

Perthes spent a few weeks at Bonn, in the house of his brother-in-law, Max Jacobi. He writes, "The being with my dear old brother, Max, and with my Caroline's sister, who, in sprightliness and mental gifts, is all she was five-and-twenty years ago, reminded me vividly of a time now long past, when I too was rich. No one knows what a poor human heart feels, when such echoes of a vanished world pierce his soul. The joy of meeting was mingled with grief; the joy I shared with others, and kept the grief to myself." With the theologians, Sack, Nitsch, and Lücke, with Welcker, Brandis, Arndt, and many others, Perthes was very intimate, and much enjoyed their companionship. But he was, above all, impressed by his first meeting again with Niebuhr. A warm political quarrel had, in 1814, separated the two old friends, and though it had been long ago made up by letter, yet they had not since met. From Bonn Perthes wrote to Bessser:—"I was prepared for a painful meeting, and should not have wondered at a distant

manner, or formal bearing on Niebuhr's part, but the very moment I saw him, I found the old heart and the old friend, and there was not a shadow of reserve between us. His wife had just given birth to her second son, and the three elder children were running about their father's room, with all their playthings; and during our conversation, I was engaged first with one and then with the other of them. For five days I daily spent several hours with him. Our conversation was almost entirely political. Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy; the purer his heart, the deeper his sensibilities, the more he feels the want of some firm support for his soul; he fights with uncertainty, and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, only the children bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind; and, in short, the spiritual condition of this remarkable man cuts me to the heart, and his outpourings alternately elevated and horrified me. To see such a heart and mind in the midst of the convulsions of our time gives a deep insight into the machinery of our poor human life. Niebuhr needs a friend who would be a match for him; he has not one such in the world. The wealth of his intellect and the extent of his knowledge are absolutely appalling, but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life. 'I do know and understand the people,' replied he,' when I made the above remark to him; 'I read, and inquire, and hear; and my residence abroad has afforded me an impartial point of view.' And yet I maintain, he has no knowledge of human nature. One thing I am more and more sure of: men of giant intellect and high imagination are little fitted to govern; the practical man, if he will avail himself of the intel-

lects of others, makes the best minister." A few days after Perthes had left Bonn, Niebuhr wrote to him as follows: "The unlooked-for pleasure of seeing you again still remains in the form of memory; your visit has awakened the illusion that old times have not quite vanished. And yet they have; and could I become a sceptic, I should begin by denying a man's identity at different epochs of life." Perthes wrote in reply, "You yourself would afford me a proof of identity if I needed one. Only look within you, how love has endured, how much you are still the same! Thirty years ago I have seen that very same love shine forth from your whole being, which still has power to melt all the frost, and rub away all the rust of the world."

In 1818, E. M. Arndt had been appointed Professor of History in the Bonn University; in 1820, he was forbidden to teach; and in 1821, he was subjected to an inquiry instituted on the plea of demagogical stratagems; but do what he would, he could not obtain a decision one way or another. Perthes had never seen him before, but they had corresponded long, and had many mutual friends. He writes from Bonn,—"Arndt is just what I had pictured him,—sound-hearted, stable, lively and clever in conversation, never wearisome with his etymological and historical derivatives, odd as they often sound. Everywhere the poet peeps out, and it always does one good to hear his just and discriminating views of men, even of those who have done him wrong. His hard fate has left no trace of bitterness in him; and his good heart peeps out through whatever hasty expression he may, on the spur of the moment, utter. The many points of contact afforded us by our past lives soon made us feel intimate. He has been

very unjustly treated, and that is Niebuhr's opinion as well as mine. He is an imaginative man, and exciting and stimulating to the young, but that was well known before his appointment, for his whole character as well as his writings are perfectly transparent. And now there he is, in a beautifully-situated house, a quarter of a mile from the town, but without any scope for the exercise of his rare talents."

Perthes spent several mornings with A. W. Schlegel, and writes about him thus: "We had not seen each other for many years. At first Schlegel gave me a stately reception; but old recollections of former meetings soon made him open, tender, and natural in his cordiality. It was in 1793, just after his marriage, that I first saw Schlegel; then we met in 1803 and 1805 in Leipsic and Dresden; in the summer of 1813, I spent some weeks with him; and again, in the December of the same year we had a very pleasant day in Saalsund in Hanover, with Rehberg, Smidt, Sieveking, and Benjamin Constant. These old pictures having first flitted past us, the political and religious opinions of past days gave way to the present. Schlegel expressed himself very strikingly about the men and the occurrences of our own time. I called his attention to the importance, historically speaking, of a new collection and edition of his works. He owes it to the history of our literature, to shew the origin and the aim of his detached essays, so as to prevent further misunderstanding and confusion, for however different the decision of different parties respecting him may be, still his views, his criticism, his praise and blame, will have considerable influence over our literature for all time. Schlegel agreed with me, and remarked that he must needs be much misunderstood, for that his labours in the early part of his life had almost entirely consisted in re-

actionary efforts against particular errors and perversions, and that his views had met with such a one-sided apprehension, and been carried to such extremes by his adherents, that he had subsequently been obliged for truth's sake, to appear as their opponent. But he added, that his position, in regard to his brother Frederick, prevented an edition of his collective works. They had formerly accomplished the greater part of these together, but their opinions were now diametrically opposed on the most important subjects. He could not give up his own convictions, and his feelings forbade him publicly to oppose his brother. I then requested him to prepare a posthumous collection of his works, saying, that when our race is run, natural ties cease to fetter, and that the open confession of what each held to be truth would do honour to both. Schlegel spoke very openly of his relations with Niebuhr. The latter is so offended with his criticism on his Roman History, that he will not see him. 'Niebuhr,' said Schlegel, 'has no ground for this; no one made such efforts as I to follow him in his investigations in all directions, and this is the highest proof of appreciation and respect. Niebuhr might have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, which he knew to be a part of my nature; but so it is, no one in Germany understands criticism, and so I keep to myself my opinion of Voss' performances, though I could express it in three words.' I begged him to tell them me, and he replied, 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakspeare, and a leathern Aristophanes.' Schlegel took me to see his Indian printing-office, and I could not but admire the simplicity and practical wisdom of his arrangements; indeed, on this occasion I saw nothing but the good side of his character. His faults are better known than those of most of

us, and every one speaks of his incredible vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. He has always been distinguished for strict conscientiousness in all affairs of business, and now he is firmly attached to Bonn, and a regular and active life may still further improve him. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated or tempted by a sally of wit."

A little later Perthes wrote: "I got very fond of Bonn, though the weather prevented my enjoying its charms or situation. I hardly saw any Bonn men proper, for the University has collected men from all parts of Germany, and not two of them are from the same place. All, however, bear the stamp of genuine German learning and German character, and their mutual life is very peculiar in this respect, that most of them are decidedly Protestant or decidedly Catholic, and yet, in spite of this, they and their respective families are on most friendly terms. Almost all I saw, whether Catholics or Protestants, were firmly united against Rationalism, and the interference of the State in ecclesiastical matters."

From Bonn, Perthes went with Windischmann and Welcker to Coblentz, where he spent a cheerful day with his friend Dr. Ullrich; thence he proceeded to Bingen and Mayence. In a letter to his children, he says,—"At the crowded *table-d'-hôte*, in the evening, public events, especially in Darmstadt, were as bitterly discussed as if the Central Commission were carrying on its search for demagogues not in Mayence, but at the other end of the world. Opposite me sat an old man with grey hairs and strongly-marked features, who spoke of the first years of the Revolution, and of the present corrupt times, with passionate emotion, then suddenly rose and went away. 'You do not

know the old gentleman,' said my neighbour; 'he was in his day one of the most rabid amongst the Clubbists, but he contrived to escape punishment, and now leads a quiet life. You have driven him away for the evening by your way of referring to Robespierre.' My neighbour and I then went on talking of demagogues, factions, and the Commission of Inquiry. He said that it was absurd so to watch professors and students, and to leave unaltered the schools where, owing to the almost exclusive study of Greek and Roman History, every boy of spirit got his head filled with republican notions. I replied, 'That is true, but God grant that this idea of yours be not further mooted, otherwise we shall have another fruitless inquiry beginning.' My neighbour smiled and rose, for it was late, and we were the only guests left; the candles were burning low, and the waiters about to leave; we parted like old friends. 'Who was that gentleman?' I inquired from a waiter. 'Mr. R. N., Member of the Commission of Inquiry,' was the reply I received."

On the 9th of April Perthes arrived at Frankfurt. In a letter to Besser, he says, "I have done and seen much here in a few days. The first morning I spent with Friedrich Schlosser, and there met his brother Christian again, who had just come from Paris. With his smothered ardour, his cold liveliness, and his curt cutting sentences, he is really a remarkable man, and a striking contrast to his gentle and loveable brother." "Yesterday," wrote Perthes a few days later, "I had to dine twice: at two o'clock with Schlosser, and at four with Gries, who had invited several of his colleagues. A circle of great or small diplomatists is always a little world apart; and the scenery is an essential in its performances. During dinner, persons

and things were discussed with much point and spirit. I also saw R. N. again." Perthes' chief pleasure, however, was in meeting Stein. "He received me," wrote he, "with cordiality, I may indeed say, like an old friend, and of this I am proud. He has certainly a noble and singularly beautiful profile, and now an expression of repose is spread over his features, but still one can see what labour it has cost him to bridle the impetuous passion and energy of his nature. When I told him of R. N., he started up, and said, 'Why does the man play this foolish part himself, and let his son become a forester? All the effeminate clowns become diplomatists now-a-days, and all the rougher sort foresters.' Stein has lost none of his old peculiarities in conversation. He told me of every merest detail connected with the 'Monumenta;' but I made out plainly that the whole enterprise would have come to nought if it had not been for Pertz; as it is, the plan is fixed, and the contract with the publishers completed. Stein spoke very warmly about the way in which political parties had interfered with the undertaking; the liberals had decried it as a cunning attempt of the aristocracy, by means of the glorification of the middle ages, to smuggle in feudalism; and the advocates of an absolute monarchy, on their part, lamented that the nobility should have lent themselves to the project. Herr von Gentz had said, 'History is a good thing, but not at all times, and for all people. In Austria no one could become a member of the society without a special permission, which, again, no one ventured to ask for.'"

On the morning of the 14th of April, Perthes left Frankfurt by the Diligence. In one of his letters he says, "At Schlüchtern, a man got in whom the conductor called Mr. Post-Secre-

tary, an impudent fellow, who was bent upon drawing out a sulky old Englishman; but the latter pulled his cap over his ears. By this time it was night. So the talkative man turned to me. 'Is the gentleman asleep a travelling tradesman?' 'I do not know.'—'You, however, are a minister?' 'No.'—'A professor?' 'No.'—'A merchant?' 'No.'—'A government official?' 'No.'—'Then you must be a private gentleman, the happiest race of all, who live on their income?' 'Yes,' said I, 'if they have capital.' A little later my friend asked suddenly, 'How morals stood out of Hesse?' I replied by asking what morals meant. Upon which he thought me a fool, and held his peace. He got down at the last Hessian station, and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that he was very probably one of the Cassel police, a so-called Erfurt spy. This honoured company does not seem to employ very clever agents. I could not get the conductor to speak out; but he said, 'The man is one of those who try to find out why frogs lose their tails when they grow up.'" After an uninterrupted journey of thirty-eight hours, Perthes found himself once more at Gotha. A fortnight later he had to go to Leipsic. "I do not like going," wrote he; "many things combine to make me supine and sad, and anxious for repose. If the wear and tear of strong feelings could kill, I should be no more; but the human heart is a hard nut, and destiny, sharp-toothed as it is, cracks away at it, till it is tired, without breaking it."

## CHAPTER IX.

PERTHES' INNER LIFE DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS RESIDENCE IN GOTHA—1822-1825.

THE new circumstances of a new abode, and the varied exertions consequent upon his new calling, as well as his numerous journeys and the changes they involved, had an exciting influence upon Perthes' susceptible nature, deprived as it now was of the gentle restraint exercised by Caroline's affection for nearly twenty-five years. For hours and days he would feel restless and excited, and for this very reason dissatisfied with himself. "It is no easy matter for me," he writes, "to conquer myself; the effects of fifty years of unrest have to be subdued by a naturally restless man. My life hitherto has passed away in care and toil; now I have the opportunity of quiet and undisturbed occupation, and perhaps external repose might bring me the peace of God if I were only at rest within." In a letter written at this time to Friedrich Jacobi, he says:—"The battle of youth is over and gone, and evening is at hand. Much during all these years might have been done otherwise and better, and discipline is still necessary. The passage from man's prime of life and strength to age is a difficult one, and the gate is wide that leads to the company of old sinners. Passion blazes up anew, love of pleasure still lurks near, and I

sometimes suspect that youth is not the only season of temptation." In another letter we find him saying: "Sometimes my heart can rise above the region of disquiet, and my mind grow calm when I walk alone in a neighbouring wood, and look at all the life and love around; but still, after much profound experience, the heart is not to be roused by nature alone, it needs a previous education to fit it for her influence, and, perhaps, in our later years, she works upon us less through what she is herself, than through what we ourselves are. But God can help, and I pray and implore Him to help me in overcoming the unrest I suffer from."

The consciousness of the influence of the outer world upon his inner life was specially roused in Perthes, by the thought of the difference made in his whole being by the mature age he had now reached. In one of his letters he says:—"Half a century now lies behind me, and old age is not far distant. So much in me is changed that when I consider myself with the eyes of the natural man, I could almost doubt my identity with the self of five-and-twenty years ago. This subjection to the outer world were horrible, if liveliness of feeling, play of thought, and energy of action constituted the essence of our being; but thank God these are in relation to our real personality but as the waves to the sea, which have their origin in the wind and not in the sea itself. The sea is the sea still when unstirred by the wind, and I am still I, when the special stimulus, be it of youth, passion, or society is over. It is not I that am grown old, but the means of stimulating me. Time may blunt the nerves and stiffen the limbs, but it has no power over love which is the life of men, the core of their personality. Despite my half century I feel no diminution of love, nay, I

am certain that viewed as a faculty of my nature and apart from its particular objects, it grows both in scope and depth. Love is the sum-total of life, and it is only according to our measure of it that we are accessible to truth. But I feel more and more how mysteriously love, although belonging to eternity, is bound like ourselves to nature and the world. I find it manifested in my own heart under a threefold character—divine, human, and animal, or, in other words, the love of the soul, the heart, and the senses. On the confines of these separate regions lies the wide domain of fancy which blends the human with the divine, the animal with the human, and often enough leads us to mistake the one for the other. We aspire after the divine and are captured by the earthly. The love of the senses soon passes away, and because that of the heart—human love—is also of the earth earthy, time can soften even the most agonizing loss of the object of that love. Man has part in the eternal only in so far as he cherishes in himself the divine spirit-love. The history of a human being resolves itself into the history of his affections, and at the close of his life his only question should be, How sincerely and strongly have I loved God, my neighbour and myself, with that spirit-love which is divine?"

In order to revive within his own heart the history of the past, Perthes had begged his friends, far and near, to send him back all the letters his wife had ever written to them. To these he added those addressed to himself and to the elder children, and thus repeated as it were in uninterrupted succession the years spent with Caroline. "A past life of five-and-twenty years lies before me," wrote he to his sister-in-law Anna Jacobi; "this little bundle of paper contains an infinity of love and thought, truth and conflict, and evokes from their graves many a

forgotten fact and feeling. Yes, life is a dream, but a very serious one, and our dreams are solemn truths veiled in airy fictions."

In the midst of all his excitements and disturbances Perthes deeply yearned for repose, but this yearning made him feel himself very lonely in Gotha. "I find no one here," he writes, "with whom to share my inner life: in this respect it is even more dead than Hamburgh. People are taken up with the visible, and have only a few trite commonplaces to bestow upon the invisible. If I were to speak of what most deeply moves me, no one would understand me. The more at rest and at home I become in my new position, the more painfully, in spite of all the amusing and attractive conversation, do I feel this want of sympathy." Another time he writes:—"I would not willingly be unjust, but I cannot be blind. I know in how many respects I ought myself to be different, and may say before God and my friends, that my heart is humbled; but here I find that I must either be silent, or else let myself down,—I cannot express my meaning otherwise—although I would so gladly be improved and instructed by men who stand above me. The elder among them have lived in an exclusively literary or scientific circle belonging to the past. The experience of the younger is too limited, not reaching to the War of Independence, which gave a new direction to the whole of our social life. They are ignorant, and choose to remain so, of a number of important facts, believing in their youthful self-confidence that they stand independently of the intellectual life of our past days. As the elders live but in the past, so do these but in the present, and the majority of the educated give themselves up to indolence and commonplace enjoyment. This dead state of things is in great part accounted for by the insignificance of their political condition." In another letter we find Perthes saying:—"To throw

one's-self in one's later years amidst strange scenes and people as I have done, makes one fully alive to this world's transitoriness. This year has brought me nothing unexpected; I knew from the first how it would be, but still many a tie of youth and early manhood has been snapped asunder, which would not have been weakened had I remained in Hamburgh. Here no one knows the circumstances of my former life, and hence no one can understand the point of view to which experience has brought me: and I need an apprenticeship to learn to bear this."

Perthes' firm Christian convictions had become universally known by his public controversy with Voss,* and he was not the man to seek to hold back what he believed true. His religious opinions and himself were accordingly looked upon as a phenomenon, and many were at a loss how to reconcile his strong impetuous character, his constant activity, and wide circle of interests with the quiet *pietism* expected from every Christian. The curiosity excited by this seeming contradiction led to much conversation and much controversy. Perthes' life had been less pervaded by doctrinal speculation than by practical certainty, and this certainty he had acquired from his own wants, his own experience, from the testimony of good and great men, and, above all, from the Bible. In his youth he had never had any systematic religious instruction, and the business of after years had prevented his supplying the want. But in Gotha he was confronted by men of all kinds, who often pressed him hard by their historical knowledge, their philosophical aphorisms, their scientifically and logically trained intellects. He could not appeal to a sense of need or to the inward experience, for these men had never known them, and

* Perthes had, some time before leaving Hamburgh, sued Voss for libelling the memory of his father-in-law, Claudius, by his criticisms on the opinions of the latter.

if he quoted Claudius and Hamann, Spener, Franke, Tauler, Thomas-à-Kempis, &c., he found that no one knew anything about them, or else he was called an enthusiast, and met with sayings of Kant and Fichte, Krug, and Fries. Scripture proofs availed him nothing, for either they were not recognised, or they were explained in the sense of Paulus or Bretschneider. Perthes, sure of the truth of his cause, but not always able to refute the attacks made upon it, was often irritated and impatient, and his impetuous character led him to make use of many bitter and unguarded expressions against his opponents, whence arose many an unpleasant consequence. Perthes himself felt that this was doing no good to others nor to himself either. "I am not so skilful a controversialist as others," he once wrote; "I cannot always find the happy medium between the too little and the too much, and my opponents are very skilful in avoiding the main points of the argument, and directing their attacks against the weak sides of non-essentials. On both parts springs up a hard feeling, which should least of all find place in holy things. Theological strife brings, if not gall, at least wormwood, into religious life." One of his friends writes to him in reply:— "My case is the same as yours; the older and the more experienced I grow, and the deeper through God's grace my insight into Christianity becomes, the more convinced I am that demonstration and disputation do no good. So long as a man does not feel that he is a poor sinner, and deficient in all that God requires of him, he will not be reconciled to Him; and in order that we may convince him, it is in our own selves, our personal character and conduct, that we have to build up a temple of the Lord, so that the enemy may see what he will not else believe in." Perthes often resolved to avoid religious discussion

altogether. "My knowledge," writes he, "is more imperfect than should be possessed by one who speaks on such subjects, my speech is but stammering, and that every one is welcome to see and know, but I will not be the means of injuring the cause. There are good estimable men to whom, owing to the circumstances of their lives, their parents, their education, their age, the study of Christian evidence has been a sealed book. Now, if such hear me, they only perceive my weakness in argument, and my impetuosity, and the holy cause bears the blame that should attach to the unholy man. I will not be guilty of this any longer, I will hold my peace." This was a wise resolve, but to carry it out was very difficult to Perthes. It was only in his last years that he had attained such self-control as to be silent when speaking was useless, or to speak with mildness and moderation.

But these theological conflicts awoke in him a desire for a knowledge of systematic Christianity, and led to his diligent study of the dogmatical and historical works of Protestant and Catholic theologians. He wrote essays by way of defining his own views, and sought through a correspondence with his friends in North Germany, with Poel, Neander, Nicolovius, and even with the Catholics, Friedrich Schlegel, and the Countess Sophie Stolberg, to attain to a deeper understanding of special questions. For many years he had been well acquainted with the Scriptures, but principally with particular passages and chapters. While in Hamburgh he had never had time for the systematic study of them, to which he now applied himself, and which he continued up to the day of his death. He, too, had his difficulties and hindrances of various kinds, as all have had before and will after him, though

to each probably these will be of a different nature. In one of his letters he says, "I find that the benefit I receive from Scripture, in great measure depends upon myself. How often on turning to it to clear up some historical sequence, or some obscure doctrine, to find material for imagination or ground for hypothesis, I only get at the shell instead of the kernel: or, again, if in high-wrought times a clearer insight be afforded, how prone we are to seek to improve and define it by our own strength, and so to bring human fictions instead of Divine truth to light. The mysteries of Holy Scripture are only revealed to us when we are seeking for nothing else but for the way of reconciliation with God, and for help in our battle with selfishness and sin."

Perthes having written very fully to a friend about St. Paul's Epistles, received the following reply:—"You know that to me Judaism and Christianity, Old and New Testament, do not appear as they do to you, to constitute one great whole. What I most admire in Paul's Epistles is, the triumph of Christianity over Judaism, and therein I acknowledge rather the expression of Divine inspiration than the result of human perception. And yet there remains in them a Hebrew element, which I cannot master, and which must make all in a measure dark and confused to one who does not feel as a Jew. The Apostle had, as he tells us, to wrestle all his life long, and we receive God's revelation only out of these wrestling human vessels."—"Your opinions approach very nearly," replied Perthes, "to the now almost universally prevalent notions respecting Scripture. The earlier theologians have perhaps too little remembered that God has not spoken immediately, but through John, Peter, and Paul, in the Bible. At the present time,

however, we are certainly in danger of overlooking the unity of the Scripture, while dwelling on the individual writings of Paul, John, or Peter. In short, the trees prevent our seeing the forest, and we forget that it is not with a collection of separate writings that we have to do, but with the Bible as a whole, as being the word which, during the course of the world's history, God wrote down for man's salvation, and which contains nothing more indeed, but still nothing less than is necessary to reveal the 'mystery of godliness.' It is not so much from the individuality of the writers of the Epistles and Gospels, that we are to understand their writings, as from the relation of these to the whole."

It was not only with inward but with outward difficulties that Perthes had to struggle. His ignorance of the original was a hindrance to him, and the whole generation to which he belonged, had been deficient in religious instruction and early familiarity with the Scriptures. Perthes writes to a friend:— "The Bible is certainly one and the same for all; but the best method of studying it varies with the individual, and without a guide few are able to discover it. The peasant, the mechanic, feels no want, because unable to understand many a historical and circumstantial detail; without stumbling at this, he quietly passes them over; but behind his plough, or at his daily toil, he has much unbroken time for meditation and introspection, and it is with reference to this point of view that he must be directed to the Bible. The man of business has different requirements; his hours are broken up into fragments, and he must devote his few free moments to the great essentials the Scripture reveals, without having them perplexed by what is comparatively immaterial. As for many of the edu-

'cated in Germany, who have plenty of leisure, and who, without being learned theologians, yet feel a spirit of inquiry within them, they ought not to be perplexed by external difficulties, which only learned theologians can remove, but should have the result of profound science and learning afforded them in a concise form, so that, supported and enlightened by it, they might progress in spiritual understanding. If the numerous ministers who spend, and often spend in vain, their energies in producing well-conceived and well-expressed sermons, would strive to give to seekers after truth the special guidance their different positions and wants require, there would be a great improvement amongst us."

Even the language of Luther's translation of the Bible often presented difficulties to Perthes. "Believe me," he once wrote to Ullmann, "the Bible, as translated by Luther, is a sealed book for the majority of those whose education has been derived from modern writings." To Olshausen, he says: "You cannot know it, but of this be sure, the Bible is a hard book for the layman. The Gospels are plain enough, thank God; but the Epistles, which complete them, are very little read now-a-days, because even those who are able to follow a translation of Homer or Shakspeare, find great difficulty in following Luther's language. The fault, however, does not lie with Luther's translation, whose force and excellence cannot be surpassed, but in the want of early religious education. It is because we are not taught the Bible in our childhood, that Luther's style is so strange to us, many of its words are unintelligible, many of its parentheses appear to us unconnected and perplexing, many difficulties and misconceptions hem us in, because they were not explained to us then. Now, it is not easy

for a man in advanced life to get over all this. I appeal to all who are of my own age, and, without being theologians, apply their mind to the Bible. To bring a new version of the Scriptures into general circulation, would, for many reasons, be impossible, but we older men do need such a thing to supply our want of early teaching and to serve us as an introduction to Luther's style. I myself have gained much from Kistemaker's New Testament, though it is certainly coloured by Roman Catholic views, and far inferior in force and beauty to Luther's."

It was during this season of conflict and inquiry that Perthes applied himself to Tauler's works. He once wrote to Nicolovius: "That which Luther aimed at making openly known, had been already announced centuries before by Tauler. In this exalted man we find humility, fervour, and sincerity united with vigorous inquiry, and a free use of human reason. He was raised far above the traditions of men, and yet we find him obedient to ecclesiastical rules and precepts. Luther called him a man of God, a teacher such as there had not been since the days of the Apostles. At the present time all, whether Catholic or Protestant, may find in him what they need, *i.e.*, Christ. Do take the book in hand, it is full of the Spirit of God."

About this time Perthes wrote to Rist to the following effect: "Intimate as we have been for many years, there yet are subjects on which we have never spoken. I once gave you Tauler, and believed that his writings would bring us nearer to each other, but you did not notice them, and I was reluctant to speak first. Now, however, in this time of sorrow for your brother's death, give me some indications which may lead us on to further confidence."

Rist replied:—"I thank you much, my dear Perthes, for

having gently and delicately touched on the great centre of union for all spirits, the relations of the creature to the eternal and infinite source of all Being. I feel as you do, but I am satisfied to know of any friend that his external life is pervaded, moulded, and guided by the invisible, and that he recognises it to be the one reality, the beginning and the ending, the measure of all truth, and the goal of all effort. It is not difficult to recognise in the character and conduct of another whether this be the case with him or not. It is as difficult to simulate an internal equanimity, an invariable rule of action, as it is to conceal an unstable and unconcentrated existence. Now, this inward and upward direction, I call it direction advisedly—for it is not indigenous in any mortal, I have always recognised in you, and as the same has been implanted in me also, I have, in consequence, felt myself drawn towards you, regardless of the fact, that reduced to words, our creeds would not sound alike. You consider that grace is a fact occurring in the course of time; I, who can boast of no especial illumination, view it as contemporaneous with the beginning of existence, and only developed in life. Now we are neither of us perfect,—we wrestle with the world and with ourselves. It is thought that moulds language, and thought is infinite; but language is a prison against whose barriers the prisoner knocks his head. Imagination and surmise can, indeed, overpass these barriers, but these are so little certain in the boundless regions of space of meeting with the imagination and the surmise of a friend, be it even the dearest we have, that little else but misunderstanding can ensue from striving to express the inexpressible. For this cause I have been silent. The intercourse of the so-called pious often begets an effeminate,

uncertain, nay, untrue mood, bordering on affectation and hypocrisy. Such intercourse carried on between men is to me peculiarly revolting. Neither have I ever seen you seek or carry on such intercourse, but rather carefully avoid the pious by profession, who are always wishing to edify and be edified, while both you and I have gladly associated with men whose life, character, and conduct, were pervaded by a higher universal element. You gave me Tauler's admirable book, and I have hardly ever received a better gift, a gift that I shall leave with a few marginal notes in it to my children. It has always been near me, and I have been often deeply impressed by it, and filled with admiration for the free noble spirit it breathes forth, so different from the poverty and narrowness of the religious zeal of our day. But I never told you, for I could not have done so truthfully, that I was able to appropriate to myself what it contains respecting the annihilation of the body, or rather of the senses, the spiritual resurrection, and the new birth. I will neither deceive myself nor others, and were I to wish it even, I could not do so. I have always been clear-sighted both as regards others and myself, and my own self-knowledge gives me an insight into other men's hearts. This self-annihilation of the sensual nature—this entrance of the divine into a mortal vessel—this complete change and purification of the natural man is a sublime thought, but, according to my firm conviction, it is a delusion; it is an abstract idea derived from a momentary exaltation, and then applied to a whole life, which God has bound not only by strong but by golden ties to this common earth of ours. Desires such as those which Tauler affirms to be consequent upon the new birth, may, indeed, arise in the spiritualized nature of a few religious men; and

standing far off, one may admire those who are able to offer themselves up thus as a sacrifice to the Highest. But this very sacrifice excludes all reference to human fellowship, and is not fitted for us who are called by a more imperative decree to a field of battle where all the strength of our sensuous nature is so often required to fulfil the duty close at hand, and commanded by law and feeling alike. I would not fling away the thousand faculties and enjoyments afforded me by my senses, as though they were a despicable gift; rather would I connect them with those higher gifts, which, although citizens of a nobler home, still dwell as strangers upon our earth. But why should I more fully state my views to you, dear Perthes, when you yourself are the most energetically and actively sensuous man (according to my interpretation of the phrase) that I ever saw? Without worldly wisdom, passion, and self-confidence, you would never have occupied your present advantageous position, but would have been an unhappy self-engrossed framework knitter. Your nature is scarcely more akin to Tauler's than is mine, which is, indeed, widely different, and ever will be, so long as I live. Can you seriously suppose that Tauler would ever look upon a man, who, with the whole strength of his animal nature, strives after external objects, manages and improves his worldly affairs, and defies his foes, as one like-minded with himself? No, no; the man who prosecutes Voss, requires apologies, and finds compensation in public opinion for the legal sentence against him, does not practise the self-abnegation which Tauler demands: and, indeed, amongst all the men we know, love, and honour, shew me one who, like this mortified monk, has annihilated his body and rendered his soul inaccessible to earthly joys and sorrows. You will not find one such, because,

however lofty Tauler's views may be, they are not practical; his system does not seek to build up, but to destroy, and must therefore be faulty."

Perthes replied as follows; "We are not so much opposed as your letter would imply. The truth of the saying, 'All is vanity,' does indeed come home to the man of ripe years, when he reflects upon all that in life's vicissitudes has charmed and enchained his heart and mind; but he who, because all things are vain, should cease to take a part in them, would merely vegetate, and no longer live. An entirely contemplative life is an impossibility, the instinct of activity is innate; at all events hard work is to me a habit with which I cannot dispense. He who should attempt nothing on earth but to meditate on God, and feel His presence, would soon cease to do either. The Christian is set in the midst of the world, and, let him stand where he may, will always be called on to fulfil various external duties: in these he is to act as skilfully, expeditiously, and energetically as his faculties will allow, and he may not extinguish his earthly nature or his senses, for he needs them all in order to be God's faithful servant and steward. If therefore I have gladly and actively used my physical energies, that is no contradiction to my Christianity; but if I have failed to sanctify and employ them as in God's sight, then I have been untrue to my convictions. No one knows better than I how little progress one makes. When I remember, that, six-and-twenty years ago, I expressed to Caroline my earnest desire to approach God, and purify my life, and then consider what I am at this day; alas, how little improvement I find! The conflict is different, now less violent indeed, but not easier; and I often feel as though my whole past, from earliest childhood,

came crowding into the present. Brought up by worthy, well-intentioned relatives, I yet heard hardly anything about Christianity. I did, indeed, learn Luther's Catechism by heart, but its meaning was never explained to me; and as to my confirmation, it might well be called blasphemous. I owe some facts and good impressions to Hübner's Biblical History; Lavater's Diary, too, fell into my hands, and left some religious impressions behind. When I was fifteen years old, I went to Leipsic and was there taught a rude lesson. While licentious books inflamed my imagination, I started in the track of Garne, Reinhard, and Kiesewetter, and was only saved from ruin by my deep and sincere love for a modest girl. When I was twenty years' old, and full of internal struggles, I went to Hamburgh, where I was surrounded by a new world, filled with all kinds of interests. The writings of Schiller and Jacobi attracted me; I became acquainted with Besser, Runge, Hülsenbeck, and Speckter, and my education, properly speaking, then began. I became acquainted, too, with Caroline, and through her, with the blessing of my life. The first six years of our married life were full of internal and external difficulties, and then the great public events of the time intruded into our domestic circle. The spiritual struggle went on. Pride and arrogance never belonged to my character, and good sense saved me from petty vanity; but I was always ambitious. As for the impetuosity of my nature, it has often helped me forward, and the excess of it is punished and restrained by the conditions of life. My besetting sin has always been sensuality. I have fought a hard battle with it, and only triumphed, or rather found the way to triumph, by becoming a Christian; and it was not Caroline, nor Claudius, nor any one else that made me a Chris-

tian, but the deep yearning for help which I felt to be necessary in battling with my sensual nature. Until manhood, the moral law performed for me the functions of the Old Testament, by convincing me of sin, and of my powerlessness to conquer it, and so breaking my presumptuous spirit. As soon as I had relinquished my self-reliance, the gospel renewed the humbled man, comforted him for the sins of the past, and promised and afforded him help in his future struggle. I am not conscious of ever having experienced any special act of grace, though I have yearned after such for years, and I know very well where and what the hinderance in myself is, which stands between this desire and its accomplishment. That many others possess what I still only long for, I firmly believe, though they may perhaps have begun to work in the vineyard some hours after me; but that God has worked in me, and is still working in many ways, I feel. I have found the sure, the only way to spiritual peace, but the end of that way cannot be reached on earth; I am neither dead to the world, nor made sinless; and, indeed, I believe that the effect of regeneration is not to transfigure a man while here below, but to make him childlike and humble. As regards Tauler, it is true that he aims at a wholly interior life, a withdrawal from the world, which is possible only for those who have no earthly calling or earthly ties; but you must not forget, that Tauler is here addressing himself especially to unmarried ecclesiastics; for who else could have understood or even read his works at that time? His sermons to the people, on the contrary, are full of practical wisdom, and contain many cautions against the danger of undervaluing one's lawful calling in favour of the inner Christian life; but even in these respects, the infinite difference comes out

clearly between human writings, be they even as profound and lofty as Tauler's *Medulla Animæ*, and the divine sublimity, simplicity, and moderation of Holy Scripture."

About this time Perthes spoke out with equal distinctness to his son Matthias. "Neither Tauler, nor Thomas-à-Kempis," wrote he, "desires such a separation from the world as would interfere with the performance of even one of our duties towards our neighbour. I do not know what Terstegen may advocate, for I am but little acquainted with his writings. To withdraw one's-self entirely from contact with the world is impossible under the conditions of time and space; and if a man does come into contact with it, though at only one point, that contact gives the devil a hold over him. However, if the attempt to lead an exclusively inner life be hopeless, we have the comfort of knowing that such a life is not ordained of God, but devised by man's own deluded will. We may, indeed, with the loftiest sentiments, and the sublimest ideas, imagine it, but we are deceived by Satan. Behind the lofty sentiment lurks sloth, which hopes for the crown without the conflict; and behind the sublime idea lurks pride, which, in its independence of the world, would fain assume divinity. We are to suffer and strive, but to suffer and strive in love; if this love has degenerated towards our neighbour into coldness, towards ourselves into sensuality, or towards God into presumption, we ought to feel that we need atonement through Jesus Christ. We can do nothing but fight to the end. If we have conquered the grosser and ruder forms of temptation, we have hourly to guard against more subtle and gentle attacks. This world is not made for the rest after victory: fight on, love, and trust God's grace!"

But however clearly and fully convinced Perthes might be that a state wholly undisturbed by earthly things was not made for man here below—however active and ardent in his pursuit of external objects—however susceptible of the impressions each day brought with it—yet deep in his soul lay the yearning after a state of entire union with God, unmixed with worldly influences, uninterrupted by self-will and self-love. He thought that many expressions of Hamann, with whose writings he was much occupied, evinced a longing after the same end.

Hamann's writings had been pointed out to Perthes some years previously by his friends Claudius and Fr. Heinrich Jacobi, and, when he first came to Gotha, he read with interest Hamann's Correspondence and later works. He had many a severe criticism to bear from those whose attention he called to this author. In a letter written to him in 1823, we find these words:—"Beware of citing Hamann as an authority in religious subjects. Can you suppose that this unstable, doubting, envious, fretful man, who was never satisfied with any condition in life, could have had a true insight into heavenly things, and have been pervaded by the Spirit of God? His words are simple and lofty, it is true, and his figures of speech boldly and inflexibly aim at expressing the highest truth, but those words and expressions are fragmentary and unconnected, reminding one of flashes of consciousness in a delirious patient. They suggest the Infinite, indeed, but when we strive to grasp and define them, all is vague and uncertain." Another letter ran as follows:—"Hamann was too strong in intellect not to perceive the want of truth in the fundamental views of his time, but he was too weak in will to save the truth that was

revealed to his own mind from calumny. The disproportion between the intellectual and moral forces which was carried in him to an abnormal height, accounts for the mysterious and, indeed, awful figure which he makes in our literature. I never saw him, but the power of such a personality does not end with life. Hippel, Scheffner, and Krause, whom I knew intimately, were perhaps even more influenced by him than by Kant; and the results of his influence in the under current of their lives are very remarkable."

Perthes could not but acknowledge the justice of such remarks as these, but they did not shake his wondering admiration at the sublimity and depth of Hamann's thoughts. In the mood of mind in which he then was, he was particularly struck with an expression of Hamann's, in a letter to Jacobi:—"To be is certainly the all of everything: underived Being is truth: derived Being is grace! Not-Being is a defect, and yet a semblance of both." To Jacobi's answer Hamann replies:—"You make no account of Being without Consciousness, and more account of the tree of knowledge than of the tree of life! yet Consciousness, and not Being, is the source of all misery."

Perthes was himself well aware, and his friends reminded him of the same, that these words refer to the position which Hamann maintained against Jacobi's philosophical system, but yet he was convinced that Hamann meant, at the same time, to express thereby an internal state of his own, after which Perthes had himself aspired, but which he had not been able to clothe in words. We find him writing:—"Hamann's maxim expresses in its somewhat obscure conciseness my own meaning. My thoughts are clear and positive enough, but I am not sufficiently master of language to express them. Being,

the only real Being, must consist in giving one's-self up to God, is to be found only in the life in God; and the more true and deep this Being is, the less is man conscious of it. He who has ever been absorbed in love and longing after God, must have had moments of Being without Consciousness, and such Being is of infinitely more account than Consciousness." In another letter Perthes says:—"You say that to live with God can only mean to have intercourse with Him, and that he who has such intercourse must needs be conscious of it. Now, the latter proposition is true, but not the former, for intercourse supposes strangers who seek to become better acquainted: intercourse is, indeed, but a repetition of attempts to abolish an existing separation, but it does not abolish the communion of those whose hearts are already one. Friends and acquaintance have intercourse with one another, but who would use that word to express the relation between mother and child? He who has not only intercourse with God, but who, according to Tauler, allows the *ego* within him to be dumb, or, according to Thomas-à-Kempis, 'abandons himself, and is filled with the presence of God,' or again with Tauler, exclaims—'God within, God without, God round about me;'—he, I say, will neither be troubled by the past with all its sins, nor by the future with all its punishments; for him, indeed, there is no past or future,—all is present: or rather he lives beyond the conditions of time altogether, for he already has eternal life; and Consciousness in eternity means something very different from what we call consciousness here on earth."

"As for your Being without consciousness," replies a friend to Perthes, "I would, first of all, inquire the exact sense of the phrase, for I can attach no meaning to the words." Perthes

says in answer:—"I cannot, indeed, fully and clearly express my meaning, but I can refute the charge of having none. I can recollect, more than thirty years ago, lamenting to Runge, with tears in my eyes, that I could not guard against the consciousness of my best feelings; does not the experience of others in this matter respond to mine? When an able man accomplishes a noble enterprise with self-sacrifice, that is his Being: but when he is conscious of the goodness and nobility of what he has done, and self-complacent because of it, this Consciousness destroys the excellence of his Being, and 'verily they have their reward.' The Being was noble, the Consciousness ignoble. The Bible says, 'When thou givest alms, let not thy right hand know what thy left doeth.' Does it not in these words imply Being without Consciousness?"—Again, Perthes writes thus to Rist, in order to make his meaning plainer:—"My youth, with all its passions, my efforts to get on in the world, my labours and cares, the quarter of a century spent with my blessed Caroline, consist of months, days, hours, each filled by its own life and love; but now all these infinite complexities resolve themselves for me only into their results, and are all fused into the present moment: the past has left in me, as a precipitate, my consciousness of it. I am still able to call forth all these moments, and to make them pass before me like the pictures of a magic lantern, otherwise they are like dead things buried within me: my consciousness of the past perishes with me, but, nevertheless, that past has been, and will continue as Being, though it find no place in any man's Consciousness."

However warmly Perthes longed for internal rest and peace, he yet well knew that there were many obstacles in the way

of his attaining them. Having written on the subject to Rist, he received this answer:—"If I had ever misjudged you, the sketch of your life, which you have now given me, would have served to rectify my impression. But it is just as I always supposed. From youth up strong passions have been your special enemies—your better nature strove against them—you cherished indeed higher aspirations and resolves, but you also felt your own powerlessness to carry them out. As the enemy pressed you harder and harder, you sought to strengthen the bulwarks of your religious creed; and you would, no doubt, have become a member of that Church which, on system, comes to terms with the world of sense; had it not been that too free a spirit dwelt within you, and that you were too sincerely converted to God to be perverted by man." Perthes writes in reply:—"You call me a naturally sensual man, and you are right; I always was so, and still am; my self-reliance, worldly wisdom, and passionate temperament, will play me many a trick yet; the multitude of things that run in my head are constantly leading me astray; the weakness of the *ego*, the love of the world, and the light-heartedness essential to the fulfilment of an earthly calling, are ever making me to forget that I am not my own master; but, let sorrow come, and internal or external conflict, and I become at once aware that the hearty desire to give myself up to God does bear good fruits, and that love is more and more chasing away hatred and coldness out of my heart." In another letter he says:—"Do not laugh if I tell you that my dog has given me many a hint upon human nature. I never before had a dog constantly with me, and I now ask myself daily whether the poodle be not a man, and men poodles. I am not led to this thought by the animal propensities

which we have in common, such as eating, drinking, &c., but by those of a more refined character. He too is cheerful and dejected, excited and supine, playful and morose, gentle and bold, caressing and snappish, patient and refractory; just like us men in all things, even in his dreams! This likeness is not to me at all discouraging: on the contrary, it suggests a pleasing hope, that this flesh and blood which plagues and fetters us, is not the real man, but merely the earthly clothing which will be cast off when he no longer belongs to earth, provided he has not sinfully chosen to identify himself with the merely material. The devil's chief seat is not in matter, but in the mind, where he fosters pride, selfishness, and hatred, and by their means destroys not what is transitory, but what is eternal in man."

In another letter he says:—"If, indeed, as you affirm, 'the *summa summarum* is, that we are all sinners, and that God must best know why he gave us these material bodies which are not sinless, and cannot be so,'—then, truly, we don't stand in need of mercy, for God alone would bear the blame, and the door is shut in the face of all inquirers. But were this so, we might well wonder at the sorrow which sin always awakens in us, and by which we are prevented from charging it upon the Almighty. When I look upon what I have become, what I have conquered, and what I have gained, I may sometimes feel confidence in my own powers; but then again, I know, as certainly as anything can be known, that, if the senses had been stimulated by keener delights, ambition lured on by greater prizes, if heavier trials and stronger temptations had encountered me, I should not have been what I am! Who is there that must not bow his head at the question, 'Does thy life belong to God or to the world?' that would not be saddened by

the thought of all his deeds awaking with him in that future life? that would take his defilements with him into paradise? that would not be willing to blot out his past life, or at least the consciousness of it, even in this world, and how much more in the next? that would not like to drink of Lethe's stream? But the gospel hints at no such possibility; on the contrary, it states that we shall stand, and be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ. Again and again the all-important question recurs:—'Can and will God forgive sin?' He who does not understand the full force of this question does not know himself, and happy is he whose own individual experience affords him the answer to it. Human philosophy can prompt the question, but never solve it. Philosophers misapprehend reason as the Jews did the law: so I read lately in Hamann's letters; for they know not that reason is given us only to make us acquainted with our ignorance, just as the law was given to make us acquainted with our sins. Truth and grace alike cannot be excogitated or inherited, they must be historically revealed."

## CHAPTER X.

PERTHES' SECOND MARRIAGE.—1825.

Although Perthes had rejoiced with all the energy of paternal affection at his daughter's happy betrothal, yet her departure from his home cost him a severe struggle. "From this day forth," he writes, "my child is mine no more. I shall have to see her removed further away day by day, and her love, not indeed estranged from me, but yet devoted to another. So it must ever be; the child is to leave father and mother, but the pain of it is great, the heart bleeds at the necessity, and we gain deeper insight into its depths, and into the pure intensity of a father's love."

On the day after the wedding, which took place on the 1st of June 1824, Perthes had all his children assembled round him; but, as one by one departed, leaving him alone with the three youngest only, he was almost overwhelmed with sadness. We find him writing:—"They were indeed heavy hours when all forsook me. First Matthias went away to begin a new and independent life, then both my married daughters returned to their long-established homes, at last Matilda left with her husband. The farewell of this dear daughter, who clung to me with boundless tenderness, pierced my heart, and I found myself alone—alone as for thirty years I had never been. Hence-

forth I have no family circle; the house that Caroline and I founded is fast going to pieces, and the picture of myself as the last remaining one haunts me like a spectre. One after another the children depart, in three or four years even the three little ones will have left me, then I shall be as free as the bird of the air, and a long avenue of solitary years may yet lie before me. The horrors of a forsaken solitude come upon me and force many tears from my eyes."

Perthes was particularly desirous that his three younger children should not, after their sister's marriage, be deprived of the advantages of family life. "It grieves me," said he, "to inflict myself and the three children upon the young pair, but it cannot be helped. My elder daughters remind me, it is true, that the limited accommodation, and the necessity of conforming to the habits of others, will be new and disagreeable to me. But, since so much inward sorrow has been overcome, external changes can surely be so too." Accordingly, a few days after the wedding, Perthes removed to the house of his son-in-law, Becker. "I am now sitting," he writes to a friend, "in my daughter's home; the small house suits me, and I enjoy the extensive view on every side. Nothing can be happier than my relations with my son-in-law, and my daughter's attention is boundless. The three younger children feel at home, and for myself I have but few requirements, having never been an uneasy seeker after comforts, and can easily conform to the ways of others; yet I will confess that it is not altogether pleasant to be no longer lord and master in one's own household. I have had from my very childhood an almost morbid fear of becoming a burden to others, and disturbing their way of life. And now here I am with three

children in this young couple's house! No one, indeed, will allow us to be called an incumbrance, but are we the less so for that? This thought vexes and grieves me already, do what I may to battle with it. What, then, will it be in future? I shudder at the prospect of old age, with mind and body getting more and more enfeebled, and requiring help and care day and night. I have never seen an old and feeble man who did not, if alone in the world, feel his position awkward and painful. Many of them I have seen fall into acts of great folly; who then may feel secure? I declare that the best provision for such a time of life is a French valet of the old stamp, such as we used to see in the days of emigration; a man who could alike cook for his old master, and feed, wash, dress, and comb him."

The truth of the matter, however, was, that though Perthes was right in saying that he had few requirements, he yet had requirements which the best of French valets could never have met. He had been for many years accustomed not only to Caroline's society, but to her perfect comprehension at a glance or a word, of all that concerned him, whether outward or inward; in joy and sorrow, in small and great things alike, he had always found in her the most perfect sympathy. This mutual life was lost to him now, and after Caroline's death, in his more serious hours, he was never for a moment without a sense of loneliness. "I am alone," he wrote to his friend Nicolovius, "and full of yearning and longing; I deeply crave for sympathy to cheer the desert within me; but no one understands me now, as I was once understood. If I speak out of my heart, the answer I receive teaches me that my meaning is not apprehended." In another letter he says,—"It is wretched

enough to lead an unmarried life, but still worse to have known perfect sympathy of soul, and then to lose it. I possess, in no common degree, my children's love, but this cannot replace the love of which I have been bereft. The affections of youth have different objects from those of riper years, being fixed either upon present good, or the glancing forms of the future. Parents belong to the past, and the past is pale and dim for the young. Before them all is bright sunlight; behind them cold moonshine. So it ever has been and will be, and we who also looked forward once, must needs look backward now." In another letter he says,—"There is no comfort for the sadness I feel—night is in my soul. The outward man, indeed, makes a show of enjoyment, laughs, and seems cheerful, but there is a waste and bitter void within. Yet whither am I drifting? When one sees in a new wedlock a new human love arising, which ignores time and decay, and then feels the phantom-world in one's own heart, truly the bones rattle, and the blood runs cold."

It was with this feeling of loneliness, that Perthes, at the age of fifty-one, became a member of his third daughter's household. In the very next house to him lived his son-in-law's sister, Charlotte Becker. She had been married to Heinrich Hornbostel, a distinguished merchant in Vienna, and had, after his death, returned with four children to her mother's house. Of these children, the two eldest were hopeless invalids; but, though they had been often at the point of death, it was impossible to foresee whether their sufferings would extend over a few weeks, or a few years. Perthes had, soon after his arrival in Gotha, become acquainted with this much-tried mother, who was an intimate friend of his married daughters; he had

heard of her sorrows with sympathy, and admired the energy and cheerfulness with which she bore them. Perthes wrote some time after this; "I was only slightly acquainted with Charlotte, it is true, but I was always struck with her clear intellect and quick wit, the animation of her whole nature; the precision and skill, shewn in all she did, attracted me, and her discrimination of character, and her sensible estimate of things in general, perfectly astonished me. However, we had not drawn nearer, and life's deeper chords had not been touched."

Charlotte was thirty years old when Perthes joined his daughter, and thus came into daily contact with Charlotte and her children. In a later letter he says, "Her real worth could not be concealed from me,—I saw the steadfast fidelity and enduring love she displayed in nursing her sick children, and her good sense in educating the healthy ones. I saw how, in spite of her liveliness and social gifts, she gave up any pleasure as soon as the children wanted her. Sorrow, anxiety, and loss of rest by their bedsides had left traces on her features, but her clear, intellectual glance was undisturbed by them all. I could, indeed, gather from a few strong expressions, how heavy her trials were, but generally speaking, I found her composed, resigned, and cheerful. I resolved to be as useful a friend as I could, both to the mother and children: she kindly responded to my cordiality, and I soon possessed her confidence, though the thought of standing in a nearer relation to her never occurred to me."

Towards the end of July 1824, Rebecca Claudius, Perthes' mother-in-law, came with her daughter Augusta, to pay a month's visit to Gotha. She was much concerned about Perthes' situ-

ation, and one day, while they were walking in the orangery, expressed herself openly to him. She told him that he was no more a master in his own house, that soon his younger children would be leaving him, and that his strong health gave promise of a long life yet to come—that for him solitude was not good, that he could not bear it, and consequently, that he ought not to put off choosing a companion for the remainder of his life. At these words the thought of Charlotte shot like lightning through his soul: he made no reply, but he had a hard battle to fight with himself from that time forth. In September he communicated to his mother-in-law the *pros* and *cons* which agitated him so much, but without giving her to understand that it was no longer the subject of marriage in general, but of one marriage in particular, which now disquieted him. After stating the outward and inward circumstances which made a second marriage advisable in his case, he goes on to say, "I am quite certain that Caroline foresaw, from her knowledge of my character and temperament, a second marriage for me, and I am equally certain that no new union could ever disturb my spirit's abiding union with her. My inner life is filled with her memory, and will be so till my latest day, but I must own that this is possible only while I incorporate in thought her happy soul, and think of her as a human being, still sharing my earthly existence, still taking interest in all I do; and I cannot disguise from myself, while viewing her under this aspect, that my dear Caroline would prefer my living on alone, satisfied with her memory. Again, there can be no doubt that Holy Scripture, although permitting a second marriage, does so on account of the hardness of our hearts. The civil law contains no prohibition either, and yet there has always

existed a social prejudice against such a marriage, and youth, whose ideal is always fresh and fair, and women who are always young in soul, look with secret disgust upon it. I know, too, that my remaining alone would be, not only with reference to others but in itself, the worthier course; but, on the other hand, I know it would be so in reality only if this worthiness were not assumed for the purpose of appearing in a false light to myself, to other men, and perhaps even before God, or for the purpose of cloaking selfishness under the guise of fidelity to the departed. To us, in our life here below, the love of the creature is given to educate us for the love of God. Can I dispense with this earthly help, and yet maintain love alive in my heart? Can I, without family ties to constrain me, go on caring for others? Can I escape the danger of isolating myself, and living in selfishness, gross or refined? I recall many a fearful instance of this in others! Is it, in short, weakness to say to myself, 'Thou canst not dispense with the earthly helps to a loving spirit,' or is it arrogance to believe that I no longer need such? I do not know how to answer this question."

It was not, however, by answering this question, nor by reflecting upon the lawfulness of second marriages in general, that Perthes' irresolution was subdued, but by an increasing attachment to the lady with whom he wished to contract such a marriage.

"My own experiences amaze me," he writes a few weeks later to Rist; "the varying moods familiar to the innocent heart of the boy in his first love, the enthusiastic tenderness that found vent in happy melancholy and universal good-will to all creation, these lay far, far behind me like a lovely dream, and no wish had power to call them back. But now I feel again as I

did then. How is this possible in a man of my age? how can I, whose heart has been so tempest-tossed by time and by the world; how can I, who have known so much, sinned so often, return thus to the innocent fondness which nestles in the newly-awakened heart of a boy; for I can call it nothing else? I feel like a child, I cry to myself 'Awake, and pray;' but there is no discord, no warning voice within; I can pray and hold the most fervent communion with my dear Caroline still."

Perthes was thoroughly aware of the strength of the influence he was under. A few days later he again wrote to Rist:—"I know that, when an attachment has once taken possession of the human heart, the balance is lost, and self-deception is almost unavoidable. There then remains but one way, prosaic yet sure, of discerning right from wrong; and that is to prove one's heart's desire by a reference to the claims of others. Do I, in following my own heart's impulses, interfere with any man's right, disturb any man's peace? am I hindered in the activity which my calling requires, and can I fulfil my duty to her (Charlotte's) children, without failing in duty towards my own? I feel that increasing sorrow, on account of these poor little invalids, would await me, and that in regard to them I should have no easy task; but without a participation in this trial, I should not feel justified in uniting their mother's destiny to mine."

Perthes' decision was taken in the middle of September, but he did not declare himself till a month later. The answer he received was favourable, but not decisive, and time was asked for calm consideration. Perthes had believed that such a delay would have suited him exactly, but he was

mistaken. In these days of suspense he wrote confidentially to Rist, saying, "I need just now the heart of a friend, and desire that you should know all." Perthes' correspondence at this period mirrors with wonderful accuracy the state of his inner man. One letter runs thus:—"I am horrified at myself:—am I a fool and self-deceived, or am I really to bear the joys and sorrows of youth, and to battle with this unspeakably excitable heart to the end of my days? I wrote to her that she was to say No, if she was unable to say Yes with all her heart, and that her refusal would find and leave me tranquil. I wrote that with perfect sincerity, and now her refusal would shatter me, and her consent give me new life." And yet these letters of his, overflowing as they do with intense feeling, are written under the fullest consciousness of his own inward condition, and shew that he was able to analyze and estimate it coolly and impartially. In one letter he says, "I feel as if every one who saw me must think to himself, 'Ought passion to hold such sway over a man of his age?'" In another, "I have had of late new experience and new insight into the deep places of the human heart, and this season of conflict will have a permanent influence on me for time and for eternity." In short, in Perthes we find united the passionate youth and the middle-aged man, and the latter watches and even laughs at the former. He tells Rist:—"I write to Chatty, and get answers from her; but our correspondence is carried on very secretly in books that I send and she returns. It is a pity that Kotzebue is no more—he would be charmed with the whole story." To another friend he says,—"All human affairs have their comic side; if Charlotte becomes my wife, being as she is my son-in-law's sister, I shall be my

daughter's brother-in-law, and Becker will be his sister's son!" But the seriousness and stable good sense of the man finally won the mastery. He says to Rist: "It were indeed sad, if all the labour and discipline of my past life were to be in vain. I have a firm will, and with faith and prayer shall get over this ere long."

However, such a state of excitement could not long continue without obtaining a decision one way or another. The 25th October was the day of betrothal. Perthes wrote to Rist:—"Charlotte had always felt towards me esteem and confidence; now the fervour of my love has conquered her, and she is mine. The storm is laid, and I am again at rest; but I do not believe that my peace was ever more deeply disturbed." Somewhat later he writes,—"We have had some weeks of quiet intercourse, and easily understand each other's inner life, though this understanding is of quite another kind from that which existed between my Caroline and myself. Indeed, the characters of the two are so dissimilar, that it is impossible to bring them into one and the same picture. I cannot compare them—each of them stands apart in my thoughts. Our relation to the outer world is rendered singular by the circumstance of Charlotte's having first known me in Gotha, where, a stranger amongst strangers, I am cut off from all connexion with the friends and transactions of my earlier life. Thus all the letters that I receive must needs appear to her fragments of an unfamiliar and antiquated world. It is impossible to me to give a connected account of myself, that is, of the external facts of my early life; I must trust to Charlotte's gradually finding them out."

Towards the end of December, Perthes writes:—"Behind

me lies a year filled with anxieties, occupations, conflicts, and experiences; before me a period which will not be less rich in all these, and will bring me more work than ever. Free as I was a little time ago, I was able to embark at once in important measures connected with my new calling, without any painful anxiety as to my means. But now, greater foresight and increased effort are necessary, and hard continuous labour is the path my nature points out for me. So I need not fear that Charlotte should be obliged to take time from her children to devote it to me; indeed, it is a blessing to me that she should have her special duties to fulfil, for a woman who depended upon me for the filling up of her time, would make me wretched. Our common task is to labour, watch, and pray, and God will add his blessing and support."

In February 1825, Perthes went to Berlin, where he remained till the middle of March. "I thank God, I thank Him with all my heart," he says in his first letter to his betrothed, "that He has led me to thee, thou dear, pious, noble soul. Thy letter lies before me; between ourselves, I have kissed it just as a youth might do; and why should I not? If feeling be true, it is always young, though time and the world may have aged the features. Thy letter makes me very happy. My Charlotte, all that thou sayest springs from so simple and upright a mind, that it promises a firm and perfect understanding between us. Thou wishest to be strengthened, elevated in spirit by me, as I was by my Caroline. Dear Charlotte, I know, indeed, that I can lead thee to a knowledge that affords security for thy whole being, yet a security only for what thou already hast; for God has been with thee in thy trials, and He is with thee still.

God has been, and is with me also, and I have the knowledge of eternal truth; but thou art purer, better, more stable than I. I have an excitable fervent heart of love, but formerly, my beloved Charlotte, it was Caroline that sustained me, and thou, too, wilt have enough to do. Hold me fast to thy heart. My restless spirit needs to be restrained by the arm of love, and by the eye of love that looks to Heaven." A few days later, he says, "My heart is true and loving, but much that is unstable, wild, transient, impulsive, and uncontrolled, still lives and stirs in me, and the repose of age is as far off as ever. But take me as I am,—have patience with me,—love me! Thou must support me, and I, too, shall support thee,—that I know well."

In the middle of March, Perthes returned to Gotha, but he was soon obliged to leave it again for Leipsic. On the 15th of May he was married. On the day following he wrote to Besser: "I parted from you in Leipsic with deep emotion. Standing at the gate of a new life, it seemed as though I was bidding an eternal farewell to you, the companion of my earlier days. The coach that carried me off seemed transformed into a ship, that bore away the sailor from his familiar scenes into an unknown waste. My past lay behind me like the receding shore, becoming more and more indistinct each moment, and my future stretched out before me like the wide untried ocean, in which no anchor that I cast would hold. The evening before last, I returned with bleeding heart and mind to Gotha, and Charlotte alone restored me to peace and security. Yesterday morning, at seven o'clock, we were married, and we spent the day in such quiet as we could. To-day the newly united family have sat down to our first dinner, and I feel marvellously composed and

peaceful." A week later, Perthes writes:—"I have never in all my life felt such thorough satisfaction and security respecting any step I have taken. I feel as though the peace of God had settled upon me, and accordingly I say, 'God be praised.'"

Although the rest after which Perthes yearned throughout life was certainly not conferred upon him by his new connexion, yet this second marriage proved a source of blessing and happiness greater even than he had anticipated; though, on the other hand, it made many claims upon him. He had not only to provide for the education of his three youngest children, but he was now responsible for four step-children beside. At the age of fifty-three he had to begin a new and complicated domestic career, and to fulfil many duties commonly reserved for the high spirits of earlier life. In addition to all this, four children were born to him: Rudolph in 1827, Caroline in 1828, Augustus in 1830, and Eliza in 1832. The illnesses of the children, the care of their education, and the noise of a large household, certainly affected his excitable nature more than they do that of most men; but not for a single moment did he feel them a burden: on the contrary, the feeling of gratitude for the happiness conferred upon him, remained with him till his death. He wrote as follows to Niebuhr:—"I have won a great treasure: I am loved with woman's utmost tenderness, and my Charlotte's noble mind discovers nothing in me which lessens her esteem."

Perhaps *any* second marriage would have proved a blessing to Perthes, at all events *this* second marriage was so to such an extent, that they who knew him intimately could not imagine what would have become of him had it not been brought about.

He himself says, "I feel in deep humility how great are the claims that God may justly make upon me. Even in my later years he has done great things to preserve love alive in me; and though I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and had not love, what were I but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal?"

## CHAPTER XI.

FIRST YEARS OF THE SECOND MARRIAGE.—1825-1830.

A FEW weeks after the wedding, the baths at Ems were recommended for the two sick children. Perthes resolved to travel with them, and he spent July there. Soon after his arrival we find him writing:—"Here I have once more narrow valleys and ravines, thick woods, green meadows, springs, and brooks, and I am quite contented with them, and laugh at those who can complain of the *ennui* and monotony of Ems, with such glorious nature all round them.

"People of rank frequent the springs only from six to eight in the morning, and at seven in the evening. The rest of the day they spend in their own apartments. This exclusiveness offends the inferior nobility, the men of learning, the Frankfurt bankers, the Hamburgh and Bremen merchants, who, however, revenge themselves by an exclusiveness of their own, for they on their part shun all intercourse with agriculturists, brewers, and tradespeople in general. Such are the different grades, and amongst them all, the Ems doctors go bustling about, parading their little knowledge in lofty phrases, and though merely obscure practitioners in a little Nassau village for nine months in the year, making the greatest efforts to play the first-rate physician for the season."

As for Perthes, he wandered over hill and dale in all directions, saw his old friend Ullrich in Coblentz, and in Sayn his sister-in-law, Anna Jacobi, who had come from Siegburg to bid farewell to the dying pastor Boos, the companion of Goszner. In Ems itself there was no lack of interesting society. "We see a great deal," wrote Perthes, "of Professor Sack of Bonn, who has married the second daughter of my old Max Jacobi, and we have made a very pleasant acquaintance with the Orientalist Umbreit of Heidelberg. I am often challenged to a morning walk, and an unrestrained conversation by Count Bernstorff the Prussian minister for foreign affairs, and, while at the springs, I watch Maria von Weber with sympathy, and Börne with curiosity, both being here at present. Last Thursday I went along that beautiful road to Nassau, in order to call upon Stein there: he received me indeed, but was not alone, having with him, amongst other bestarred gentry, Kotschubey, Russian minister of the Interior. It was interesting to hear the conversation of the latter, who had taken a sick daughter two years ago to Marseilles, thence to Ischia, thence to the shores of the Volga, thence to certain baths in the Caucasus, and had now brought her to Ems. These excursions of a delicate girl in search of health, afford a true type of the dimensions of everything Russian. The nobles of that nation form the flying bridge between the civilized and the Asiatic world. When one listens to them, all the proceedings of others seem to shrink. When Orlow's work on Naples was mentioned, Kotschubey began to praise the good influence of the French dominion in Naples; men had been educated under it, he said, who, in the hands of a strong government, would prove admirable instruments for drawing the country and its inhabitants from the

mire in which they had long been sunk. Both Kotschubey and Stein pronounced Cancrin, the Russian minister of finance, a clever man of business, full of talent and information; but Kotschubey added that his German ideology was unbearable, and would be the ruin of him. This contempt for the German character, and admiration of the French, is a Russian characteristic. When the conversation turned upon Greek events, Kotschubey said, that, although he never meddled with foreign politics, his private opinion was that these Greeks and their independence would continue by sea, if even they were conquered on land. Stein having begged me to pay him another visit, I went again to Nassau on Sunday last, and found him alone. He spoke long and with much animation of all that he had witnessed, and, when Napoleon's residence in Vienna during 1809, and the attempt to assassinate him at Schönbrunn, were touched upon, he dwelt with great fervour upon the iniquity and folly of seeking to deliver a nation by such a deed as that. "To do one's part, to trust in God, and to wait, *that*," said he, "is the proper course. God guides the world, and without him men are nothing. When, in 1777, I left the university and entered upon life, many clever but impatient people believed that Europe would be ruined by great armies and bad governments,—later, the end of all things was expected from the French Revolution and the sway of Napoleon; and now, universal ruin is to result, according to some, from the monarchical principle, the Holy Alliance, Metternich and Gentz; and according to others, from liberalism; but, spite of them all, the world will endure." Stein expressed himself with fearless openness respecting the king of Prussia, the Crown Prince, Catholicism and the dread of it, respecting Voss, and Paulus, De

Wette's deposition, and the learned in general. Count Bernstorff he called a very noble man, though without pretending to conceal his weak side. That same Sunday evening was a gay one at Ems, the Crown Prince and Princess being expected; bonfires were lighted on the mountains, and illuminated boats glided on the Lahn, throwing over the whole region, with its jagged peaks, a most marvellous splendour. Niebuhr had been ordered to Ems by the Prince; he was most cheerful and vigorous in high society, most kind and cordial to us. I was introduced by him to Count Gröben, who accompanied the Prince as adjutant. To have chosen three such men as Niebuhr, Gröben, and Bernstorff, as travelling companions, betokens no common order of mind. When they all left, Niebuhr alone was in the same carriage with the Prince. These two men, seated side by side, were a singular spectacle. It is curious to watch how the constellations of Ems rotate, in different orbits, according to the rising and setting of the suns which shine successively upon them. The Russians behave more independently, and so do two English generals, who go about silently and sulkily, looking like two great old house-dogs, amidst the yelping of a pack of small ones. Opposite our house lodges Prince Narischkin of Odessa, with his lovely young wife; it is impossible to live more naturally and simply than they do, and they are on the friendliest terms with their numerous retinue of servants. It is refreshing to see how our better nature will often assert itself in individuals, even when pride and pomp of family, wealth, and position, have reached their utmost limits."

After Perthes' return to Gotha, his business required his whole activity, and the following year was a most laborious one. While prosecuting his new calling with energy and success, he

was threatened with the rending of the dear tie that bound him to his past life in Hamburgh. Johann Heinrich Besser had been during that life his most intimate friend. After Caroline's death Perthes had written to him thus :—"You are now the only man who knows all about me that one mortal can know about another, and, besides, you are the bridge connecting me with my earlier days, which else were entirely buried."

Besser's had always been a remarkable character, and so it continued till the end. Frommann described him as one of the most benevolent and loveable men he had ever met with, as well as a remarkably well-informed one: and Perthes echoes this opinion in many of his letters. "What Besser was in mind," says he, "he was, not by elaboration, but by intuition, which advanced him far beyond the mere logician. His views of the world, of men, and things, were grounded upon revealed truth, and a fine moral sense, and one might almost always trust the correctness of his impressions. Whatever his hands found to do he commenced with all his might, and if the matter were really of importance, or concerned the welfare of another, he was capable of the greatest energy and self-sacrifice; but in little everyday affairs, he was too apt, after an enthusiastic beginning, to let them drop. He would jot down a thousand schemes connected with business or with literary undertakings; his plans for Christmas Trees and other family festivals always exceeded the possible, and there were no limits to his delight in giving away. He had a true and loving feeling for nature—the beauty of a landscape would move him to tears. As for music he lived and moved in it, and a tune would haunt him for entire weeks. At such times he would try to be alone to sing it, and one would hear it proceeding from all

sorts of hiding-places. In enjoyment he would go to the verge of exhaustion, and good convivial company made him only too happy. He rose very early, often at three or four o'clock; but sleep had great power over him, and towards evening, with pen in hand, and a grey-worsted cap on his head, he would take a short nap, and then go on writing briskly. In great things he was simple and unrequiring; but he had a thousand small peculiarities; for instance, when travelling, he always wore a quantity of coats for the sake of the pockets he had got made in them. Caroline, laughing, once counted twenty-one, all filled, with scissors, penknives, combs, matches, pocket-books, &c., and as for the smoking apparatus it was infinite. Yet his cheerfulness, as also the courage and decision he always displayed in mishaps, made him the best of travelling companions. A thorough humorist, he was also a dear child of God, and a singularly pure, strong-minded, able man."

In another letter Perthes says :—"From his youth up Besser had been subject to fits of despondency, during which he doubted his own capacity for business, and saw everything through a dark medium. These, his 'grey seasons,' as he called them, never estranged him from me for an hour. I knew how to humour them. In great occurrences he was always energetic and courageous; he bore real trials well, was always ready for serious difficulties, and in the presence of danger more calm and cheerful than I. He never lost his balance in sorrow, but joy and sympathy easily carried him away. Men who could appreciate his heart and mind found him easy to live with; to me he was a support, a delight, the complement as it were of my own nature, and the dearest and sincerest of friends."

This friendship dated from their early years. So far back as 1794, Perthes wrote to Besser: "If you come you will find me, and do come soon; much weighs upon my heart, which I can share only with you." When the two friends had resolved to be partners in business, Perthes wrote again to Besser, who was then in Göttingen: "Dear good Hans, once more in this old year I stretch out my hand to thee—thou good true-hearted man. God grant us many years of faithful friendship, and keep us together to the last!" A few months later he wrote: "Come soon, we have much to do together; come soon, I need your counsel, I need a friend." Thirty years had elapsed since these words were penned, and during them he had always found in Besser the counsel and the friendship he sought. It is not often that two men so closely united spend a long life so free from variance. They had everything in common, all matters, great and small, connected with their business, their religious and political convictions, and their social condition. Perthes once wrote to Besser,—"In great matters we have willed and endeavoured the same things, which is not rare in times like ours; but we have also been at one in the small every-day affairs of human life, and that without any effort on either side, which is an example of unity rarely met with." In money matters, too, Perthes and Besser had always viewed their interests as identical, their relations to each other not being settled by written agreement, but each taking whatever share of the profits the expenses of his household required." But when, in 1821, Perthes thought of retiring from the business, an arrangement of affairs became necessary. Accordingly, in July 1821, he wrote to Besser:—"We have, in all honour and fairness, borne the burden of life as brothers; we

have shared our joys and sorrows; worked together as friends, and been of one mind in all our undertakings. *Meum* and *tuum* were words unknown to us. For this I thank you, you thank me, and we both thank God, yet such a state of things cannot continue, because we are bound to take the death of one or the other into consideration." After Perthes had explained the reasons for his removal to Gotha, he adds, "My services in the business can be more easily dispensed with now, especially as it will find a new support in Mauke, whom we have known from his youth. He is a man of inflexible uprightness, active and orderly, and for many branches of the business far more fitted than myself. You, too, will gain in consolidation of character by being obliged to depend upon yourself alone, for, in consequence of your poetical nature, you still retain the ingenuousness of youth. Ever since you entered into the business, you have allowed me a certain deciding power, and never objected to my impetuous temperament assuming a degree of authority. I do not indeed believe that I ever abused it, and I was never intentionally arbitrary, but yet I may have been oppressive, though your affection sometimes allowed it to pass. If you now undertake the management alone, freedom of action will give you a new impetus, and you will find yourself able to do what before you believed that I only could accomplish. As to external arrangements,—I consider that our merits in the business, our labour and industry, talent and information, are equal, that each has his individual excellence, consequently that all we have belongs to us equally,—half being yours, and half mine. Between you and me there need be no tiresome weighing out of separate details; you would gladly give me more than belongs to me,

and I would gladly give you more than you ask—nothing is needed but to find out how the business can be left to you in a flourishing state, and how I may remain free from anxiety for myself and mine." To this letter Besser only replied, "I must protest against your views, as if, forsooth, you had not had, before accepting our *communio bonorum*, something in hand of your own, and as if I were altogether an ingenuous poetical nature, and were not as old as yourself."

The death of Caroline had accelerated Perthes' retirement from his Hamburgh business, and, as soon as he was settled in Gotha, a constant correspondence began between the friends. In little more than four years, Perthes wrote two hundred and fifty letters to Besser, and received nearly as many in return. The progress of the book-trade was their chief purport; but, besides this, they touched upon the events, great and small, of domestic life, upon their own experiences, external and internal, their joys and sorrows, their political and religious views; and they were for the most part very concisely expressed, as, from having lived so long together, a word was enough to make their mutual meaning plain. Perthes' affection for Besser is frequently expressed. In the autumn of 1823, having just returned from Hamburgh to Gotha, he writes to him:—"My dear friend, we have met, and shall yet meet again; but were this not to be so, I feel in my heart that, if love and truth may last beyond the bounds of this transitory and prisoned state, ours will be eternal." Again, after a visit of Besser's to Gotha, Perthes says:—"A week ago, beloved brother, you were standing where I stand now, and your presence still lingers within and around me. However different we may be in externals, yet every occasion of our being together affords

additional evidence of our real oneness, and this fills my heart with peace. This oneness is our great treasure. Your last words are very true, we are bound to thank God for it." In the autumn of 1825, Perthes writes again:—"My dear brother, I have long been pained by your silence. I do not want you to write about business, but I yearn for something written by and about yourself."

It was about this time that Besser's health began to fail; and, in consequence of this, he had fits of deep melancholy, which often found vent in his letters to his old friend, who tried to comfort him, now in one way, now in another. "It is your body which again inflicts upon you the well-known 'grey season,' and no one is perfect master over bodily moods, but sometimes you are needlessly uneasy about your ability to get through the work that lies before you. You might very often scare away the 'grey' mood, by calmly considering how trivial are the causes of your anxiety, and with what ease you have overcome such before. But, indeed, I know only too well how it is with man; the head may be weary, and the heart full of love and devotion, or, on the contrary, the head clear, and the heart barren and cold; but sorrow weighs down head and heart alike, just as joy brightens both." In another letter, he says: "I know that you are often conscious of great bodily depression; you call it sickness, but this has been your case ever since I have known you, and it is necessary to be as intimate with you as I am to appreciate fully the wealth and clearness of your mind. So you see you announce nothing new to me, and I can only reply, 'Take courage, till life's phantasmagoria are over.' I, too, have been ailing these last few days, and then I felt as though I had been presumptuous in begin-

ning life anew, and uniting another's existence to my own; but, however, I let my Charlotte comfort me, and she does so effectually." Again we find Perthes writing, "You say that life becomes a burden; so it must to us all as we grow old: but we should try to accustom ourselves to a new race of men, or rather to the same men differently dressed, on whom the divine Father still looks down with a smile, as in the Berlin painting. While we live we must put up with novelty, but I shall be glad to die; one gets tired of evermore picking off one husk after another from the kernel of truth." The sufferer wrote in reply, during the summer of 1826, "You have found out, though I was unwilling to trouble you about it, that, for some months past, my spirits have been much depressed. I am always expecting better days, and they will come, I know, but this physical and mental exhaustion gives me many dark hours. Dejection and faint-heartedness do not improve the health, and body and mind react unfavourably on each other. I deserve reproaches for not being happy in my happy circumstances, and I expect them from you, but sympathy as well. Ask for me strength and courage from Him who alone can give them." Perthes replied as follows: "Ignorant as I am of your present circumstances, it is difficult for me to write to you, my dearly loved brother. I see that your spirits are depressed, and knew it indeed before you stated it plainly, but I know not whence this depression comes. Deeply grieved indeed I am, but how reach out a helping, comforting hand? You speak of your 'happy circumstances,' and you are right. The companion of your life, the mother of your children, stands at your side in the prime of life; your children grow up satisfactorily, you

can look at them all with glad hope, and you have given your daughter to the worthy, true-hearted Mauke, who is at the same time a support to you. You have friends who cordially love you, you enjoy great social consideration, your means are liberal and independent, and, if it pleased God to take you away, not one in a thousand could feel equally at ease as to the temporal wellbeing of those left behind. God has greatly blessed you, and you yourself own it when you say,—'I deserve reproaches for not being happy.' Now, as to happiness, commonly so called, only the innocent child, or the day-dreaming youth can really experience it. The earnest-minded man cannot thus be happy, it is only the shallow and self-sufficient who can trifle on gaily through life. For here nothing endures; what most we love is torn away; all is brittle and perishable, and we ourselves are but broken reeds. Our heart overflows with love to some dear object, and yet how imperfect the union, how weak the sympathy! And even he who knows that love to God is the only enduring love, and that it is the only anchor of the soul, how deeply he feels that he can but seldom draw near to his Father with perfect resignation and sincerity. Who, then, can be happy in such a state as this? We are not to be so, nay, we are to feel that we lie in chains, that we live in an element uncongenial to our nature, and, fighting humbly and manfully, we are to follow the light that leads us out of our darkness. Now all this, dear brother, you not only know but feel. So long as I have known you, you have been loving and loveable to all around you, you have never given way to pride or vanity; you have endured hardness and weariness in full reliance upon God, and the way of reconciliation through his Son has long been open to you. Therefore the core of your

being must be sound, the burden is only a material one, it is your body that oppresses you, and physical causes reach deep down, not only appearing in actual disease, but exercising an invisible influence over the spirit itself. Your bodily frame is not in unison with your loving nature, your lively fancy and elastic activity; therefore you have always felt hampered and have become a humorist, who has good and bad hours and days, and many a sudden alternation of sun and shower to undergo. Even in your youth you had dark seasons when you shrank within yourself for fear of grieving others: and now that your blood is no longer young, you need not be surprised if the old enemy return, and cast a dark pall over everything. You have been weaving again a dark web of feeling and thought, which holds you fast as though it were of iron strength, while in reality it is but a spider's web. Tear yourself away from it all, for three or four weeks, I beseech you. I demand this as your friend and brother; I demand it for the sake of your family and that of the business. Tear yourself away and come to us; make up your mind and set off without delay."

Besser did not come, but he recovered somewhat. However, the improvement was not lasting. On the 6th of December tidings reached Gotha of Besser's having been fatally attacked by nervous fever. In a few hours Perthes was on his way, travelling day and night, and reached Harburg on the evening of the 8th, too late however to cross the Elbe. A newspaper lying in the inn apprised him of Besser's death five days before. He wrote home:—"I arrived too late, they had already buried my beloved Besser. In him I have lost the friend of my youth, the only one who knew what I am, and

how I became what I am. Many have experienced his affection and benevolence, but I alone fully knew the capacities of his mind. We had been friends in joy and sorrow for more than thirty years."

Besser's death brought about another change in Perthes' outward circumstances. "You see, my dear friend," says he in a letter to Niebuhr, "that I am in my old place once more, and must go out again into the great market, where I did not wish to end my days. It is almost impossible that Mauke, able and worthy as he is, should carry on so large a business alone." However, it did not prove necessary, as Perthes had feared, that he should return to Hamburgh; but henceforth all manner of hard work was added to the joyful and sorrowful events with which his life was filled. Children and grandchildren were born to him, and manifold were the sicknesses and deaths, pleasures and anxieties, which agitated the large family circle. In 1827, Perthes lost his eldest step-son, and he writes thus concerning him:—"We could not but wish to see him freed from his sufferings, but even I miss the boy's sweet, sad look, and his affectionate ways more than I could have supposed. Our little Rudolph is a real godsend to his mother, and even in her grief she cannot resist his liveliness and loveliness." Perthes had, in 1827, taken his second son, Clement, to Hamburgh, to attend the academical gymnasium there, before entering the University. But the father's anxiety was not decreased by this removal of his son from his immediate care. A great number of distinguished men, too, paid him longer or shorter visits during this period, amongst whom were Ranke, Oken, Bunsen, Tholuck, Haller, Parish, &c., &c. Perthes in his correspondence touches with pleasure

upon these visits. In one of his letters he says: "Haller of Hamburgh was with me a few weeks ago; his judgment and penetration surprised me anew, and I truly esteem him for having in spite of them, preserved such a benevolent heart, and such childlike ingenuousness." To Rist Perthes writes as follows: "Your old friend Herbart of Königsberg was here in May, and I spent a very interesting day with him. He had a sort of note-book in his head, devised to get information from me respecting several things that had struck him in Germany. He was amazed at having found so little interest taken in philosophy. Not only the men of average education, but even the learned, nay, philosophers themselves had shewn a reluctance to discuss philosophy, and he had often felt himself a bore, when wishing to enter more deeply into questions of this nature. He was equally surprised at the interest taken in religion and Church parties. When I on my side expressed my surprise at Königsberg being so far removed from the current of German life, that its learned men were ignorant of the now prevalent tendencies of Germany, he became very animated and bestrode his philosophical hobby. I immediately declared that as a bookseller I was in no way bound to understand his philosophical idioms, and begged him to translate them into good plain German. He then enunciated the strangest aphorisms, and it was a real distress to him to be obliged to speak as it were in a foreign language. However, Herbart inspired me with both esteem and confidence. He is evidently a tender-hearted man in spite of the iron mail he has donned, and by no means so stiff as he had been represented to me; but he seems to belong to a bygone age, and to have narrow views on all subjects. He would find it difficult to har-

monize with his contemporaries, and all the more so, because he would require them to harmonize with him. He is not deficient in penetration, but whether he is profound or not I cannot decide. I thought I remarked a want of imagination. We parted well pleased with each other."

In Gotha itself, Perthes was fortunate in renewing his acquaintance with Wilhelm Hey, who had been appointed court preacher in the beginning of the year 1828. Hey, who, a few years later, as the author of "Fifty Fables for Children," met with a loving reception in all German nurseries, was a man of extraordinary liveliness and sensibility. The extent of his information, his wit and talents for conversation, interested people at once: and his piety, kindness, and benevolence won all hearts, and kept them fast. In 1825, Perthes had committed his youngest boy to Hey's care, and when the latter came to Gotha, habits of greater intimacy sprang up between them. Perthes writes in 1829, "Every day I live Hey becomes dearer to me, and I know that he loves me too; he is, indeed, a friend, and I cannot be thankful enough to God for giving me such a companion in my later years." Another time he writes: "This good man's translation to Gotha has been a real blessing to me. At first, our religious views came into pretty rude collision, but I always recognised the deep fundamental Christianity in his heart, and he soon perceived that my firm convictions do not narrow my sympathies. For many years he has had severe inner conflicts to endure. In his long solitude in that retired village, the sad sufferings and death of his wife were God's method of teaching him; and he has learnt to deny himself, without self-annihilation; and to renounce the world without living a monkish life."

Perthes found no time for connected studies, such as he had entered upon during the first years of his life in Gotha. "I had hoped," he once wrote, "yet to learn and to acquire information of different kinds, but now that I have once more embarked on the business of life, I must give it up; and after all 'tis no great matter. I have found the way to the knowledge of eternal truth; as for what concerns my calling, I know as much as is actually needed, and for the rest, however valuable in itself, I can dispense with it." However, Perthes no more discontinued the daily reading of historical, theological, and, above all, biographical works, than he did his rambles on foot, over the hills that surrounded him. In the autumn of 1829 he was absent from Gotha longer than usual, on a visit to his second son Clement, then a student at Bonn. From Bonn he wrote as follows: "As far as Frankfurt I had as fellow-traveller, a young man, whose appearance, manner, and conversation attracted me much: in the evening I sat next him at table; he was on his way to Paris. Taking him for an artist or a military man, I surmised that he was going there to perfect himself in science or art. He replied that he went to acquire culinary skill, having obtained an appointment in the royal kitchen; and he did not blush, though I did. The steamboat left Mayence at six in the morning, and twelve of us walked down, in the bright moonlight, to the boat, all half asleep, save one who was wide awake and melancholy, a missionary on his way to Antwerp for India;—a strange spectral procession we formed. It was one of the loveliest mornings of my life. The Rheingau lay all glowing in the sunrise. Suddenly, at Bingen, a black cloud came on, hiding even near objects from us, but the sun soon pierced it, and lighted up the narrow ravine. At

Coblentz I went to my favourite spot, the confluence of the Moselle with the Rhine; I had visited it in 1816, 1823, and 1825, and each time I had been deeply impressed, and left it with sorrow. So it was on this occasion, but why I know not."

While in Bonn, Perthes again spent most of his time with Niebuhr. He writes of him thus:—"On seeing Niebuhr, after a long interval, I always experience a painful degree of shyness; because in spite of his intellectual greatness, his universal knowledge, and his keen discrimination, I am conscious that I take a truer view of many subjects than he does, and, consequently, often feel myself obliged to oppose him in spite of his superiority. Added to this, the strange, almost unpleasant peculiarities of his manner; for example, his restless walking up and down the room all the time he is talking. But this shyness soon gives way, his natural candour and good-heartedness triumphing over all. I am more than ever struck with the singularities of his character, and yet I never found him so cordial or so gentle. His emotion at parting overcame me much. He came to me twice after I had taken leave, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'I have hardly one other old friend like you.' Niebuhr is happy in his present situation, and with his present employment, and yet were a political post offered him, he would hardly refuse it. His political opinions are not irrevocably fixed: once he remarked that time corrected many of his judgments; that he now justified much that he once condemned, and condemned much that he once justified; and that thus he had become more cautious in his decisions. This time, too, he avoided, evidently on purpose, all conversation about religion. When he disputed Schiller's influence being beneficial to youth, I asked

him whether he himself remembered any interval between the personal experience of the boy and the learned man. He grew melancholy and was silent. But it is very certain that Niebuhr never had a season of youth, yet he now exercises an extraordinary influence over youth. Young Dr. Classen of Hamburgh, with his industry, acquirements, and sincere attachment, was, he told me, a daily delight to him. One of Niebuhr's strange peculiarities is his stammering, not over words but sentences; he will repeat the same sentence six or seven times in the most different ways. The reason is, that owing to his wide range of imagination and immense amount of information, language cannot keep pace with his thoughts. Bonn has again made a very favourable impression upon me; it possesses a great number of learned men, and society combines refinement of manner and cordiality, with a decidedly scientific tone. The town itself is cheerful, and the students have a fresh, free, youthful aspect, without any eccentricities of dress or manner." Perthes, accompanied by his son, went one day from Bonn to see some old friends of the family of Hasenclever, at Ehringhausen, a centre of the iron trade, in all its branches. "Here," he writes, "everything appeared to me as if it were already centuries old, and would endure for centuries to come—nothing is obsolete, yet nothing is new-fashioned. The three brothers who conduct this business,—founded by an ancestor in the seventeenth century,—are patriarchal men, shrewd, true-hearted, modest, kind, and resolute. This hilly country, with its numberless valleys and brooks, forms a world apart in which one feels singularly at home." At Elberfeld Perthes spent a few days, partly in old reminiscences, with Keetmann, partly in animated conversation with Rauschenbusch, Becher, and some others; but the place

itself did not please him. He writes of it thus:—"Elberfeld has made a disagreeable impression upon me,—the contrasts in this human market are too great: bloated merchants, and a ragged famished crew, with emaciated forms, and faces pale with inward unrest; and then, at night, its streets noisy with drunken, riotous men to a degree I have seldom witnessed. It is true that in every place the stranger is most struck with the extremes and excrescences, and doubtless, even in Elberfeld, there is no want of connecting links between such and the intellectual Rauschenbusch, the erudite Becher, and the refined circle in which I spent a very pleasant evening." In the beginning of November, Perthes returned to Gotha, and spent the winter in strenuous exertion.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PERTHES' THEOLOGICAL PRESS.—1822-1830.

When Perthes first established his new publishing office, it was chiefly with a view to issue historical works; but, even while in Hamburgh, he had already undertaken certain theological treatises, and his lively interest in the ecclesiastical and religious movements of his own time, as well as his personal acquaintance with many leading theologians, led him, according to his custom of linking his spiritual life with his outward calling, to become a theological publisher.

Perthes had known Neander from his early years, and had published his "Julian." In December 1822, he had written to him, "Your 'Julian' is but a fragment; will you not extend the fragment into a whole? I heartily wish that you would give us a connected history of Christianity under Constantine and Julian, this period appearing to my own mind ever more and more important the more I read respecting it." These words, as Neander often declared, gave the first impetus to his "Universal History of the Christian Religion and Church." As early as January 1823, he wrote to Perthes in reply: "Your challenge will not have been in vain. The whole period from Constantine to Julian is closely connected, and affords scope for many practically important reflections. The book on Julian, which I have not seen for years, and of

which I do not possess a copy, must be written over again, for which I hope I shall have time and strength." In the autumn of 1824, Neander visited Gotha, and stated that he had attempted to recast his "Julian," but had given it up, as he had now determined to write a detailed Church History. "God give Neander health and strength to finish the work," said Perthes to a friend; "perhaps there is not one who, at the present time, can do so much as he for Christianity. Neander, in his character of faithful historian, will most probably refute himself better than any one else could do, and prove the necessity of a visible Church."

In the summer of 1825, Perthes wrote to Rist:—"I have got the MS. of the first part in my hands. The introductory description of the Greek, Roman, and Jewish world at the time of the introduction of Christianity, is a powerful sketch, but I have already read something like it by Neander. In the separate histories that follow, however, he has surprised me by the simplicity of the narrative, the clearness of the critical reflections, and the warmth and tenderness of many of the personal delineations. I am very curious to see how the theological world will receive the book." Immediately upon reading the MS., Perthes wrote to Neander, and received the following answer:—"I thank you heartily for what you say about my book; the estimate of a man, whose judgment I so much rely upon, cheers and delights me, for I always go to work with fear and trembling, and the contrast between my performance and my ideal casts me down. The responsibility of such a work oppresses me at this critical fermenting epoch. I should rejoice if God enabled me to be intelligible to the unlearned, and yet to satisfy the demands of real learning, by

which, however, I do not understand the claims of that pretentious all-criticising formula-loving school, which magnifies itself here just now."

The first part of this celebrated work appeared in the autumn of 1825. Rist wrote of it to Perthes as follows :—"I have many objections to its form, the book being by no means well put together. He who would write the history of those times, should study Gibbon, not indeed because of the spirit he displays, but because of his noble and truly sublime arrangement. As to the contents of the first volume, however, they have thoroughly proved Neander's historical vocation. He possesses, in an uncommon degree, extensive learning, sound criticism, and what is more than all, a truly religious mind. This makes up for all defects, and delights by its contrast with the narrow formalism of the small ecclesiastical heroes of our days. It is an admirable and thoroughly Christian book, which prizes form less than spirit, and will be able to hold its ground against all the attacks of the Antichrists who care for nothing but form."—"Neander's work," wrote a friendly theologian to Perthes, "is a characteristic expression of our time, and it will originate a powerful reaction. It bears the stamp of all the principles which just now confront each other, and is itself a singular and important production, because these opposing principles are not only clearly reflected in Neander's mind, but limited by the living consciousness of personal Christianity, and thus evidently reconciled. Neander feels himself most at home, and dwells most lovingly on those characters and events in which the silent and secret influences of the Divine Spirit appear, and the tender but deeply-rooted growth of spiritual life is unfolded. He has a wonderful faculty

of discovering, in its very source, the sacred stream which, ever returning to its heavenly home, unites and fertilizes all that in the wide domain of spiritual life is susceptible of its influence."

Perthes had himself communicated to Neander his thoughts upon sundry details. "I shall always," replies the latter, "avail myself with pleasure of the remarks prompted by your great experience. The Bible, history, and self-knowledge lead a man much further than mere human dogmatism can, which is only too often accompanied by servility of mind, and produces, with all its succedaneums and outline-drawings of the divine, but little effect upon men." Later, he writes: "Your objections are very useful to me. You think that I might have treated more concisely what is but slightly connected with the wants and interests of the laity, as, for example, the merely speculative and dogmatical. Now I too wish, by God's grace, to make the work useful to as many as possible, but it is also important to represent Christianity in all its bearings as the leaven of human nature, and to trace the development of human nature through Christianity. Now much is involved in this which cannot interest all alike. I should wish to interest not only the individual Christian, but also the Christian theologian, philosopher, and working minister, and, though I acknowledge that I have fallen far below my own ideal, I should be sorry to give up the plan itself." Perthes continued till his death to be intimate with Neander, and often proved to him an adviser and helper. Nicolovius once wrote to Perthes: "When I consider the strange individualities at work here,—when I look at this wonderful man of God, with his inward dignity and outward helplessness, it often seems as if you and I were specially appointed to support him."

At this time, too, Perthes was actively occupied in preparation for publishing a selection from Luther's works. This had long been a wish of his. "We Protestants," he once wrote, "have no fathers of the Church. The theologians that succeeded Luther were men who either lost themselves in dry, literal, dogmatic definitions, or poured out their internal piety from heart to heart without reference to external forms. They were not fathers of a Church, and hence arose their disputes, and their persecuting spirit and their separation from existing Protestant communities. Those among them who did most stood alone, and worked upon other minds by means of the mysticism in which they found the root of their own life. Their holy influence has lasted indeed to our own day. And yet I should scruple to circulate now the writings of those pious mystics. They might indeed attract a few, but they would repel the majority, because even the God-seeking men of our century are modified by the views of their fathers and teachers, and shrink from thoughts and expressions which at one time served as a ladder, though not even then the only ladder to heaven, and which are by no means suited to all men and all times. It is otherwise with Luther and his writings. In him, too, there is much that belonged to his own times, but, as a whole, he belongs to all times—so great, so pure, so powerful, was his knowledge of eternal truth, that we may always find in him a guide to God. But who is acquainted with him now-a-days? Lutherans, Supernaturalists, and Rationalists, all employ in their controversies detached fragments of his; the whole world appeals to him in support of the most contrary doctrines. But, with the exception of learned theologians, what do even Lutherans know about Luther? His Catechism is in most

districts modified by Rationalists, and the force of his hymns diluted in our compilations. Few guess what he was, and what he effected. Were he better known, his mighty mind and heart-piercing words respecting sin and repentance, faith and the atonement, would smite like a flaming sword the dry and unbelieving mass of Rationalism; while others would hear with surprise how Luther insisted upon knowledge and reflection, and with all the energy of his healthy nature opposed a weak and sickly pietism. To try at the present time to bring Luther as a whole before his nation, were indeed a noble and blessed undertaking."

Holding these views, Perthes could not fail to be agreeably surprised, when, in 1824, Pastor Vent of Hademarschen informed him that he had prepared, and was resolved to publish a selection of Luther's works. "To bring Luther and his relation to Christianity again before the eyes of men, that," answered Perthes, "is the thing to be done, and in order to do it, we must not terrify people by the magnitude of the work. We must distinguish between Luther's purely religious, and his polemical and political writings. To publish such of the former as were directed against the Papacy, would be not only superfluous now, but even dangerous, and I should equally object to a new edition of his political works. Those who do not understand the period at which he lived, the tone then prevalent, the rudeness of speech proper to that century, would be sure to misunderstand him. I cannot say how many of his speculative works might still have a value for the public, but his sermons and expositions, his letters and conversations, his very hymns and prayers spring from the depths of his own great experience, and from his knowledge of Holy Scripture,

and, being fitted to awaken conviction of sin and faith in the Redeemer, must prove a blessing to our time as to every other."

"I think with you," replied Vent, "that our selection ought to aim only at causing the voice of the old Champion of Faith to be once more heard, so as to awaken and strengthen the faith of our contemporaries in revelation. Thus it will in fact only have to show how the pious and humble spirit of this great man sought for light in Revelation alone, and gladly let that light shine out in his dark day. Divine truth is the same now as it was then, and there are certain ways which, in all times alike, lead into all truth: these, which for long years were known to but few, Luther proclaimed to the world, for he heard and understood the Holy Spirit, being rendered teachable by his humility. Wherever then Luther gives that Holy Spirit utterance, he speaks to Christians of all ages, and knows how to draw the soul out of darkness into light. But when, on the contrary, he no longer stands on firm scriptural ground, he remains a true child of his own rude age, and is one-sided and passionate in the extreme. This is especially true as regards his polemics, in which he had often to contend with enemies of truth, who bore a name and used weapons that no longer exist. On this account, many of his polemical writings will form no part of our selection; but others of them may not be omitted, for enmity to the truth, spite of outward changes, remains ever essentially the same, and as often as Luther employed against it weapons not carnal, but chosen from God's armoury, he employed weapons which never rust, but are mighty for the truth now as then. And further, our age cannot afford entirely to dispense with polemics. That they are now

cast aside as useless and old-fashioned, arises not so much from Christian toleration as from indifference, which holds not only forms of religion, but religion itself to be a non-essential. Even Luther's political opinions I should be sorry to exclude absolutely as you propose. Certainly, the greater number would be unsuitable, but, here and there, we find detached passages, which contain pearls of eternal truth. But as you and I contemplate the undertaking from the same point of view, and have the same aim, we are sure to understand each other, and I shall gladly submit myself in details to your matured experience, and your knowledge of the literature and tendencies of our time."

During the progress of the work a few other differences of opinion arose between the editor and publisher. For example, Perthes once wished that less should be taken from Luther's Commentary on the Old Testament. To this Vent rejoined: "Christianity is bound up with the creation of man, his alienation from God, the compassion of the Father, who neither would cast us away, nor could retain us unconverted, but granted ever brightening rays of hope to pierce the darkness of sin; these constitute the first stages of man's spiritual education—the redemption by Jesus Christ the second. He who would learn to know and love Christ must read Moses." To which Perthes replied:—"Your conception of Christianity is the same as mine, and our selection taken from this point of view will bring a blessing with it." Another time Perthes wished to have more of the Wittenberg Theses given, whereas it appeared that Vent had been on the point of leaving them out altogether. Vent expressed himself thus:—"Luther's position appears far more clearly in his later writings, after his

views were consolidated into a bright and steady light. The theses are quite undecided, and resemble the dove which certainly flew out of Noah's Ark, but could find no *terra firma* on which to rest."

In the spring of 1825, matters were so far advanced that a selection from Luther's works, in ten small volumes, was announced. It excited universal attention, and in some quarters dissatisfaction. One friend wrote to Perthes: "My first feeling was one of displeasure at the incongruity of Luther in duodecimo! Is the age to be humoured thus? Will not the feeling of reverence for the great Reformer be lessened by the neat smooth modern look of the volumes? Will Luther in a lady's work-bag continue to guide Protestants like a beacon? Must all things be made common? It will be said in reply that in this way Luther will be read, which is the common justification also of selling Bibles below prime cost, but I cannot myself think that it is well to thrust all that is noblest and best down people's throats, even against their will. I know, however, that my remonstrance is vain, the times will have it so, and they always get their own way. The bookseller and the public fit in to each other, and form a sort of millwheel that cannot be stopped." A party amongst the Roman Catholics looked upon the republication of Luther as a hostile act, and prepared a selection of their own from his works, with the view of degrading the Reformation. When this work actually appeared in Mayence in 1827, Vent wrote as follows:—"This selection shews how dangerous Catholics consider ours. The titles given to the detached passages are malicious and unfair, and the passages themselves are torn from their context. However, we are ready to grant that Luther, in his earlier days, held many Popish opinions

which he afterwards abandoned. But are there not far greater contradictions to be found in the decisions of Popes and councils? or did Protestants ever assert Luther to be free from sin and error? We have never cited him as our Pope."

On the other hand, again, many Protestants considered it a defect that the selection should contain so few of Luther's violent attacks upon the Papacy. "I do not agree with you," writes a friend to Perthes, "in the matter of your Luther; do not, at all events, omit his admirable controversial writings against the 'Pope and the Monks.' They are the best things he ever wrote. In his dogmatic works, especially those on grace and faith, he is palpably embarrassed by his wish to steer clear alike of Popery and Calvinism." Another friend writes:— "Leave Luther his rights; do not weaken him; do not make a new mezzotinto engraving of an original wood-cut; you should shew the man as he was, when God made an instrument of him."

Perthes heard such criticisms as these during the weeks he spent in Berlin, in the spring of 1827. He wrote thence:— "Many imagine that we left out polemical personalities to conciliate the Catholics, and, consequently, warmly oppose our enterprise. Several of these zealots would have wished Luther's strong language respecting sin and the atonement, omitted or softened down, and replaced by every violent expression used against the Catholic Church." Paulus was one of the most bitter of these opponents. In the Sophronizon and the Darmstadt Church Gazette, he warned all against this Jesuitical enterprise, which would tend to mask Luther's warfare against darkness and superstition. Perthes remarked in answer:— "Paulus must consider me a very clever fellow, for it would,

indeed, be a first-rate feat of Jesuitical legerdemain to make people Catholics by the circulation of Luther's writings. Meanwhile, Paulus' caution will do harm, for nine-tenths of our pastors acknowledge him to be their lord and master." "Paulus," wrote a friend to Perthes, "is an honest fanatic, capable of fighting about a straw; but do not be angry with him because his fanaticism has chanced to come into collision with you; we cannot, at present, dispense with such rough comrades, unless we want rubbish to accumulate in the Protestant as formerly in the Catholic Church." "That Paulus should attack your selection," writes a third, "ought not to surprise you, for he is fighting in defence of his own laboriously acquired reputation; if our contemporaries take to reading the Bible with Luther's eyes instead of his, all the truths which appear to have bled to death long ago under the critic's knife, will regain their life and health, and the surgeon, who, like Paulus, can only wield a scalpel, will soon lose his fame."

The attacks made upon the work, as soon as it was announced, rendered its success a point of honour with Perthes. He availed himself, with incredible energy, of his widely extended connexions, in order to introduce it into different countries. Not only did he use his personal and professional influence, but he procured the names of all the most influential ministers in all directions, and through them, through Bible societies, and other agencies of the kind, sought to awaken the general interest and sympathy. Many of his intimate friends, among whom we may mention Krummacher, Hebel, and Stein, promised to further the undertaking. Some of the answers that he received respecting it, afford us an insight into ecclesi-

astical life at that time. "Should your publication," says one, writing from Bohemia, "be passed by the Vienna Censor, it will be bought by many who are not Protestants. On the contrary, you will find that, when it comes to parting with money for their faith, Protestants are very remiss. Till this very hour, they have never established an evangelical school at Prague, and this, not because of their poverty, but of their want of love and devotedness to the Protestant cause." A letter from Wirtemberg says, "You will not find much encouragement amongst us. Christian peasants and mechanics are accustomed to a different language from Luther's. Religious families amongst the educated very frequently possess older editions of his works, and in those of nominal Christians 'The Hours of Devotion' swarm, and so perfectly satisfy their requirements, that no other religious works are thought of; indeed, many fashionables prefer these 'Hours' to the Scriptures themselves." A pastor from the duchy of Weimar writes, "As for us poor spiritual doctors and apothecaries, our patients have got delirious, and declare us to be quite superfluous. It is therefore very desirable to put what may cure them into their pockets, in small print, if haply they may some time, having nothing better to do, make a trial of it. Dear good Perthes, my spirit is sad within me. I have been sowing for eight years in unfruitful soil, and now, in the ninth, I am just at the same point as when I began. People consider me a weak-minded enthusiast; pity or ridicule is all I get. The church is empty, and the school governed by the master, who is much praised by the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, on account of his enlightened system of education. There is not a single house in the whole town disposed to receive God's

word. In short, I am alone; quite alone, but one thing remains to me—cheerful trust in our God and his blessed Son, so I look upward, take comfort, and begin anew."

In December 1825, the first five volumes of the selection came out. Within the year a large edition was sold, and Perthes had the delight of not only circulating Luther's works widely, but also thus of triumphing over his numerous opponents.

A few years later he attempted another great undertaking. His mind had been long occupied with the plan of a religious periodical. He had once written to a friend—"Bretschneider's Journal is thoroughly rationalistic; the Darmstadt Church Gazette professes well, but its actual tendency—alas! In short, all so-called theological journals are deficient either in aim or in execution. A new religious periodical is not only desirable but necessary, and to call such a one into existence is a duty for whoever possesses the ability to do so. The undertaking would be no light one, however; we should indeed have plenty of fellow-labourers, but able editors would be essential, and where are we to find them? Then the financial prospect is very uncertain; for often enough news from the kingdom of God are mere waste paper to the world."

During the summer of 1825, Perthes made the acquaintance of Professor Umbreit of Heidelberg. When the latter paid him a visit in the autumn following, Perthes propounded his scheme to him, and Umbreit, who had often discussed similar ones with Ullmann, took it into consideration. In December 1825, after Umbreit's return to Heidelberg, Perthes wrote to him as follows:—"I have thought of you, on receiving from several districts of our fatherland tidings of increasing religious effort and feeling. We more than ever need a central point. Religion and

theology ought not to be separated, nor faith from knowledge. He who has the light of faith and the desire for holiness may, indeed, hold private communion with God; but if he does not wish to keep such light under a bushel, he must let it shine forth through the medium of clear thought and widely extended knowledge; and in a periodical destined to make known all that concerns the extension of God's kingdom in our own day, scientific theology must find place. The division into essays, reviews, and intelligence, naturally suggests itself. We must have no anonymous communications. He who has not courage to give his name for the glory of God may keep away. The words, 'He that is not for me is against me;' 'Have salt in yourselves;' and, 'Have peace one with another,' seem to me descriptive of what should be the character of the work." A little later Perthes wrote—"We are now beginning a common enterprise, by which we desire to further the cause of truth and God's glory. I say a common enterprise, because I will employ in it my time, my energies, and my substance, in order to procure for worthy men an opportunity of influencing the age. I do not expect any return; the difficulties with which such a periodical would have to contend being very great. We must be cautious in our arrangements, lest we stick fast in the middle."

Perthes corresponded also with several of his theological friends, as to the characteristics of the periodical. "The laity," he writes to Lücke, "should not be preached to in a periodical, but by their pastors; at least, our periodical is not intended to work directly upon them: but, by its thoroughly learned and scientific character, to awaken and strengthen religious convictions in many pastors who have been led away

by the pretensions of science and philosophy, falsely so called." To Ebel in Königsberg, he wrote: "We must attack with their own weapons, even the driest and most learned theologians, those who think that religion consists in learning, and religious feeling in understanding; and we must free them from the bondage of this said understanding." Another time Perthes writes: "Now to whom shall the periodical be open as a vehicle of their theological opinions? Here we must draw a limit, but not a narrow one. All who strive to overcome the pride and frivolity of their own hearts, and to obtain a clear insight into the mysteries of their own being, are really in search of a support to their own wills, and after rules whereby to regulate their character and conduct. But though all seek this, they seek it in different ways. Some believe that they can find sufficient support in their own souls, in those faculties which God from the beginning gave once for all to the human race. According to them, God completed the whole at the creation of the world, and each individual has now but to employ the faculties already given without further assistance from on high, being fully qualified to discover truth. Now to seekers of this kind, that is to say, Rationalists, we do not belong. Others, on the contrary, believe that, in spite of the one great creative act, they still walk in darkness, and are lost so long as they are left to themselves; their first and greatest desire is that God should renew them day by day, but, apart from revelation and redemption, they see no escape from sin, no light in the night's darkness. Now, it is impossible that these should blend with the former, yet both are seekers after truth, and it seems to me that both, whatever their differences of opinion, should, so long as they express those opinions ably,

find the new periodical open to them; but it must be closed alike against piety without talent and learning, and against talent and learning, unaccompanied by a recognition of the need of conflict with pride and sensuality."

The editors of the proposed periodical agreeing with these views of the publisher, Ullmann and Umbreit met Lücke and Nitsch at Rüdesheim, in order to make the necessary arrangements. They wrote as follows:—"The editors do not fear to profess the simple biblical Christianity which they believe to be the true word and salvation of God. Believing this, therefore, they are firmly convinced that the light and life of this word lay claim not less to our perceptive and reasoning faculties, than to our faith. As there can be no truly Christian theology without faith, so a theology that despises God's noble gifts of reason and science, must needs be a nonentity. In the Evangelical Church especially, the origin and strength of which are derived from free inquiry and living faith, the real success of theology must ever flow from the union of faith and knowledge."

After many laborious preparatory measures, the first number of the "Theological Studies and Reviews" made its appearance. Almost all the leading theologians of Germany were contributors to this periodical, which soon exercised a wide-spread influence. Perthes did not, of course, pretend to control the arrangement of details, but he watched its progress with unvarying interest, and freely imparted to the editors whatever objections he conceived. Sometimes he considered that purely scientific inquiries were made too prominent in it, as if it were written not only by professors of theology, but exclusively for such, instead of being adapted for pastors in general.

At another time, Perthes expressed a fear lest the "Studies and Reviews" should, owing to their purely scientific character, leave Christian faith and practice too much out of sight. He wrote: "If any contribution possess genuine learning, whether exegetical, philological, dogmatical, or ecclesiastical, it must be received. It is also quite right that Paulus, Wegscheider, and Bretschneider should be allowed to insert their scientific researches; but it were a grievous pity that Hengstenberg, Rudelbach, Thöluck, and Schmieder, should feel reluctant to do the same." A leading theologian, to whom Perthes had communicated an objection of the sort, answered:—"You know that I cannot enter into the spirit of many of the treatises, but I am still firmly convinced that, in the present position of the Church, a combination of different views, excluding only the extreme, is useful and desirable. I differ from Hengstenberg as much as from Schleiermacher or Ullmann; why then should I not support this periodical, which demands no uniformity of opinion, rather than those narrow and monotonous evangelical ones which would deprive me of all freedom?" In another letter we find Perthes saying, —"It might be necessary, however, to have contributions which more decidedly express faith in revealed religion, than the late numbers do. Although the work be not as a whole intended for a devotional one, there need be no want of spiritual thoughts, combining the deep things of our holy religion with a simple pious spirit. I think, too, that the firm religious ground, on which our editors take their stand, ought to be more frequently and fully apparent, and that the theologians whose learning is all of this world, should clearly perceive that, though their researches are willingly admitted, they

themselves are looked upon not as colleagues, but as opponents." Perthes continued until his death to labour with heart and soul in the cause of this undertaking, which gave him indeed much anxiety and trouble; but he enjoyed the satisfaction of success, as well as of being brought into friendly relations and frequent correspondence with such men as Lücke, Ullmann, and Umbreit. When he died, the editors wrote: —"Perthes was more than the publisher of our periodical; he was the counsellor and fellow-labourer of his sincere friends the editors."

Lively as was the interest taken by Perthes in the devotional, historical, and dogmatical aspects of German theology, the philosophical element which was ever more and more largely introduced into it, continued to be for him a *terra incognita*. He lacked the previous education, and, perhaps, the mental organization necessary to understand it. Indeed, philosophy itself had but little charm for him, nor was he without his scruples, when Ranke informed him in 1825, that Heinrich Ritter was going to bring out a History of Philosophy, and wished him to publish it. "The Germans," Perthes replied, "have had an over-dose of philosophy, and are satiated for a season, though, perhaps, not a long one; for the German mind will never be able to renounce the inquiry into the ultimate causes of things in general. In a commercial point of view, therefore, the publication of philosophical works is not attractive at present. On the other hand, your proposition relates to a history of philosophy, and the taste of the day is in favour of history. We possess no such work, and now that to the efforts of our great philosophers an interval of repose has succeeded, it may be the very time to take a retrospect of the labours of

the human race. Our deepest spirits begin to surmise that there is not much to be expected from human strength, and that, if we are to discover truth, wisdom must be given from above." Minor arrangements being rapidly made, the first part of this comprehensive work appeared in 1829. Though Perthes did not take in it that lively interest which he took in many other of his publications, he was glad that it brought him into close and lasting friendly relations with a man whom he loved and respected to his life's end, and proud to have been the publisher of a work of which Schleiermacher could write thus: —"In Ritter's History of Philosophy you have again given us a work of which you may well be proud. I wish Ritter strength and courage to complete it."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CORRESPONDENCE ON THE RELATIONS OF LIFE.

Of the numberless letters written and received by Perthes, the majority related to business, many to politics, and many to ecclesiastical affairs: but he also received communications from men of the most varied character, who asked his advice, his aid, or his sympathy, in circumstances the most miscellaneous, sometimes the most singular.

One man, whom he had never seen, consulted him on the choice of a wife. For six years this person had daily resolved upon matrimony; but the fear of embittering his whole future life, by a mistaken choice, ever restrained him: he was now thirty years of age, and felt certain that, left to himself, he would remain undecided to the end of his days. "Choose for me a bride," he wrote to Perthes, "and, at a word from you, I shall set out, marry her, and, as long as I live, revere you as the author of my happiness." To this "strange but honest fellow," as Perthes called him in a letter to Besser, the following answer was made: "Marry you must; for yours is a case in which science and business would not be adequate safeguards against onesidedness. I am not one of those who liken the choice of a wife to a man fumbling in a basket of snakes for the single eel which is among them: I am rather inclined to think

that marriages are made in heaven, not, however, without the co-operation of men. A frank boldness is required. Youthful fancy is often most successful, catching at once the right object, or being caught; but whoever, like you, racks his brains, and scrutinizes every possibility, finds of course on all sides dangerous rocks. You should remember that the absence of positive badness is itself a great point in creatures such as we are, and that too much positive goodness is not to be expected. Look out, then, among the daughters of your own land; and, if that avail nothing, make a tour in the wide world. A man, thirty years of age, should do nothing by halves, and if he go to work with sound sense and an earnest purpose, God will be his helper."

To another young man: "Beware of disclosing too freely your religious convictions to the lady you name. Except in marriage, a thorough understanding cannot exist between a man and a woman: out of it they are enigmas to each other."

Again: "Instruction and training have comparatively little influence on the position of women. A naturally intelligent woman shines everywhere, even with little acquired knowledge and refinement: on the other hand, if she be nothing in herself, then, spite of all instruction and polish, she appears awkward and common. A man, however, counts for something, if he have but the superficial acquirements and polish obtained by intercourse with the world, or if, though stupid and awkward, he have learning."

To a young man, whose age may be guessed at from twenty to thirty: "In early youth every girl is charming, and the object of desire; in the later years of manhood, again, one sees in both girl and woman, above all things, our common hu-

manity; we rejoice over the good, and put up with the bad; but at your time of life, a man is neither quite blind nor yet perfectly open-eyed, and consequently his judgments are at fault."

After congratulating Henry Ritter on his marriage, Perthes continues: "Marriage is God's chief gift. The bachelor may, indeed, accomplish great things in the outer world, but he cannot penetrate into the inner life of men and things. The community of earthly joys and sorrows in marriage discloses to us the heaven of our origin and destiny. In the course of a long married life, I have had much suffering and sorrow, much care and anxiety: but, unmarried, I had not been able to live."

On another occasion: "As, since the introduction of Christianity, woman, from being a mere instrument in the propagation of the species, and a beast of burden to man, has acquired an independent position, and a distinct recognised value of her own, so likewise man has made a step in advance. He has begun to form ideals. First of all he idealized woman, and his relation to her; but this resulted in a disposition to idealize everything—a disposition of which the Greeks and Romans, and the whole ancient world knew nothing, but which has exercised an incalculable influence on modern history. Christianity makes large and heavy claims in regard to the relation between man and woman, such, indeed, as were never dreamt of before: every man has now a secret history of his own in regard to these claims; and that history varies according as, in his struggle to satisfy them, he has simply persevered, actually conquered, or fairly succumbed. No third party can be a witness of this struggle; yet on its issue, the man's

whole life, as noble or base, useful or baneful, essentially depends."

Having congratulated Rist, whose children were as yet all young, and at home, on his domestic happiness, Perthes continues: "This, too, is but for a time, and it will be far otherwise when your children begin to entertain thoughts, wishes, hopes, and views of their own,—when, one after another, they leave the nursery and the house on their several ways. The tenderest strings of your parental heart will then be broken. I have experienced it myself, and I may freely say so, as my own children have given me cause only for joy; still they go their own way and must do so."

To a dear friend who sought consolation for himself and his wife from Perthes, on occasion of their son's death: "To lose a child! What that means no man can know but by experience. From earliest childhood we indeed see that the ties of affection are broken asunder: but what comfort does that bring to the sorrowing father and mother! Cling to one another in your grief; let neither conceal it from the other; do not try to calm one another down, but rather let your sorrow flow out into a common stream; it will then be changed into a quiet happiness, and will unite you more intimately than mere prosperity ever could have done. Cling to one another, I say; community of love changes the profoundest grief into a blessing from God." On receiving a letter of thanks, in which the same party acknowledges Perthes to have proved the best comforter among all his friends, and adds, that henceforth the period of unbroken domestic happiness lies behind him, like an ancient world, Perthes writes again: "It is even so. From the moment of a child's death, the parent's eye is dulled, and

the beauty of life gone. Every little accident, a cough, a change in the tone of voice, excites cruel anxiety. All know, that a family seldom remains unbroken, but no one applies the observation to himself, till a loved one is taken away, and then he believes it indeed; for deep down in his breast sorrow gnaws on. The parent submits to the stroke, but cannot get above it. Gone! gone! yes, that is it! To be no longer able humanly to love this particular child, no more to receive from it a caress; that is the eternal pang! Then, to be obliged to leave a child's corpse—which is always heavenly—for the world outside, is horrible! Everything appears so little and trifling, compared with the great experience just made. You were right not to keep away your other children from the deathbed and the coffin. To talk children into sadness is vain; but we may not too anxiously keep them from the view of realities: they should early learn to look the lot of man in the face, and they can bear it. A mother, by the sickbed of her child, teaches us the full power which lies in human nature: the husband is appalled at his own comparative backwardness. Time, also, has less power over woman's grief than over man's. Faithfulness is the noblest thing in human nature; and it is the peculiar property of woman."

To an aged man who had lost a son twenty-two years of age: "The younger the child, the closer the bond, as its very flesh and blood seem still to be ours: the older, the more does it differ from us; it becomes even, in a sense, estranged by the possession of a will and of feelings independent of ours. The loss of a son in the bloom of youth brings with it both a peculiar sorrow and a peculiar consolation; for the purity of youth is nearly allied to the ideal. The

youth's expectation of accomplishing great things is sure to be disappointed in after years ; but your son has carried with him all his hopes with their bloom untouched. Twenty-two years, as you write, is a fine age to die at, better than forty-two or fifty-two ; yet for me at least the battle of life was necessary ; and I am still attached to life chiefly by the hope of gaining a complete victory within."

A friend, residing at a great distance, wrote to Perthes complaining that, in ripe age, he was humiliated by onsets of passion, such as he had never experienced before, and could not resist. Perthes thus endeavoured to allay the storm :— " He who is assailed by passion, as you are, is not old, no matter how many years he can count. It *is* exceedingly humiliating to find one's-self overcome by the animal powers ; but, when these fail, it is not the man who has left sin, but sin which has left the man ; and he will find it not easier, but more difficult, to rise up to God. In this world war is life, peace death ; and we must battle on to the end to gain the crown."

Often as Perthes bestowed a glance on the inward and outward condition of others, his own development was still ever with him the chief subject of examination, nay, of wonder, and even anxiety ; and he frequently unbosomed himself to his friends. Thus to Rist :—" Few men have enjoyed all along such opportunities of intercourse with children as myself ; and, through observation of them, many things in my own development are only now becoming clear to me. The child, as soon as it can use its senses, feels itself to be only a fragment of nature ; it sees and hears things which are new, but, because the child is itself, as yet, merely a bit of nature, it wonders at nothing. For a few years it lives only with what is close at

hand. The clear-running stream is dearer to it than the heaving ocean; the flower more charming than the forest; the hillock on which it tumbles about is more to it than the mountain; the child finds everything in harmony with itself. When, however, thought awakes, when the child comes into contradiction with its own will, and enters on a struggle, of which the object and the issue are alike unknown, then does the boy begin to feel himself severed from nature, and the youth to long for something which shall correspond to him, to his heart and mind. Alternately deceived and undeceived, the man must then work through the years of life-apprenticeship. Throughout the whole season of youth, man communicates, by fancy and love, through nature and the creature, with God. Youth is poesy, but advanced life has quite a different character. To love mankind in old age, and to remain stedfast in love even to death, is exceedingly difficult. Things are in the end reversed: youth rises through man to God—age descends through God to man. A youthful warmth of feeling can be preserved in old age only by faith and humility; and, whereas there is hardly anything more repulsive than old age without warmth, love, on the other hand, or even kindliness, gives peace and assurance to the conscience, notwithstanding the profoundest conviction of sin."

Genial old age was illustrated by Perthes himself in an eminent degree. He greatly enjoyed the renewal of old acquaintanceships, even when these had been of the most casual description; and his method of procedure appears in the following letter:—"One cannot be long with a stranger, in a Diligence for example, without noticing his peculiarities, his strong and weak points, his taste for this or that beauty in

nature, his perception of this or the other relation among men. One proceeds accordingly; and, if the stranger be equally complaisant, there arises an agreeable relation, capable of producing all manner of fruit. I have frequently contracted such travelling marriages, as I may call them, and, during the last few hours of our common journey, I have always been saddened by the thought that a kindly relation of man to man was about to be broken up. I have ever afterwards heartily welcomed a fellow-traveller of the sort, even when his face looked quite different in the house from what it did in the carriage. Men differ in understanding, but love brings them together." In another letter:—"I have shewn much kindness to some men, for which I have received no thanks; and that pains me: but I have received much more kindness from others, and I often search in vain for lively gratitude in my heart, which pains me still more."

Perthes' native kindliness did not prevent the decided expression of his views. He was not easily, and never long, irritated by the opposition of others, provided he thought it sincere; but against insolence, falsehood, indifference, and baseness, he blazed up instantly and violently, even in cases where he was under no obligation to speak. His views were these:—"I would have nothing to do with the man who cannot be moved with indignation. There are more good people than bad in the world, and the bad get the upper hand merely because they are bolder. We cannot help being pleased with a man who uses his powers with decision; and we often take his side for no other reason than because he does so use them. No doubt, I have often repented speaking; but not less often I have repented keeping silence."

In administering reproof, Perthes generally hit the nail on the head. To an inflated personage he once wrote: "You may see by Jacobi that, if scholars have often an insufferable temper, a petty character, and selfish dispositions, scholarship, at least, is not to blame." Again: "You insist on respect for learned men: I say Amen. But, at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned." To a young man: "You know only too well what you *can* do; but, till you have learned what you *cannot* do, you will neither accomplish anything of moment, nor know inward peace." To a man who, in order to escape the annoyances of public life, confined all his intercourse to his wife and children, and boasted of his seclusion, Perthes wrote: "Beware! The fear of unpleasant collisions outside the house, and not the joys of the domestic circle itself, may account for your boasted seclusion. The domestic life does not mean seclusion from others, but discipline of one's-self; it is not negative, but positive, and he only can enjoy domestic life who has borne, and still bears, the burden of public life."

Not only in letters of reproof, but in many others also, does that bold freshness come out which characterized Perthes' youth. A friend had written him that whoever lives to eighty years of age may be sure of outliving his reputation, alleging that all the octogenarians, from Blücher to Wieland and Goethe, had done so. Perthes answered: "Certainly, the age beyond fifty brings with it peculiar dangers, among which, however, I do not reckon this, that of late years I have had a son and two

daughters baptized. No doubt, I can look back on much sorrow, care, and trial; but I am still of opinion that a sterling man is not complete till old age. In my own case, I cannot complain of too much age, but rather of too much youth, which torments me with unrest, and with whatever else you please. In presence of so many old young people, I often fear lest there be in me something of the wandering Jew!"

Perthes' later years exhibited the same struggle between energetic activity and a longing for repose, which pervaded his earlier life. Once he wrote,—"I still take an interest in a thousand things, yet only by fits and starts; for, after all, in order to be cheerful and content, I require, besides my family relationships, only a quiet room with a few books, a mountain and a wood, a couple of intelligent men, solitude when I want it, and freedom from bores. This is little, and yet much." Again: "I cannot learn to be at rest; and I often fear lest, by way of a refining fire, blindness or lameness be reserved for my latter days; which the good God in his mercy forbid!" Later still: "Besser's death has increased the number of those who attract me to the other world. Manifold indeed is the attraction: my Caroline and Besser stand beside each other; then the old Schwarzburg lieutenant-colonel, who was the father-like guide of my youth, and my first love, Frederika; then Claudius and Jacobi; then my children who died young; and, which is strange, the attraction to my father, whom I never saw. Whether the inborn impulse towards energetic activity, or the no less profound capacity for repose in love and contemplation, or whether both shall fill up our eternity, who can tell?" About the same time: "Life seems to me monstrously long; what a terrible sameness in

the midst of variety. To-day, as fifty years ago, I see sparrows and dogs, sheep and goats; they are always different, yet to me they seem always the same. Viewed from a distance, it does not seem difficult to die: yet they only who have experienced death can tell what it is; and they who have experienced it are silent to us."

## CHAPTER XIV.

CATHOLICISM AND THE PROTESTANT CHURCH-PARTIES—1822-1830.

By the publication of Count F. L. Stolberg's "History of the Religion of Jesus," Perthes was brought anew into contact with many pious and earnest Catholics. In 1824, Windischmann declared to Perthes at Bonn, that there was much in the development of the Catholic Church which Stolberg could not understand, and that he had not been able to divest himself entirely of his hereditary Protestantism. Hermes, leader of the then dominant philosophico-catholic school, looking at things from a different point of view, wrote thus to Perthes: "From all I know of the condition, religious and scientific, of the clergy here, I am led to think that a work such as Stolberg's, deficient in science, though excellent in point of religion, is not the one best calculated to give that impulse to the clergy which is required. There is no lack among them of zeal, but great lack of science; and Stolberg's work does nothing but fan the former."

In writing to the Countess S. Stolberg, Perthes expressed his own views of the work in question, to the effect that it was well calculated, by its fervour and earnestness, to revive many Catholics who were quite estranged from Christianity, as also to mitigate and correct the harsh judgments of Protestants on

the externality of Catholicism. And more fully in a letter to Olshausen :—" Whatever errors and faults may have crept into Stolberg's work through zeal for the Catholic Church, through imperfect acquaintance with theology, through the seductions of fancy and a poetical temperament, it still remains a genuinely Christian production. The revelation of God is made the centre of the world's history, and, from beginning to end, our Lord is so set forth that all who do not willingly shut their eyes, must recognise him to be what he really is. The connexion between the Old and New Testaments is nobly exhibited; and the whole bespeaks a man penetrated with the spirit of truth and love. Catholic bigotry, of course, calls the book a Protestant one, because a Catholic, on whom it tells, cannot remain at that point where bigotry would fain arrest him. A convulsive excitement must ere long arise within the Catholic Church. Its artistic framework is inviolable, they say ; but no veto can hinder that inner life, which is now working in many of its members, from one day bursting the framework to pieces."

About this time Perthes received many suggestive communications from his old Catholic friends; from F. Schlegel, the following:—"Failing a personal interview, let us shake hands, as Christians and friends, over the small stream that separates us. Who knows how soon the flowers of the world's new springtime, and the palm-trees of eternal peace in heaven, may grow over and hide that too; for in very deed I cannot feel myself really separated from a man like you : God forbid !—I am now occupied with the collection of my works. It is an undertaking full of moment to Germany, if it be understood, and, whether understood or not, full of moment to me, because it is

the outcome of my whole life and knowledge, and, for that very reason, the entrance also into a higher state of being, where eternal truth will be taught, or rather proclaimed anew. When these eighteen or twenty volumes are completed, I shall be at liberty to begin a new life; and I mean to devote all that remains of my earthly span to researches in Christianity or theology, if this be the better name—scientific indeed, yet plain and luminous to all who bring with them a Christian spirit."

The following delightfully naïve letter from the librarian of the Augustine monastery, near Linz, gives us a peep into the quiet life of a recluse, which forms a strong contrast to the agitated career of F. Schlegel:—"Like many of our elder brethren, I am a great friend of the Greek and Roman authors, especially of the former. Perhaps I value them too highly; but they have been my benefactors, and I owe them much. I confess, that, after the New Testament, I know no sort of book capable of imparting more strength and encouragement than one of the Greek authors; and encouragement *we* greatly need, not only because of the general assault on monasteries, but because the strangers who visit us vainly try to conceal, under external politeness, their real opinion that we are the ghosts of an obsolete world, and obstacles in the way of human progress. I also confess to the weakness of librarians in general, that, namely, of accepting with pleasure presents of books. This weakness is especially pardonable in me, who have been librarian to the monastery now five-and-twenty years, and am well acquainted with the history of literature, but want the money to buy what I would; for all that Protestant writers, and some even of our own co-religionists have imagined of monastic wealth, is but the silly idle talk of, for the most part, young

people. It may have been otherwise with our predecessors; for they have certainly left us a fine house, and a fine collection of books, pictures, and coins. But we of the present day must be content, if we can only *parta tueri* (keep what we've got.) And now, after this long introduction, a prayer. If you are personally acquainted with Gurlitt, Director of the Johanneum (a Gymnasium) in Hamburgh, please remember me respectfully to him. Some years ago he spent a couple of days with us, and promised to send us his writings for our library; but he has not yet done so. I must beg you, however, not to take this matter too seriously. Gurlitt is now advanced in life, and, like many other aged scholars, may be somewhat irritable. Then again, his religious and ecclesiastical views are in glaring opposition to mine, and his later writings might bring me into trouble, or indeed might never reach us, owing to the strictness of the Austrian censorship, which, however, is not, after all, in my opinion injurious either to the people or to true learning. I should like Greek authors best of all; if Gurlitt, for instance, in a fit of good humour, should only be pleased to give certain Hamburgh editions, say the Dion Cassius of Reimarus, and Wolf's Female Poets, a place in our library, as a memorial of his visit, that would be ample; but he will probably let it alone."

In these years Rationalism gave itself out for true Protestantism, and regarded all opposition as an attack on the principles of the Reformation; when, therefore, opposition came from Protestants, which it often did, because orthodox Protestants saw that infidelity, not Catholicism, was the danger most to be dreaded, the Rationalists declared that Catholicism was gaining ground even among Protestants, and assailed the Ca-

tholic doctrines with all the more bitterness on that account. On this subject Perthes wrote in 1822: "It is not honest to attack Catholicism, as is now done, when in fact Christianity is meant. Now, as formerly, under pretext of uncovering the nakedness of Popery, one book after another of Scripture is brought under suspicion, humility declared to be a base and cowardly disposition, sin and redemption to be mere scare-crows of clerical invention." Again: "There are two sorts of men on whom I would not waste a single word. First, those to whom good and evil are all one, who take God for a mere good-natured being, and content themselves with the visible, making no account of others who cannot be so easily contented; secondly, those who, in their own estimation, have no sins to be forgiven, and care not a straw for the poor devil who is tormented by anxiety for his salvation. If men of this stamp denounce me as a Catholic, I accept the name, since what they call Catholic is Christian."

Some of Perthes' Protestant correspondents administered strong antidotes to his sympathy with Catholicism. Thus Neander: "I had only one interview with N. N. at Vienna, and he left on me, as on you, the impression of a really earnest man; yet I must say that he is involved in a sophistical self-deception. This modern, inflated, pretentious, yet contemptible Catholicism, which makes the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ a kingdom of this world, and can very well put up with our Hegelian Christianity here, I hold in special abomination. It is better adapted to Lamaism than to the Gospel. God keep us from these apostates, and their confederates, who can make a covenant with the philosophy of the age."

When, on the accession of Charles X. in 1824, the ultra-

montane party got the upper hand in France, the public feeling of that country turned with deep resentment against the Jesuits as the real masters of the king and the Villèle ministry. That feeling spread also throughout Germany, and the suspicion that the Catholic priests and their satellites aimed at a monopoly of education and political influence, prevailed almost as extensively among Catholics as Protestants. In November 1824 a friend thus wrote to Perthes:—"With incredible energy the Jesuits are everywhere raising their heads, and increasing their numbers. The next attack, it is supposed, will be made on the Bible Societies; and it is quite possible that, in a few years, they, like the freemasons' lodges, will be banished from the Continent to England. Do you not believe in the Jesuits yet? The late cawing of the old crow in Heidelberg is ominous enough, and betokens foul weather. The holy fathers are clearing the ground; and it is doubtful whether they will content themselves this time, as before, with a slow ascent, or will not rather, to avenge their headlong fall, shoot up, like rockets, to the summit of power." Here is Perthes' answer:—"You must know a great deal more about the Jesuits than I do, and I beg you to give me some details regarding their machinery; for, when I consider the present state of society, I can neither understand how they are to advance, nor, consequently, why they should be dreaded. Do they insist on a stricter discipline among Catholics, on a more rigid adherence to church forms? do they aim at subjecting the State to the Church, and the bishops to Rome? or do they want to unite Church and State for the suppression of political liberty? If they insist on all this, how can they possibly bring it about, things being as they are? Least of all can I see any danger

to Protestants. Or is proselytism the bugbear that frightens you? That truly would be a mountain bringing forth a mouse!" Perthes received in answer:—"What do the Jesuits want? First and before all, they want to rule over the minds and property of men. That is little, and yet everything. Their great strength lies, not in gaining this or that particular advantage, but in sailing with every wind. Enemies to freedom of thought, speech, and action, they influence courts through the most varied mediums, filling princes with distrust and fear, now driving them to measures of violent compression, now putting into their mouths soft words and fair speeches, and always with infinite tact turning to profit the business of the hour. It is not their spiritual but their temporal power that I dread. I do not, indeed, envy them their spiritual virtues, but I envy them this, that they hold together and work as one man." In January 1826, Niebuhr wrote to Perthes:—"You say you stand to Catholicism as east to north. This was only right during the low estate of Catholicism, when diversity of views was alone in question. Now, however, everything bad has been revived, the whole priestly system, with its gigantic schemes of conquest and subjugation; nor can it be doubted that religious wars themselves are contemplated and in preparation. We must therefore take good care not to become the tools of these people. I bless God that Stolberg was taken away in time, for he would have yielded to their craft. Whoever lives in a Catholic district of Germany, as I do, must observe that scholars and laymen generally are exactly like ourselves, but that a curse of stupidity or baseness, or of both, rests on the clergy, and that the converters and champions of the Church-militant are the devil's own."

Perthes himself was well aware that, about 1825, the relation of Catholics to Protestants underwent a change which imposed a more decided attitude on both. In 1829 he thus wrote to Windischmann in Bonn:—"Although the last four years have not been fruitful in events, they have yet paved the way for changes not less important perhaps than those of the 16th century. Whilst the Catholic Church has become more Romish and prelatical, the Protestant clergy stand drawn up in battle array. The fate of Stolberg's mild and conciliating History of Religion is to me a sign of the times. Pious Protestants, who welcomed it once, condemn it now; and whereas it was at first little heeded by Catholics, and then from the year 1814 zealously circulated even by the most rigid among them, they now regard it with suspicion: the vicar-general in Vienna has opposed its circulation, and pious priests tell me that they dare not publicly recommend it. The time is gone when devout Catholics and Protestants could feel themselves to be one in faith."

That Perthes entertained no hostile feeling to the Catholics appears from the following, addressed to Klinkowström in Vienna in 1829:—"We lived together when we were very young, and saw but dimly into the lot of man, although events were then throwing a broad light upon it. We next met in Vienna in 1816. I well remember the controversy that blazed up between us, as we returned from the dinner-table and wines of Herr von Gentz: we were both uproarious; but let that pass. Neither of us can now be far from that eternal kingdom, where we shall distinguish better between substance and form, in which latter alone, I am sure, we differ now. Adam Müller is gone. I never mistook him; but was always per-

suaded that he earnestly contended for what he supposed to be truth. He was an acute thinker, had a lively fancy, genius, and extensive learning. His grand error, as an author, seems to me to have been that he etherealized positive ascertained truth into poetry, and petrified the creations of his own fancy into a scholastic theory. His works will live in our literature."

Though always admiring the gigantic organization of the Roman Catholic Church, Perthes never admitted its claims to truth, unity, and perpetuity. He thus expresses himself:— "The numerous religious practices common to the Catholic Church everywhere give it a great appearance of unity; but wherever a real life, quite other than that of everyday custom, prevails among its members, there they differ from each other not less than Protestants. Hitherto the Catholic Church has been oppressed in the north of Europe; in the extreme south, on the other hand, though mistress, she has fallen behind intellectually; and, accordingly, the masses there are on the highway to apostasy not only from Catholicism but from Christianity. In Austria and Bavaria again, the newly awakened spiritual life found vent in the extravagances of mysticism. In all Europe the controversy about the headship of the Church rages not less violently among Catholics, than that about the Church itself among Protestants: and throughout Germany the number of Catholics is increasing who regard the Reformation as a necessary evil; and they allow among themselves that, but for the Reformation, all Europe would have been sunk in the darkness and apathy of Italy and Spain." Again: "If the Catholic Church continue to deny that Luther was justified in his opposition—yea, bound to it; to question whether Protestants have all that is essential to the inner Christian

life, and to hold by statutes of popes, bishops, and councils, enacted first to secure the Church against her enemies, and then to extend her secular power, she will lose more and more the inner sense of Christianity, undermine her very foundations, and precipitate her own downfall. If she abandon these statutes, she will forthwith become something very different from the *Roman* Catholic Church, which she now is."

Perthes did not consider that Protestantism had originated, or would ever originate a universal Christian Church. He writes:—"To organize a Church is not the mission of Protestants, but to preserve and strengthen the inner Christian life. Luther certainly founded no Church, and whether he was also unwilling to do so, I dare not say. He stood forth in the full consciousness of a mission to rescue the inward life of faith from the dead forms, abuses, and abominations under which it was smothered. On being opposed, he proceeded to set aside the Pope as the fountainhead of these evils; but he never particularized what forms and ceremonies of the old Church should be retained, nor did he endeavour to determine what church-forms were best adapted to express the inner life of faith. All our ecclesiastical organizations are but accidental, the work of the civil magistrate. If, then, Luther himself did not venture to found a Church, how can people say or believe that, by sticking to the Lutheran Church, the Protestants of to-day can solve a problem which the Reformation itself left untouched?"

The want of ecclesiastical unity was painfully felt by the Protestants, and, from the year 1817, movements were made with the view of uniting the Lutheran and Reformed Churches into one, to be called the Evangelical. Many welcomed the prospect of union in the hope that the strict meaning of the

symbolical books would thus be relaxed; and one of these wrote to Perthes as follows:—"What Scripture itself cannot do, man should not attempt by means of binding confessions. I have, indeed, met with many who declared their belief in the Divine inspiration of Scripture, but never with one who did really believe in it; for the most rigid believer in the letter does not hesitate to place some, at least, of his preconceived notions above Scripture, inasmuch as he tortures the text till he forces it to utter the church views in which he has been educated. If even the believer in the letter proceed thus, it is evident that each man must just retain his traditional convictions, or rely on his own reason and understanding, or, failing these, on some teacher. Humanly devised confessions of faith can never bind those who do not feel themselves bound already by Scripture: they may, however, draw such men into contradiction with their own consciences." Another correspondent writes:—"God has indeed vouchsafed to mortals a revelation, but it is expressed in human language. There is no prophet from God to expound it, and tradition has handed down no unanimous and reliable interpretation; but assemblies of bishops and abbots have arbitrarily settled those things about which the most ancient churches were at variance. Such decisions we Protestants regard merely as commandments of men; and we should be inconsistent, did we ascribe any higher authority to the Augsburg Confession. Luther felt this, and all true ministers of the word must feel the same. They must tell their hearers to search the Scriptures for themselves: that is the true ground of Protestantism, and on no other can preachers remain honest men." A third as follows:—"Greater certainty than God has been pleased to give us we cannot attain. We

deceive ourselves when, with a view to greater certainty, we set up a confession of faith, even as the Hebrews set up a golden calf in the wilderness." Another still:—"By means of symbolical books, a system is built up, not without a hole in the bottom certainly, but such that, by assiduous pumping, it can be kept above water as if there were no hole in it. This game, however, is now at an end. Neither Church nor State dares to maintain what cannot be maintained; peace is recommended to all parties; none of them is wrong; a plaster here and a plaster there; anything, in short, but the scandal of repeal. Theologians are admitted as clergymen, although they subscribe the symbolical books with a reservation, and thousands who have subscribed impugn their contents. As soon, however, as the majority declare that they no longer believe in these books, they cease practically to exist; for their importance is derived not from the sanction of those in authority, but from the faith of the multitude. New confessions of faith would be of no avail, for no one is competent to draw them up, and two persons could not be found to agree in the attempt. What we want is new oaths of office for clergymen and teachers, that their consciences may be no longer burdened by a professed adherence to formularies really defunct."

Just because the union movement seemed to imperil the authority of the symbolical books, many earnest men clung to these more passionately than ever. Thus a theologian writing to Perthes, says:—"Could I believe that indifference to confessions of faith belongs to the essence of Protestantism, I would instantly go over to the Catholic Church, and put up with its untruth as best I might." Accordingly, whereas, for twenty or thirty years, the subscription of the symbolical books had

been required and gone through as an empty form, it began now to receive a new significance, particularly in some districts; and many young men were tormented by scruples how far they could conscientiously do so. To one of these Perthes wrote:— "Sad and cruel is the discord between the pulpit and the professorial chair. Hundreds of young men leave the university as full of doubts as you are; but most of them subscribe the symbolical books, enter unhesitatingly on the pastoral office, and then stand up perjured hypocrites before God and man. If science take upon herself to teach young men quite different doctrine from what the Church afterwards requires them to preach, the teachers of science are bound to heal the internal schism which rends their pupils' hearts, such of them at least as take orders, unless, indeed, they are content to have the blood of perjured souls lying at their door. Go then to these teachers: ask them, and understand their answer if you can." Again: "Christianity is not bound to any formula of words regarding the nature of Christ; to this, as to other questions, men will stand differently affected; but the Christian life is not possible without communion, nor communion without a confession of faith. That the Protestant one is not adequate I am well aware; but, till another is prepared, we must hold by it, unless we would become Catholics or Deists."

When, in 1824, the King of Prussia introduced a new Directory for Public Worship into the Evangelical Churches connected with the State, the agitation took another turn. From all the congregations, whether originally Lutheran or Reformed, opposition arose to the Directory, and especially to its introduction by the civil magistrate. On this subject Perthes wrote:— "On the contents of the Directory I can give no opinion. If

they be unscriptural, or anti-Protestant, or even only unsuitable, then, as things go, no external power will be able to maintain them. But it seems to me that the Directory is opposed chiefly as having proceeded from the king. The means employed to introduce it have been unfair, irregular, and even sometimes petty; but the means resorted to by its opponents have been not a whit better. Protestants not less than Catholics, Supernaturalists not less than Rationalists, are now disposed to withdraw the Church entirely from the control of the civil power. I am myself convinced that Church and State must be separated; but can any one of us Protestants deny that, at the Reformation, the ecclesiastical power did pass into the hands of the civil magistrate, and necessarily so, because a Church, complete in itself, and a thoroughly organized clergy, no longer existed? I doubt whether such a well-compacted Church and clergy can exist among us without destroying the essence of Protestantism; and yet the history of three centuries proves to me that, without such an organization, no society of Christians can endure."

In spite of the union-movement, the symbolical books, and the Directory of Worship, there was yet little prospect of Protestants attaining the ecclesiastical unity sought for; and many eminent theologians even questioned whether such unity, with the exclusiveness and authority inseparable from it, were either possible or desirable. Neander was not clear on this point, as may be seen from the following letter to Perthes:— "Wherever there is Christian communion, there is a Christian Church. The Redeemer promised absolutely that, wherever two or three should be gathered together in His name, there would He be in the midst of them, *i.e.*, would form out of them

a true Christian Church. Like every other society, so must this of Christians have an external order, a constitution. Accordingly, the apostles set tried men over the primitive congregations; and, in doing so, they simply adopted the constitution of the Jewish synagogue, which was familiar to them, without contemplating the establishment of any perpetual order."

In another letter to Perthes, Neander says:—"The politico-ecclesiastical system of Popery, prelatical and Roman indeed, but not Catholic, is a mixture of Judaism and heathenism. Christ, however, left on the earth a divine seed for the benefit of all mankind: nor did God allow the opposition to corruption of doctrine and life ever to die out, but kept it alive, spite the magical pomp of false priests, the sophistical arts of metaphysical theologians, and the terrors of the funeral pile, till Luther came to purify the Church from everything unchristian, and restore it to primitive maturity and freedom. Between the Church of the Reformation and the Apostolic, I cannot acknowledge any essential difference, and therefore, I cannot seek, outside of Protestantism, for the power that should organize the Church."

Another friend of very different views wrote to Perthes:—"The Protestants have no Church, and cannot have one: nor is this a misfortune. Better no Church than lose the spirit of Christianity. A Church (how many have there been already!) is but an accident; the essential is a Christian mind. No doubt, courage is required by those who would dispense with the outward support of a Church. Many, who insist on having a Church, turn, in the anguish of their hearts, to a State-Church, whose function should be to imprison the human mind

in a house of correction, as it were, and by police regulations compel men to be godly. I fear, indeed, that the clergy and the State, because they have need of each other, will always take care to maintain some such institution. I confess, moreover, that I can find no middle term that would satisfy at once men's longing after a common faith, and the no less deeply implanted necessity for freedom of conviction. Others are, no doubt, as much at a loss as myself; were it not so, the world would have heard of their discovery. So then, nothing remains but that we content ourselves with what we have, or rather with what we have not."

Perthes had little expectation that the attempts of Protestants to form a united Church would succeed. He thus writes: —"Everywhere there is an obscure longing after a Church, but what exactly is wanted, is not clearly known. All desire freedom of belief, but most men shut their eyes to the fact that freedom of belief within a Church is conceivable only when that Church holds the saving truths of Christianity in so intangible a shape that they can be made the subject neither of investigation nor of dispute. Again, the civil magistrate neither can nor should regulate the outward communion of Christians; who, then, is to do it? If the Protestant Church were organized by consistories with an independent president at their head, we should have as many colleges of cardinals, and as many popes, as there are States. And if it were organized by a subordination of presbyteries and synods, the power would be in the hands of the masses. Who can point out another way?"

Though Perthes did not recognise in Protestantism a power capable of forming a Church, he yet maintained, in opposition

to Neander, the necessity of ecclesiastical association, and even of a universal Christian Church. Here is one of his letters to that effect:—"Who gives the two or three, assembled in the Lord's name, and who are thus, according to Christ's promise, formed into a Church, the assurance that they are so assembled? What makes it even possible that they should be so assembled? Of course, some *previous* instruction. How is the outward principle which constitutes the Church to be developed? Of course, only by *previous* training. But who is to teach the truth, and draw men to it? For the mass of mankind this cannot be effected by individuals, but only through an institution, and that institution is the Church. Unhappy men, truly, to whom the face of God must remain veiled, because some particularly gifted persons can discern it without the aid of a Church! In regard to the inward Christian life, there are few men with whose views my own more nearly coincide than with those of the pious Neander, but, whenever he passes from the inward to the outward, he is completely at fault. The outward is to him a *terra incognita;* for he is unacquainted with men, their circumstances, and struggles. Without taking this into account, the obtuseness would be inconceivable, which permits Neander to think that, with such views as his, mankind, in this or in any age, can be effectually succoured." Again: "Can Christian communion exist in virtue of the symbolical books, or of Luther's Catechism and the Bible? Or, purer still, is the Bible alone sufficient to make Christians of those who read it? If so, then let all children be taught to read, give every one a Bible, and insist that each shall read and study it, for the purpose of drawing conclusions for life. More than this, theoretical Protestantism neither requires nor permits to

be done. But if it turn out that the children are not mature enough to draw conclusions for themselves, who is to draw conclusions for them? who has the right to do so?" A friend remarks thus on Perthes' notion of a universal Church:—"He who demands a Church externally complete, the doctrine and discipline of which must be suitable absolutely to all, not only will not obtain what he aims at, but would render impossible that communion of faith which is attainable. No: rather the spirit without the letter, than the letter without the spirit." Perthes answered:—"Your *dictum* has no meaning; for in man, and among men, neither is the spirit possible without the letter, nor the letter without the spirit."

Convinced that neither Catholicism nor Protestantism had yet given birth to the Church needed by mankind, as also that they were of themselves unable to do so, Perthes cherished the hope that Rome as well as Luther was an instrument in the hand of God for bringing about, ultimately, a universal Church. He thus writes:—"The institution charged with the preservation and diffusion of the truth revealed in Jesus Christ, and without which Christianity can neither live in the souls of men, nor become visible and operate externally, cannot be man's work, but must be God's. He has not, however, established, as the Catholics maintain, immediately and by one act, any such institution, single, determinate, and absolutely true; but he laid the foundations of it in Jesus Christ, and, by the inspired Apostles, gave a general outline, according to which it should be built up in time. The builders being men, the general outline has often not been understood at all, or misunderstood, and often perverted by lying and wickedness. As the perversions of some have been rectified by others, and as,

in some cases, the building has been remodelled, and in others begun anew in despair of the old, so a variety of Churches have arisen; and so far as they have been constructed on the foundation laid by God, and according to the general outline given by Him, so far do they bear the character of divine institutions. Being all erected, however, more or less under the influence of human error and sin, none of them exactly represent the divine original. Pride is thus excluded, and no Church may despise another. What would Catholicism have become but for the Reformation, and what would Protestantism have been now, had not the Catholic Church continued to exist? Let each test, strengthen, and complete itself by means of the other: differences will thus be diminished, the Churches approximated, and finally, in the providence of God, a Catholic, *i.e.*, a universal Church will arise."

A friend wrote to Perthes:—"The Reformation did not set in a clear light the idea of a Church; for, though retaining the Apostles' Creed, it destroyed by vague generalities the force of the third article, in which the Church is recognised. This is the source of the confusions and contradictions which would have already destroyed the Evangelical Church, had not the Church idea, lost to all appearance in the confusion and violence of theological discussion, been practically reproduced in the public mind. Now that the schism has taken place, and that Catholicism, overspread with obscurantism, Jesuitism, and Romanism, is far less reconcilable with the spirit of Christianity, than Protestantism even in its lowest form, nothing remains but to give prominence and force to the essence of Christianity, which exists and operates in both. Whatever theologians may say, the principle of both Churches is the

same; and the Evangelical Church could not have subsisted, if, according to the theories of theologians, she had left faith absolutely to individual investigation and decision, instead of making it, as the Catholics profess to do, a matter of obedience and subjection under a visible Church. As long as the Protestant Church, no less than the Catholic, takes every infant to its bosom, instructs and trains every child; whilst the whole life of the people is encompassed and moulded by its forms and customs, filled and elevated by its spirit; how can it be pretended that independence of judgment, and an intelligent search after truth are the conditions of pure Christianity! As well might it be said that physical life depends on a theoretical acquaintance with respiration, and the other functions of life, and that the breath of the living will be stopped by an anatomical error." The same party, in another letter to Perthes, expresses his conviction that the Church forms of the Reformation are effete, but that Protestants cannot do better than remain in the Church of their fathers, and work there for the revival of Christian principle, which may be expected to create for itself new and more potent Church forms. He considers that a variety of ecclesiastical constitutions may very well coexist on the foundation of a common faith; and that the establishment of this view is the mission of the age.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RATIONALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS.—1822-30.

The Rationalism of last century was still regarded in extensive circles as the only religion compatible with enlightenment. Writing, in 1822, to a friend who had ironically congratulated him on his establishment in Gotha, the metropolis of Rationalism, Perthes thus described the state of matters:—"Saxony was the cradle of the Reformation, and is now the easy-chair of Rationalism; but the rest of Germany need not point the finger, for, excepting in a few districts where new life has awaked, Rationalism is universal. No one, of course, gives himself out as an atheist, or sinless, or as raised above the common herd by intellectual superiority, but all agree simply to make no account of God, and in worship to go through a round of external forms. Some, with disdainful pride, consent that Christianity should subsist for the discipline and restraint of the masses, whilst others endeavour to enlighten them into abandonment of their hereditary superstition. With both, the Christian is but a pietist, and the pietist is but a hypocrite." Neander wrote to Perthes as follows:—"What the Rationalists call pietism is nothing but Christianity itself. The corruption of our nature would be inconceivable and inexplicable unless there were in us naturally and apart from grace, something

divine and indestructible, some points of contact with Him in whom 'we live and move and have our being;' and, although ignorant zealots have given some occasion for the mistake, yet infidels misrepresent the Christian when they say that he denies man's consciousness of natural connexion with God."

Rationalism proceeded on the supposition that each man, and the race at large, was able, by virtue of inherent strength and tendency, to make progress towards perfection. On this subject Perthes wrote to Twesten in Kiel:—"It seems to me that the progress of man, and of mankind, to perfection is the core of the rising generation's religion and politics. And no wonder, for, if this principle be true, then sin and grace are fictions, and thus are removed at once the only stumblingblocks in the way of Rationalism. Our fathers believed that intellect, science, and morality, were heralding in a state of perfection; and broader than ever is now the basis of such a hope. The powers of nature have been subdued to the service of man; the results of modern investigation, comparison, discovery, and invention are indeed extraordinary; intercourse, commercial and intellectual, between all the ends of the earth, was never so rapid and frequent; immense progress, in fact, has been made towards the annihilation of time and space. But somehow the old Adam remains as before, destroying, now as a thousand years ago, both the works and the happiness of men."

As Rationalism got quit of redemption by the doctrine of human perfectibility, so it excluded revelation by maintaining the sufficiency of nature; and, consistently enough, it sought to evolve the secrets of divine mercy and wisdom by means of chemistry, physics, and botany. Perthes thus discusses these

matters in a letter:—"When I contemplate nature in its beauty and immensity as a whole, I am filled with the sense of God; but when I consider its parts, the hosts of flies, the legions of worms, the infinitude of life in the earth, and the immensity of the stars in heaven, I doubt; the endless multiplicity of details confounds my consciousness of the personally Eternal, and I am shut up to materialism or pantheism. Lalande said: 'I looked into infinite space, but I saw no God;' and this was both a juster and a more profound saying than all your devout meditations on the wisdom and goodness of God in nature amount to. Nature could never have given us a personal God: only the Son has revealed the Father; and, had not the Son revealed God, *we* must have denied Him." More at large in a letter to Steffens, dated 1828:—"Throughout the animal world I see a constant process of mutual destruction; and the natural fate of man is misery and sorrow. Children are ever dying of the poison distilled from parental sins; youth is wasted in vain endeavours; the prime of life is tortured by monotony, which is not repose; and old age bewails a scheme of life, or perhaps many schemes of life unfulfilled. All cling to some favourite pursuit or project; and the few, who are not baffled, death tears away from the enjoyment or accomplishment of their desires. There is no doubt a well-spring of life in man, but nature will not allow it to become clear; he cannot but strive after truth, yet, as he grows older, the darkness becomes denser in and around him. Now, no one has portrayed the terrors of nature, and the cruelty of its decrees in these times, so as to shew that whoever would worship the God of nature must even fall down before the devil, unless, indeed, he can cheat himself with phrases. Preaching the truth scientifically to professors,

authors, pastors, and teachers is of no use; we must address the people, and you, Steffens, are the very man to write a romance that shall dissipate this dream about the goodness of nature, and merit to be denounced by Deists and Rationalists as godless, being indeed a horror and abomination to both. Such a work might let many into the secret of Paul's language, when he represents nature itself, corrupted with and through man, as groaning and travailing together in pain, and waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

However much irritated Perthes sometimes was by vague generalities about the goodness of nature, and the progress of mankind to perfection, he was yet able to estimate justly even the Rationalists, whose views were most opposed to his own. He thus wrote: "Were I to consider the champions of Rationalism apart from their antecedents, I should certainly view them with reprobation; but how few men have made themselves what they are! With few exceptions, the inward man, like the outward position, is determined by circumstances; and I myself can remember the circumstances in which most of these men grew up. When I was a child, enlightenment occupied the place of religion, and freemasonry that of the Church. Men of culture knew the Bible only by hearsay, and looked with pity on the peasant and mechanic who still read it; even clergymen uttered their tame jokes on Balaam's ass, and the walls of Jericho. During the first ten years of my establishment in Hamburgh, I sold not a single Bible, except to a few bookbinders in neighbouring country towns; and I remember very well a good sort of man who came into my shop for a Bible, and took great pains to assure me that it was for a person about to be confirmed, fearing evidently lest I should suppose it was

for himself." Again: "There is something deeply affecting to me in Schiller's 'Gods of Greece,' that mirror of the impression made on an earnest spirit by the rigid intellectuality and dismal unbelief of the age. You see there a man of lofty aspirations venting his fury against routine and hireling preachers, and painfully working his way to that living God who communicates with men by love. He only can be unjust to Schiller who knows not the wrathful melancholy of the breast which heaves with longings for help, yet contains no nursery-memories of the Christian faith; he only can condemn him who is unable to realize the feelings of a man who would fain hold intercourse with the living God, yet finds nothing in his age but the god of intellect, enthroned, indeed, in astronomical majesty, but insipid and impassible withal." In another letter Perthes exclaims:—"How many noble men have I known, upright and true, full of humility and love, who were not only strangers, but even enemies to Christian doctrine! Who dare pronounce how they, as individuals, and in their inmost life, were related to God? whether, and how they were, after all, attracted by the grace of God?"

Rist's view of the preceding century may be gathered from the following letter to Perthes:—"The endeavour of the preceding century to escape from the conditions of the finite, by investigating and determining the infinite, is one to which all are tempted who think of things supernal. The present age has made us conscious of far deeper wants, undreamt of by the mightiest spirits of the preceding generation. Like Spinoza, Kant died quite happy with his categories. Old Gähler, one of the most gifted men I ever knew, built certainly, from the earth upwards, the tower by which he hoped to reach the sky, and

died with the utmost cheerfulness. Two of my dearest friends even now, indefatigable inquirers, pure, truth-loving, genial men, feel no need of the God revealed in Christ. What their spirits seek they find on earth; and they impose silence on their hearts when guarantees are demanded additional to the purity of their own endeavours. I cannot esteem these men less highly than those who speak and write in our days. The spirit of their time was, no doubt, less profound and earnest than that of ours; yet, in their shallow age, they thought profoundly, whereas our present youth, notwithstanding the deep importance of the time, sail about gaily on the surface. Were not those men great, who wearied themselves in searching after truth, the ideal of manhood, likeness to God? whose chief and only good lay in fathoming the depths of the soul, in scrutinizing the mysterious foundations of the spirit-life? They wanted to find out what man is apart from the body, and thus to approach God: but, as they went deeper, and ever deeper, so they went farther, and ever farther, from one another; and, as they went farther from one another, they understood one another less, till, at length, they ceased to hear one another's voices, and were only able to send each his own, to the upper air. But the treasures accumulated by the profound thinking of that age, the mass of eternal negative truths ascertained, and the power of self-abnegation and abstraction, displayed in research, are claims upon our reverence, and even just grounds of pride. These were men who dared to gaze into the depths, and report what they saw, fearless of consequences."

To another letter, in which Rist enthusiastically recalls his own share in researches of the above nature, Perthes answers: "That was, indeed, a lovely time; but why? not because of

the employment, but because it was the season of youth; for the eye of youth is ever attracted by some lofty aim, and its heart blessed by ingenuous faith in success. But when youth passed, and the grown man wished to realize his former dreams, the whole was found to be a gross deception. What did many of those become who, in the Kantian period, thought themselves the *élite* of mankind? Mere red-tapists, lost in paltriness. What did many of those become, who, in the era of mighty genius, or in the period of Gleim, Georg, and Jacobi, seemed to overflow with spirit and fancy? Mere organ-grinders, a weariness to themselves and others."

Perthes considered that a great improvement had taken place during his own lifetime. In 1826 he wrote to the Countess S. Stolberg: "The contemporaries of your youth were also mine; my recollections of the middle and lower classes run parallel with yours of the higher, and are equally sad. But, since the French Revolution, the rod of divine chastisement has not been wielded in vain on our lacerated country. The sensual, godless frivolity of last century wanders about now only as a dusky obsolete ghost; good seed has been sown; and it will bring forth by and by the genuine fruits of Christianity."

In many parts of Germany, endeavours were made to satisfy the profound wants of the human soul; but the Christian life can neither become nor remain sound, unless Christian thought and feeling go out into action. In carrying on Christian enterprises by joint effort, Protestant Germany remained far behind England. Isolated attempts were indeed made, but they were exclusively the work of individuals, and ever bore the stamp of their individual origin. With some such, Perthes co-operated in Hamburgh; but the most remarkable of them all was com-

menced at Weimar, by John Falk, councillor of the embassy. In the vicinity of the battle-fields of Jena, Lützen, and Leipsic, there were to be found a multitude of boys, partly belonging to the district, partly brought, from all parts of Germany, by the armies that had fought there; they had run wild, and Falk, selecting the most destitute, determined to make honest men of them. A native of West Prussia, Falk had been in Weimar since 1796, had appeared on various occasions as a lyric poet and satirist, and was frequently pointed to as a type of the national literature in decay. It seemed incredible to many that such a man should have a genuine vocation for such an enterprise. Because, notwithstanding all Falk's labour and care, many of his *protégés* turned out ill, some concluded that none of them were reformed; and others pretended that the outlay of zeal, effort, and money, was in ridiculous contrast with the paucity of results. A friend wrote to Perthes: "Falk is so impressible and fanciful, that the dreadful destitution of the youths, and their subsequent improvement may very well both be creatures of his imagination. Then he is importunate in seeking subscriptions, and aid of every kind: he is, in fact, a bore. He has a few enthusiastic followers; but, in general, he is not liked here: people avoid him, and laugh at him behind his back." Yet this same man, the butt of ridicule, was the author of that movement for the reformation of children, abandoned in every sense of the term, which continues to this day. In 1820 he had 300 children in his own house; and had stirred up Jena and Erfurt to similar efforts. Although Perthes entertained some scruples about Falk himself, he yet recognised at once the real importance of his undertaking, awakened an

interest in its behalf in Hamburgh and Holstein, and procured for it considerable pecuniary aid.

In 1821, Falk wrote to Perthes:—"Amid the children I find consolation and support, when I am tempted to despair; for this is indeed an evil time: insurrection lurks behind the constitutions, and Sand's dagger lies concealed behind the Gospel of St. John. Men pass like wind-bags: they eat and drink, work and sleep, as if there were no such thing as an immortal soul; they do not indeed in so many words deny God, but their whole life is practical atheism: nor will matters be mended so long as men regard preaching and the hearing of sermons as a Christian act, whereas Christian action is itself the true sermon. The death upon the cross is the sermon of sermons, and the pattern for all others: acted sermons, not sermons preached, is the want of our age. God has deigned to make me his instrument; truly in the fire of affliction He has moulded me, in the valley of tears prepared me. I have put my hand to the work in reliance on the mighty God; and you also, my dear friend, has God chosen to be a powerful coadjutor. Work along with me then, while it is day, that what has been begun in God's honour may be joyfully finished in his name. The idea which has possessed me, will spread throughout Germany and all Christian Europe; already, indeed, it has risen up in might, and, with hands and feet, may be seen walking and working at Dorpat and in Paris alike: already the doors of the children's prisons are being thrown open both in Germany and France. Hitherto we Protestants have been like the hermit-crab, which takes possession of a shell not its own, for we robbed the Catholics of their cloisters, in order to provide a refuge for our children: that is convenient, but not

noble; and it is amazing what resources are in the people themselves, if we but knew how to call them forth. What we want however must be obtained from God by prayer and love, not as hitherto by violence and craft. The military knights have played out their part; not even against the Turks is the sword now drawn: the arts of diplomacy are worn out; not even a fratricidal war can all the congresses prevent. O ye kings and fathers of the people! One thing is needful; let the fear of the Lord be established in your hearts, and in those of your subjects; otherwise you and they are destroyed together." Again:—"Could you see us, you would rejoice and bless God. The children of robbers and murderers sing psalms and pray: boys are making locks out of the insulting iron, which was destined for their hands and feet, and are building houses, which they formerly delighted to break open. Yes, it is indeed true that, where chains and stocks, the lash and the prison were powerless, love comes off victorious." Later still:—"I and my 300 children must leave our old habitation, because the proprietor has sold it; and no one is willing to receive us, because, as may easily be fancied, no one is willing to give up his house to 300 such children as mine. We shall build then, and with the hands of our own children too, so that every tile in the roof, every nail in the walls, every lock on the doors, every chair and every table in the rooms, shall be a witness to their industry."

Of course Falk concluded with pressing solicitations for pecuniary aid. Perthes did what he could, and, in the spring of 1822, paid him a visit in Weimar. Perthes thus reports in a letter to Benecke: "About fifty journeymen and apprentices, all of them former inmates of the Ragged Hospital, were

working at the new building as masons and carpenters; they were served by boys still in the institution; horrid, cannibal-like faces had they all, with the wolf of the desert unmistakeably imprinted on their foreheads. In the expression of many however there were traces of a new life; and Falk says it is a real pleasure to see how the claws and the shaggy tufts gradually fall off. Falk's own room is a perfect gem, with this intention, perhaps, that the children may recognise in him their true father; but it seemed to me that he had also an eye here to the gratification of his own fancy. Altogether Falk appears to me an exceedingly remarkable man: his command of happy and striking images in conversation is wonderful; the rapidity of his fancy hurries along first himself and then his hearers, so that fact and fancy dance at once through the minds of both. He is at the same time shrewd, yea cunning, and knows right well what key-note to strike, according to persons and circumstances. I am, however, quite convinced of his thorough earnestness, now that I have seen him and the institution; and it is not his fault, if he be a poet into the bargain. He himself, and still more his undertaking, deserve our support; many have much good to say of him, and even his bitterest enemies know no ill." To Falk himself Perthes wrote: "Your success in impressing the hearts of these neglected children, and in winning over new supporters to your cause, arises from this, that you yourself are entirely occupied with one idea: what has no relation to it is nothing to you, and what has only a slight relation you consider only as auxiliary to its realization; small successes appear to you great; obstacles and failures do not appear at all. He who is thus filled, thus prepossessed I may say, by one impulse, when he listens to his

inmost soul, may hear only profound truth ; but when he speaks to others, *they* may hear, according to Goethe's happy expression, 'Wahrheit und Dichtung.' He who cannot recognise the deep truth of inspiration, will not understand you, may even misunderstand you ; and therein lies a danger both for you and your cause."

Baron Kottwitz, whose antecedents were in striking contrast with Falk's, had even before him carried on a similar work in Berlin. In the spring of 1825, Perthes visited repeatedly that truly pious man's institution, and he thus reported of it to some of his friends : "I have known Baron Kottwitz for five-and-twenty years. For a long time I considered the dullness of his eye, and the gentleness of his whole nature as signs of feebleness, and consequently, though respecting his piety, I was little attracted to him, for I have never been a friend to pale, sharp-featured ascetics. In Kottwitz, however, I have been mistaken. To know him, one must see him in the midst of those wretched creatures whom he has gathered about him. I have left him with a feeling of reverence ; and, though seventy-six years of age, one cannot too much admire his decision, perseverance, and that all-piercing knowledge of mankind, whereby he detects not only the sins, but even the petty tricks of the human heart." Again : "After having made valuable observations, among the mountains of Silesia, on the misery of the poor, and the best means of alleviating it, and sacrificing a considerable portion of his property, Kottwitz went to Berlin. 'There,' said he to me, 'is a population of the most abandoned character, brought together by the establishment of factories in that city, at the instance of Frederick the Great : there are 20,000 of them, and it shall be the business of my life to diminish their

number.' All this misery—profligate women, stunted children, disbanded soldiers of the old Prussian type, famished factory workpeople who lived on brandy,—he collected in an ancient royal edifice, ceded to him for the purpose: twenty long years he spent in the midst of this wretched and disgusting filth. He forced no one to come, or to work, or to receive Christian consolation or instruction; but to all he offered, with mild earnestness and love, the comfort and aid of our Saviour, and an opportunity of work. That the offer was not made in vain I could myself see from the confidence and freedom with which these poor wretches, cast off by all the world besides, approached him. His object is, so soon as they get accustomed to regular work, to distribute them among the small towns in the neighbourhood, where hands are scarce. Then, at his request, the magistrate assigns them a cottage and a patch of potato-land at a small rent, and the Berlin manufacturers send them work to be done at home. He says that a considerable number of men, who have passed through his hands, are now leading a moral life, and enjoying that health which is insured by cleanliness, fresh air, and easily accessible field-work; he thinks too that the mass of the debased population in Berlin has been diminished, though no doubt this is chiefly owing to the clearance which time makes in such a population, and to the gradual extinction of the military rabble."

Perthes was connected with undertakings of the same description on the lower Rhine. Count Adelbert von der Recke, laying to heart the misery begotten by the wars, and the subsequent dearth, opened a house of refuge, in 1819, for orphan and criminal children at Overdyk, and in 1822 a larger one at Düsselthal. In 1827 the chaplain wrote to Perthes the follow-

ing notice of these institutions: "We have 240 boys and girls under our care, and thirty Jewish proselytes who, besides receiving instruction, learn a handicraft. Instead of trading on their conversion, as such persons often do, and so bringing disgrace on the Christian name, they will be able to earn their own living honestly, by having been employed with us, as locksmiths, weavers, joiners, or brewers."

Perthes hoped that Protestantism, now in course of revival, would not only sustain and carry out these attempts, but in due time convert them into ecclesiastical establishments.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MOVEMENTS IN PRIVATE CIRCLES OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.—1822-1830.

The individual character and irregularity of the attempts made in Germany since the Liberation Wars, to revive the religious life, led many to fear that they would degenerate into mere appearance and talk, or into fanaticism and sects. To a friend who entertained such fears, Perthes wrote as follows:—"I am truly sorry that your dread of a possible danger should have blunted your usual penetration, and deadened your appreciation of what is honest and upright. You say that the sickly odour of hypocrisy in pious forms and phrases, meets you in many quarters. For my own part, not feeling myself strong in Christian faith and virtue, I have always avoided the formulas which, in word and act, are the outward stamp of the religious life: yea, I have gone too far in this direction, observing the Christian forms of devotion in my own house with my children less strictly than I ought to have done. Just, however, because I felt that he who follows a stereotyped mode of life is apt to become the victim of a sham, I have always kept a keen eye on those whose flaming profession excited my suspicions; and, no doubt, I have often found persons who, because they echoed other men's prayers, imagined themselves

strong in faith, and made an ostentatious exhibition of what they mistook for piety. But you may not call that hypocrisy, which is only intellectual weakness and spiritual poverty. I have not found genuine hypocrites in religion anywhere in Germany; what indeed among us could tempt men to such hypocrisy? Look at the public newspapers, at all the political, literary, and even ecclesiastical journals; all of them, without exception, pillory the man who confesses the Saviour; the whole public is against him, and it is in vain that he would defend himself against malicious and false imputations, for with the public of our age audacity is triumphant. There are few places in Germany where a man could speak of the Christian faith in polite society, without being covered with derision and contempt. Truly, such a state of things is not calculated to make hypocrites in religion. It may be otherwise in France, where piety is in fashion at court."

Notwithstanding this repeatedly expressed conviction, Perthes was himself not without fear that a certain hollowness lurked in the religious movement recently begun. In 1826, he thus wrote: "The hurry, characteristic of our age, appears also in the development of the religious life. Dangers which, ten years ago, it would have been ridiculous to think of, are already at hand. Our youth, who have any spiritual life, complain of Rationalism as cold and barren, and make use of Christian phrases and an orthodox Biblical terminology, which the breath of the age, not the Holy Ghost, has blown in their way, without, however, being convinced of their own sins, or longing for deliverance from them, or humbly accepting justification by faith. The spirit of the age may indeed imbue a generation with Christian doctrine; but Christian

faith can arise only from that sense of need for deliverance from sin, which makes a man stretch out his arms in humble supplication. Christian knowledge, without Christian faith, is a dangerous thing both for the individual and for a people. Gurlitt, Röhr, Paulus, Wegscheider, Bretschneider, all of whom go openly and honourably to work, seem to me less pernicious, than those who allow themselves to be carried along by the changed religious current of the time, without having been renewed in the spirit of their minds. Should the hollowness, which is already observable here and there, and which is all the more insidious, because it seldom takes the form of conscious hypocrisy, gain ground, then Christianity is threatened by a foe that will be far more destructive than the open unbelief of last century."

Not less than the prevalence of Christian forms without the substance, Perthes disliked that retirement and isolation, in which many pious Christians delighted, giving themselves up to undisturbed communion with God in select little companies. Here is a letter from Rist to Perthes on that subject. "If the people are awaking to a sense of Christianity, this is due not to the many Bibles which have been distributed during the last ten years, but to the retiring piety and strict discipline of certain small societies; for that very reason any corruption or perversion arising in these is doubly dangerous. For my own part, I have always entertained a sort of horror for the mode in which the great 'mystery of godliness' is treated in these private circles: they insist on being so very comfortable, so much at home, with their religion. This familiarity with a literally personal God, by which I mean, not God who became man, but God reduced to a man, destroys the absolute infinity

of God, which alone can inspire the human mind with true reverence; for, since we ourselves are capable of thinking and willing things so great, we cannot bow down before a God with whom we hold intercourse as with an individual." Perthes answered: "Religious talk, when it is polemical, and away from the common centre in Jesus Christ, or when, as Claudius used to say, it consists in devout utterances, with a pipe of tobacco at the same time in the mouth, is not less abhorrent to me than to you; and a pious interview between two parties, with the Holy Ghost for the third, to use Neander's expression, does not belong to a time like ours, in which ecclesiastical training is null. Pious associations lead almost always at present to exclusiveness and to sectarian pride, which is the very opposite of the Christian spirit. But, dear Rist, let us not judge individuals; others are not as we." Again: "The danger in every sect is the feeling in its members, that they stand nearer God than others. This is the snare which the devil has in reserve for catching even the best: he thus leads them to egotism by a seemingly divine path, and chills them towards all who would approach God in a different dress."

In connexion with the endeavour to form a special Christianity within the general pale, and to establish in the midst of faithful Christians, so to speak, an Aristocracy of Faith, appeared here and there a tendency to recall and circulate the thoughts and writings of men, distinguished indeed in former times, but whose profound and healthy Christian earnestness was combined with strange speculations of their own, and even with fantastical imaginations. Indications of this tendency attracted Perthes' notice in various quarters. Thus a theologian writing to Perthes: "In travelling through all parts of

Germany, both Catholic and Protestant, I have had occasion to remark, that Jacob Böhme's works are eagerly sought after. There are but few copies of them extant, and whoever has them guards them well. They contain precious things, which cannot fail to have a blessed influence on every Christian heart, and may guide many a troubled spirit to peace in God. It is very remarkable that even Goethe, in his doctrine of colours, has been indebted to the poor Görlitz shoemaker, borrowing from his treatise, *De Signatura Rerum*, not only Böhme's ideas, but even his very words. The acceptance of Böhme's speculations is of no moment ; but, were that champion of faith, long since gone to his rest, and often misunderstood, to reappear in the midst of our furious partisans, and lukewarm Christians, crying aloud, ' Be in earnest, ay in earnest, for hell cannot be destroyed without earnestness, nor the kingdom of heaven taken but by force,'—that, I say, might have the mightiest results."

Bengel, too, in whom living Christianity took the form of Swabian pietism, began once more to influence the age, and, even in North Germany, was admired for the depth of his insight into life and Scripture. A theologian of North Germany wrote to Perthes in 1829 :—" In respect both of its contents and its tone, Bengel's ' Gnomon' stands alone. Even among laymen there has arisen a healthy and vigorous desire for scriptural knowledge ; and Bengel has done more than any other man to aid such inquirers. The shallowness of the last half century was unfavourable to the general circulation of his ' Gnomon ;' but a still greater obstacle was the concise and difficult Latin in which it is composed. There is perhaps no book, every word of which has been so well weighed, or in

which a single technical term contains so often far-reaching and suggestive views; yet Bengel intended it for laymen, the theoretical and the practical being in his case as intimately united as light and heat in the sun's ray. A translation of this work into German, with the omission of all learned technicalities, would certainly further that work which the Lord is carrying on in our day by the power of his Spirit, and the light of his Word."

Swedenborg, however, promised to take a firmer hold of the public mind than either Bengel or Böhme, especially when Immanuel Tafel undertook the propagation of his doctrines. Tafel had visited Perthes in Gotha in 1822, and afterwards wrote to him as follows:—"The history of the Church cannot shew a man like Swedenborg; for no other enlightened and holy, and, therefore, trust-worthy man could say of himself, that the Lord had revealed Himself to him personally, empowering and qualifying him to discover to all mankind for ever that spiritual meaning which has lain concealed in the Scriptures since the times of Job. To believe in him is duty; not to believe in him treason against God." Again:—"Throughout his whole life, and even on his deathbed in London, Swedenborg asserted his uninterrupted intercourse with spirits and angels for eight-and-twenty years. His experiences of the other world, no doubt, illustrated and confirmed his doctrine; but his doctrine itself was received neither from spirits nor from angels, but from the Lord. His inspiration was not that of the prophets, but, as he says himself, mediate through the reading of Scripture, in other words, illumination. He never gave out his writings as the word of God, a third Testament; they were not to be regarded as a

new fountain, but as a stream from the old one; and they were opposed, not to Scripture, but to the short-sighted wisdom of theologians and ecclesiastical despots, who had completely divorced the Church from religion." Still farther:—"That his word might take hold of all, even children and the simple, God has clothed it in images or symbols, borrowed from nature and history; the language is optical like our own, when we say, the sun rises or the sun sets; hence the Scriptures speak of God's repenting, of his wrath and vengeance, though He be the unchangeable Jehovah, and love itself, which love, however, is felt by his enemies as anger, and a consuming fire. The literal interpretation of Scripture ascribes to God attributes which are not divine, and is self-contradictory; nor can we understand the word of God unless we keep in view, as a system, the hidden spiritual meaning concealed under images and symbols. Such a system, however, must come from God. The first Christians were too stupid and sensual to comprehend it; to the Apostolic times succeeded the night, in which no man could work; and with the Council of Nice began the abomination of desolation, which for 1500 years, in the Catholic and Protestant Churches alike, became ever greater and greater, till, at length, in the middle of last century, it issued in the complete apostasy of theologians generally, from the revealed word of God, and consequently, in the death of the Church. When the passions had wasted their fury, and the Church was dying, those prejudices were removed, which had previously obstructed the influence of the Holy Ghost; and so the light could appear a second time to reveal the hidden spiritual meaning of Scripture. The new apostle was, according to prophecy, to be better qualified than the old ones. Paul was only admitted to short-

lived raptures in the third heaven; but this new apostle was to dwell repeatedly and long in the light of heaven, and become, as it were, native there. Now all this is fulfilled in Swedenborg." Again: "For a long time I doubted whether certain of Swedenborg's doctrines were Scriptural, for I was brought up a strict Lutheran, and could hardly let go the Church doctrines concerning redemption, resurrection, angels, and primitive man. After nine years of hesitation, however, on reading the first chapters of the *Arcana cœlestia quæ in scriptura sacra sunt detecta*, I clearly perceived that this unveiling of mysteries was, in fact, Swedenborg's certificate, inasmuch as, without special revelation, *i.e.*, illumination, he could not have so written. I perceived, too, that Swedenborg's revelation contained all that was necessary to give unity and immutability to the Church, and to convert all mankind into one flock under one shepherd. This was help in time of need; for the old Churches are nigh dissolution, and deliverance can be effected only by the appearance, in their midst, of the Church's Lord, Jesus Christ Himself. I was strongly impelled to declare the divine word revealed through Swedenborg to the world; but I doubted whether the right time were come, and whether the vocation were mine; but these doubts have been satisfactorily solved, and I have commenced the work in the confident expectation that the Lord will further His own cause, and open the hearts of men to receive His truth."

Perthes could not but respect the fervid earnestness of such a man, but he remained quite callous to the new doctrine. He thus wrote to a friend:—"Swedenborg was, no doubt, a pious, profound, and, in a sense, inspired man, but still a man whose inspiration was his own, and who deceived himself into thinking

otherwise. His doctrine is really a new revelation, unfolding to man what was previously unknown, though it is alleged to have been always implied in the symbols of Scripture. Now, such a revelation, however accredited, is not what we need, for we know enough; and faith, not knowledge, is the attainment proper to our present existence. God gave a revelation to men, not to increase their knowledge, but to deliver them from sin, and reconcile them to Himself; and all that is necessary to equip us for the battle of life, and bring us finally to salvation, is already at hand in the incarnation of Christ, and in Holy Scripture. I grant that Scripture has not established a visible Church, nor answered many of our questions, but, humility being the virtue proper to ignorance, every system which represents God as making a later revelation to deliver man from ignorance, supplementary to the former in Christ which was meant to deliver him from sin, seems to me wanting in humility, and labouring under a misconception as to man's real evil." Schmieder wrote to Perthes from Schulpforta:—"Swedenborg is chiefly remarkable as exemplifying how a truly regenerate and enlightened man, when he mistakes the symbols, under which God has conveyed the essence of truth, for that essence itself, and the originality of his own perceptions for inspiration, can confound the false and the true, and put the false under the aegis of the holy."

The following letter shews that Perthes could perfectly well understand how a man might come to think himself favoured with divine communications, without being, for that, a mere madman. "Frequently, at night, I feel my whole corporeal nature slain, as it were, and the mind wonderfully free and clear. This is not the nightmare which works from without

inwards, but an energy working from within outwards. It may be connected with a disturbed circulation of the blood, a bad digestion, and the like, but it is accompanied with visions and flashes of thought, which must have some other origin than the blood or the stomach. Between sleeping and waking, in the border-land of consciousness and unconsciousness, I have not only made important discoveries in the inner-world, but obtained clear intelligence about external matters; and, in fact, have been more indebted throughout life to suggestions, coming I know not whence, than to deliberate reflection. The older I grow, so much the more do man, the world, and nature become to me a riddle; and just in proportion as a man penetrates into the intimate relations of being, whether by study or experience, or by both, does he become convinced of his utter ignorance as to their essential nature. Only the shell of things is in our hands, and it is right to exercise our powers in getting thoroughly acquainted with it; but whoever, not content with this, insists on handling the kernel also, must, unless he stop half way, become either a materialistic ratiocinator, or a fanatical theosophist; and, in the pride of our age, which, instead of bowing reverently before the unknowable, insists on giving an explanation of everything, there will be many wayfarers in both these paths."

Again: "By wonderful ways, indeed, is our age endeavouring to get back to God. Think only what we ourselves have survived. Voltaire and Rousseau teaching the world, then Frederick the Great and Lessing, freemasonry and the illuminati; Reimarus, Nicolai, Engel, and Biester; the German Library, and the Berlin Monthly, Bahrdt and Herder, exegesis and the higher criticism, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, *à priori*

natural philosophers, and poets, from Klopstock, Goethe, and Schiller, down to the Romantic School. The French Revolution threw a pall over all this throng of thought and feeling, but it thronged on still beneath; and, when the liberation wars threw off the pall, the felt necessity of re-possessing the Eternal appeared mightier and more urgent than before. But this spiritual tendency was led on by sympathy and impulse, rather than by thought and learning; and it is, consequently, no wonder that devout men should have built pleasure-houses, according to their several fancies, on the strong foundation of Scripture. These, however, cannot stand before the youthful vigour of our scientific theology."

# CHAPTER XVII.

## SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.—1822-1830.

SCHLEIERMACHER gave such an impulse to scientific theology that, in spite of Rationalism and Separatism, it promised to become the ruling power in Christianity. A theologian wrote to Perthes: "Sacred learning is indispensable to the piety of our age. Men are no longer content with a vague revelry in the elements of religion, such as attended the re-discovery of them after a long night, nor with unsteady feelings dependent on particular passages of Scripture; everywhere there is a healthy appetite for real food from above, for solid and fruitful knowledge. This is a demand worthy of the gospel; and whoever would accomplish anything may not overlook it." Another theologian to Perthes: "What avail these everlasting appeals to pious instincts in an age when, opposite the paradise of emotions, sits that cold calculator, the understanding, pretending to have built up its theological stone edifice on the firm foundation of history critically ascertained? Dialectics and experimentalism are to such a degree paramount, that the scientific Rationalist is more afraid of the supernaturalist Steudel with his grammar and history, than of Olshausen with his versatile and teeming imagination—more afraid of Schleiermacher's Dogmatics than of Neander's Church History.

A theologian who would defend the faith of his fathers now-a-days, should have both a Herder's baptism in oriental biblical lore, and a Schleiermacher's in western dialectics. Science is religion's only defence against science."

A friend of different views wrote to Perthes: "The many treatises now appearing on theology, seem to me but theological luxuries. They prove at large what every Christian, just because he is a Christian, believes already; but they can make no headway against unbelievers, because the root of unbelief lies in quite another direction. Many of the latest works, instead of edifying, confuse; and, instead of removing doubts, awaken them. Whoever thinks it necessary to drag the divine mystery from its sacred obscurity into the light of our wherefore and therefore, if he really prove what he aims at, can hardly avoid blasphemous, or at least unseemly prying into the Infinite." Perthes answered: "To stop half-way in scientific investigation would be fatal to theology and the theologian. It will not do to recede, or, declining inquiry, to hush all up in pious phrases: theology and the theologian must onwards, at whatever cost. Only by dint of fearless courage will theology either attain its end, or, what is more likely, become aware that its end is unattainable in that direction; in which case, she will lay down her weapons, cease relying on her own strength, and throw herself into the arms of God's grace and revelation." Again: "It is to be regretted that our pastors are men of thought rather than of action; theologians rather than pastors. As theologians, they are expected to have a decided opinion on many things which, as pastors, they might very well let alone; and thus they run a risk of losing Christianity over their theology."

In these years Perthes formed or renewed connexions with many distinguished representatives of scientific theology. In 1824 he held intercourse in Bonn with Lücke, Sack, and Nitszch, and in 1825, in Berlin, with Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, Strauss, Theremin, and Marheineke. "These," wrote Perthes from Berlin, "are six theologians who have nothing in common but their enmity to Rationalism." Though Perthes frequently expressed a fear that theology was becoming too much a mere science in the Church, yet, on the other hand, the earnestness and spiritual depth of those who represented scientific theology, inspired him with confidence. "For forty years philology and history, criticism and exegesis, have been diligently cultivated among us Germans, only to be employed as weapons against Christianity; the theologians of the present day inherit these rich treasures of the past, and employ them in the service of our Lord. They cannot, indeed, create either Christian truth, or Christian life; but the enemies of Christianity must give way before the intellectual artillery of such men. Christianity can no longer be derided as a toy of the weak-minded; a stumblingblock it may remain, but foolishness it can no longer be to men; and that is no small gain which we owe to our theologians."

The victories of scientific theology, in the field of thought, were soon followed by external successes. In 1826 Tholuck was invited to Halle, which had long been a stronghold of Rationalism. Perthes thus expressed his views in regard to this appointment: "Tholuck is fitted to exercise a powerful influence on the religious life of Germany, not only by his talents, but by being a true child of the age, who has fought his own way through all that is now interesting and disturbing the minds

of men. A baptism of fire awaits him in Halle, for I know his adversaries there; they go about in sheep's clothing, but are bold and cunning withal: he must refuse to be provoked, and remain true to Christian simplicity and power, which lie in humility and composure."

Whether scientific theology was going to have an ally or an opponent in philosophy, seemed to many uncertain. Schelling remained silent, and fell under suspicion. In 1825 he wrote to Perthes: "The difference between me and these gentlemen is simply this, that they speak even where they confess themselves incompetent; and I have hitherto remained silent, even where I feel my competency to speak. It would be more modest of these young men to consider that the author of the work against Jacobi, and of the treatise on freedom, to whom they are indebted for their own present standpoint, may very well see farther than he has yet thought proper to communicate." In Berlin, Hegel's appointment was the signal of a movement, apparently hostile to Christian theology. In 1827, a serial of scientific criticism appeared, which was understood to be the work of his disciples, and of which a friend in Berlin wrote to Perthes: "The shoe pinches here very decidedly, but great pains are taken to overlay the tender parts with the salve of scientific phraseology. The Protestantism of this absurd philosophical jargon is, undoubtedly, a worse form than the dogmatism of Quenstedt and Calovius—for those men knew at least what they meant; but what these would be at, who now fill reviews with their obscure talk, is a mystery to all but the initiated."

In 1829 Perthes wrote: "To estimate the philosophical value of Hegel's system is not my business, but I cannot shut

my eyes to its practical working. Hegel's disciples and admirers have formed a literary and social circle, which promises to lead the fashion, till the fashion changes, but from which I can augur no good, as long as men like Savigny and the Humboldts, Niebuhr and Ritter, Schleiermacher, Nitszch, and Neander discountenance it. The grandiloquence of this circle, the system of mutual laudation which it has organized, its sectarian exclusiveness and censoriousness, and its aim at supreme authority both in society and in the government, are all so many perils for the intellectual life, and the character of the rising generation; and I am mistaken if the religion, too, of our people be not endangered by this philosophy which, slowly but surely, will descend from the professor and privy-councillor to the schoolmaster and government-clerk."

At the same time, Hengstenberg took up a very bold position in defence of Christianity. In 1826 the minister Altenstein endeavoured to remove him from Berlin, by offering him a capital situation in Königsberg, but in vain: and in 1827, Hengstenberg commenced the publication of an evangelical magazine which was destined to exert a far greater influence than could have been anticipated on ecclesiastical affairs. Neander wrote of it to Perthes: "A periodical has been commenced here, which is devoted to practical Christianity rather than to scientific theology, and addresses therefore a numerous public. It belongs to a society, but Professor Hengstenberg is the editor. I had no hand in its establishment, but I learned with great pleasure that it was intended to be made a centre for the collection and diffusion of information regarding the kingdom of God in all parts of the world, and, being asked, I promised my co-operation, as far as time and ability would

permit." In 1827, Perthes wrote: "Christianity needed an organ that should be powerful both for attack and defence; for it is unworthy of Christianity to skulk about in the domain of literature like a barely tolerated thing. The permanent establishment of such an organ must be attended with great difficulty, and the editor must be prepared for inveterate party hatred."

The importance of the Evangelical Magazine lay not only in its defence of positive Christianity, but also, and still more perhaps, in its influence on the ecclesiastical differences among Protestants. All devout Protestants had united as one man to stem the tide of hereditary infidelity and rationalism; but they were by no means agreed as to the relation in which the religious conviction of the individual should stand to the authorized doctrines of the Church. All agreed, indeed, in giving free scope to scientific inquiry, and individual light on the one hand, and in recognising the authority of the Bible and the symbolical books on the other; but in detail, and in practice, some maintained freedom at the expense of authority, others authority at the expense of freedom. What was at first only a question of more and less, became at length a question of Yes and No: and devout Protestants, in whom consciousness of sin, and faith in the Redeemer were equally alive, were divided into two parties, reproaching each other, the one with bondage under the letter, the other with renunciation of God's word. The animosity of these two parties was stimulated in the spring of 1830 by certain articles in the Evangelical Magazine, which were commonly attributed to Gerlach. These articles noticed the low jests on sacred history, the attempts to explain miracles by natural causes, and the rationalistic treat-

ment of Christian doctrine, in which Gesenius and Wegscheider used to indulge in the Halle University: they connected rationalism with demagogy, warned divinity students against attending a university where such doctrines were taught, and called upon all, whom it concerned, to prayer, speech, and action, in order to heal the wounds made by infidelity. These last words were interpreted as invoking the interference of the civil magistrate, particularly of the king. In February 1830, Neander wrote to Perthes his disapprobation of this gossip and unscrupulous denunciation in the Evangelical Magazine: "It can only give new life to rationalism, which was carrying about the sentence of death in itself. It is bad enough that mere linguistic acquirements, without any vocation for divine things, should have made Gesenius a theologian, but a remedy applied from without can only make matters worse." Perthes' disapproval was equally decided: "Even with the strongest determination to avoid backbiting, the Evangelical Magazine would have been betrayed into unfair statement soon enough, since ecclesiastical news can hardly be kept free from malicious gossip, in an age of discord and parties. But now it has deliberately kindled the fire; the die is cast, and adversaries, just as inveterate in spirit, will not be wanting. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' will be quoted; and no doubt the Christian character disappears in vigorous measures and severe language, when humility, meekness, and kindness do not evidently dwell within." Again: "I have no objection that a man of intellectual powers and acquirements should seek to rule others; but when he is made rancorous by resistance, and utters harsh denunciations, he betrays a want of Christian charity and humility. I am particularly grieved to see men of penetration

and learning become hard and stony in the discussion of religion, the very thing which should keep the temper sweet, or make it so, if it be naturally otherwise. Truly we may well smite upon our breasts every day, ay, every hour, and inquire whether humility and gentleness be really there, or whether the doctrine of Christ be only on our lips."

By insisting one-sidedly on the authority of the Church formulas, the Evangelical Magazine aroused attention to the attitude of opposition in which almost all distinguished theologians stood to these formulas, and much of Perthes' correspondence relates to this matter. Already, in 1827, he had written to Ullmann of Heidelberg: "I thank you from my heart for your excellent treatise on the sinlessness of Jesus. It is in vain now to insist upon dogmas, and to press their acceptance. Some few individuals may arrive at faith by profound inquiry, since sound philosophy must lead to truth; but confidence founded on facts, though a childlike, is yet the only way, by which men in general can be led to love Christ, and give themselves to God." Again: "I can very well understand how a particular age should express its faith in a series of orthodox propositions; but I cannot understand how such a system, after having been rejected, should become a fit instrument for converting unbelievers, and expressing the faith of another and subsequent believing age. Whoever believes in the Redeemer is himself redeemed, and a man can express this simple faith in a great variety of thoughts and words, every one of which will have a side or sides liable to question; for man can think and speak of heavenly things only by images, and human language is inadequate to express the infinite wealth of Divine truth. The orthodox propositions are truth, but not the whole truth;

rather they are signs or aspects of truth which, at a certain stage of the Christian life, were vividly conceived and expressed. Whoever in our age would have an inward Christian life, cannot be what the orthodox of former centuries were; and it is just because some insist on being the same still, that a fratricidal war is at hand, while the common enemy is not yet overcome. One thing I know, that if, as the Evangelical Magazine would have it, the dogmas, set forth in propositions immediately after the Reformation, are to be held as the fundamental truths of Christianity, without the literal acceptance of which no one may be called a Christian, then I would rather follow tradition and the Pope, than stone tables of the sort, which do not come even from Sinai." Again: "To insist on carrying out a principle to all its logical results, is almost always a highway to error. Every truth, even a sacred truth of revelation, when defined by a formula, and carried out to the utmost by the human understanding, becomes an untruth. A rigid consistency is in fact one of the mainsprings of Rationalism; and Hengstenberg's tendency seems to me liable to the same objection, for logical consistency is his banner too."

A theologian wrote to Perthes, "I am a halter between two opinions, according to men of the letter, because, though I believe in Jesus Christ, I do not believe that Balaam's ass spoke Hebrew. It requires no great art in dogmatic theology to cobble up an orthodox system, but, when tried by Scripture, it cannot be made to answer; and the system-maker has no other resource but to twist Scripture into conformity with his system, or discredit the truth of whatever refuses to be so conformed. I can be pious in spirit, and humble before God and Jesus Christ, and at the same time free in science, and cheer-

ful in life. I stand therefore equally aloof from Paulus' and Wegscheider's wooden theology of the understanding, and from the gloominess and forced consistency of the Evangelical Magazine."

The common antipathy of devout theologians generally, and of Rationalists to the Evangelical Magazine, was liable to a dangerous misinterpretation, since opposition to the Magazine and advocacy of Rationalism, were equivalent in the eyes of many. So early as the summer of 1830, Perthes perceived this danger. "If the Evangelical Magazine should conquer, which cannot be at any rate for a long time, Christianity would be crystallized indeed, but not destroyed; Rationalism, however, would upturn the very foundations of Christianity. If, therefore, I exclaim on the one hand, Catholicism rather than Hengstenbergism! on the other hand, I say with equal truth, a thousand times rather Hengstenbergism than Paulus-Böhr-Wegscheiderism! But our devout theologians are, it appears, of another mind. When the Darmstadt Ecclesiastical Magazine was profaning Christianity in every page, and when many of the public prints were denouncing Schmieder in Schulpforta as a pietist and a mystic, and demanding his removal from a situation where he was corrupting the youth, our Christian theologians were grieved no doubt, but not roused into public opposition. Now, however, that the Evangelical Magazine has denounced two professors as teachers of infidelity, and demanded their removal, our Christian theologians are so indignant that nothing can keep them from crying out. This seems to me neither fair nor safe; the Evangelical Magazine dashes on with uplifted visor, but who can trace the crawling fanaticism of the Rationalists in all their serpentine

windings?" Again: "Our theologians imagine that not infidelity, but the Evangelical Magazine, is the great enemy of Christianity, and accordingly they fall foul of Hengstenberg, letting Böhr and Wegscheider go free. I suspect that the Professor has got the better of the Christian in these theologians. Such is their dread of Hengstenberg endangering the freedom of the professorial chair, that they see not how the freedom of Christianity is endangered by Böhr, Wegscheider, and Co., and they would rather run the risk of being thought infidels themselves, than incur the suspicion of desiring to encroach on professorial freedom." Some weeks later: "Things have come to such a pass that Neander, and many other pious men, on whom, as pietists and mystics, public opinion has cast dirt for many years, are now high in favour, because they have spoken out roundly their disapproval of the Evangelical Magazine, and, for the time at least, are letting Rationalism alone. Neander is doubtless the same as ever, yet the Rationalists now claim him as a sort of ally, and many devout persons are beginning to fear that he must be otherwise related to Christianity and to Rationalism than they supposed. Neander, and others similarly compromised, are certainly bound to express their unchanged hostility to Rationalism, with unmistakable clearness and emphasis; Neander, particularly, who has always expressed his views with an unsatisfactory vagueness. The tumultuous joy at the supposed accession to the ranks of Rationalism of him and his like, is too rudely expressed, not to disgust the truly pious among Hengstenberg's opponents, and make them break company at once, and decidedly, with their unnatural confederates."

Notwithstanding all these divisions, the Protestants were

able to unite, on 25th June 1830, in celebrating the third centenary of the Augsburg Confession. At Dresden and Leipsic there were disturbances on that occasion, but they did not arise from religious differences. To a friend who had animadverted on these in a letter, Perthes answered: "We must turn away our eyes from the debates and battles of the day, if we would not spoil our eyesight for the great course of history. Our age is, indeed, extraordinary. In almost all the countries of Europe a fresh inner life is growing up in men from amid the rubbish of last century; in the east, the Greek Church is slowly, but inevitably, coming under the influence of civilisation; on the frontiers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the Christian element is percolating into Mahommedan life; the African coasts are being opened up, and a way will be found into regions which have been closed for thousands of years. Individuals quarrel and strive, pushing one another, and one another's little interests, backwards and forwards, but, for all that, the kingdom of God moves on with mighty step through the world."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.—1822-1823.

In 1814, such was the ingenuousness of political inexperience, that most men expected from the Congress of Vienna a solution of the great problems which had arisen since 1789; but in 1822, every one knew that these problems remained unsolved, and many came to the conclusion that they could not be solved till a distant day, and even then not by kings and diplomatists, but by an earnest and bloody history. In the summer of 1822, Poel wrote to Perthes: "Till Brabant shall cease to be a reluctant appendage of Holland; till Poland shall give up sighing for reunion with her dissevered provinces; till Italy shall have become Italian once more; till the Greeks shall have found peace either in the grave, or in independence; till Sweden shall have put off her mourning for the loss of Finland; and Denmark hers for the loss of Norway; till Germany shall have acquired political unity—there is no peace for Europe. It will be long ere the *émigrés* learn to forget and forgive, ere the Jacobins, Radicals, and Carbonari of all lands, confounded just now by party spirit with the soundest part of the population, renounce their dreams, ere Catholicism complete her reformation, ere dogmatic theology establish a supremacy

in Protestant pulpits, and conclude a treaty with the rationalism of its opponents. More than one crisis must be passed through ere that final one come, out of which shall spring a feeling of security, permitting both individuals and states to enjoy possession."

From 1822 onwards, many Germans still pressed on, now in one direction, now in another, in the hope of some political gain for their country. At length however, when, notwithstanding the Carlsbad resolutions, the acts of the Vienna Congress, the remodelling of the Diet, and the introduction of constitutional government into a number of the German States, each party felt that it had not attained its object, all turned away in disgust from domestic affairs, and an indifference, which was at first affected, became afterwards real. Not that the political parties abandoned their several views and theories, for, on the contrary, these assumed, if possible, a more decided character; but that, instead of striving for their realisation at home, each party contented itself with rejoicing or fretting, according as its principles won a victory or sustained a defeat abroad.

Since the spring of 1821, Naples had been occupied by Austrian troops; bnt in Spain foreign intervention was long enough delayed to allow the development of savagely hostile parties. Towards the end of 1822, Böhl von Faber wrote to Perthes from Cadiz:—"Among the many scoffers at the Church in Southern Spain, the most dangerous was a monk, who had been imprisoned by the Inquisition in Mexico, but had escaped. He is now dead; he had given orders that he should be buried with the Spanish constitution on his breast, and that patriotic songs should be sung over him. Since his death the shameless

attacks on religion and the Church have somewhat abated, but the monks and the clergy are still reproached as the authors of all political evil. One after another the ecclesiastical foundations are confiscated; the nunneries alone remain untouched, but they also are in danger. Everything, in short, is done as in the French Revolution, only with more circumspection, and with every care to avoid public scandal; the objects aimed at, however, are the same as in 1789 in France." Again: "Were you to see the course of the revolution here with your own eyes, you would be as much disgusted as myself. Neither things nor principles are at stake, but persons, and, consequently, those only who expect to gain or lose, are interested in what goes on. The whole battle just now is simply this—whether Exaltados, *i.e.*, Jacobins, who desire a republic, or Maçons, *i.e.*, Constitutionalists, shall receive this or that good appointment." Perthes himself wrote: "It is indeed singular that these same Spaniards, who are individually good, as we see them painted in romance, or noble, yea, sublime, as they appeared in their struggle against Napoleon, should, as a nation, be insensible to right, and of a tiger-like character. As a nation they wasted and depopulated America and the Netherlands, and as a nation they have torn out their own bowels, formerly in religious, now in political quarrels. Their nationality was personified in Alba and Pizarro; and it thus appears that a nation is something different from the sum of its individual members."

In France the ultra-Royalists, with Viscount Montmorency at their head, were eager for war with revolutionary Spain; and at the Congress of Verona, in October 1822, Metternich endeavoured to make the restoration of monarchy in Spain the

common cause of Europe, which France should be commissioned to prosecute. It was understood, however, that Metternich cared little for Spain, and that his principal object was to turn away from the south-east the thoughts of the Emperor Alexander, whose armies were gathered in the south of Russia, ready to take part in the Greek war of independence. In December 1822, the Congress was dissolved, Metternich having attained his object. In January 1823, Perthes wrote: "The European states and systems of thought, which it was attempted to unite, could not remain united. It was a pious mistake in him who endeavoured to bind them together; and even by this aiming at an ideal good, does Alexander betray his German origin."

All eyes were turned to France, where, on 28th January, Louis XVIII., in opening the Chamber, declared the imminency of war with Spain, amid the acclamations of the majority. A friend thus wrote to Perthes:—"The late proceedings in the French Chamber of Deputies shew with what audacity authority can trample under foot the most sacred rights, play with oaths, and twist the law for a purpose. Spain is not a whit better treated under the Bourbons than under Napoleon, and England does not now lift her finger; when an advantageous commercial treaty, or an extension of her colonial possessions is to be had, then, but then only, does England bestir herself." On 2d March 1823, Perthes wrote:—"It seems to me impossible that the discord which reigns in the minds of men throughout Europe, can terminate otherwise than by violence. I think that anarchy will prevail for a time, and that out of it will arise tyrants—in purple or in moleskin, no matter—who will drive men in gangs as they deserve." On 10th

March, Rist wrote to Perthes: "Except in France, there is no desire for war throughout Europe, and least of all in England. Metternich would like disturbance in Spain, to withdraw Alexander's attention from the east: and Alexander will oscillate hither and thither between his mission in the east, and his mission to save Europe from revolution; he believes both missions to be his by divine delegation, and his allies pull him now by one cord, and now by the other."

In the summer of 1822 there was reason for believing that the Emperor Alexander was prepared to draw the sword against the Sultan, if not for the Greeks, at least for his own aggrandizement. A friend wrote to Perthes: "It is quite possible that the fanatical champions of Islam may again devastate south-eastern Europe with fire and sword. The Russians are indeed prepared to resist them, and it would be a religious war for them too; but a speedy victory can hardly be expected, for Asia has always sent forth, not so much armies as swarms of men; and should the war be prolonged, such is the condition of the states, and the temper of the peoples in Europe, that a revolutionary outbreak might become universal." In the winter of 1822, however, the danger of the revolutionary movements in Spain, and the necessity of suppressing them were brought so prominently before the Emperor Alexander, that, for the time at least, he abandoned whatever thoughts he may have had of seizing the Greek imperial crown. A profound sympathy at the same time was felt in Germany for the Greeks. A friend, writing to Perthes, says:—"What are all the contests of the age compared with the horrible fate of the suppliant Greeks! Their blood will come upon Europe, and kings will have to

blame themselves, if the fanatical hordes of Asia overrun our quarter of the globe."

About the end of 1822, and beginning of 1823, the Greeks had, by their own efforts, gained important military successes. In February 1823, a friend wrote to Perthes:—"The incapacity of the Turks does not diminish the importance of these successes; nothing great, in fact, could ever have been accomplished, had not its enemies betrayed folly in the beginning of the struggle; had Cyrus, for instance, instead of Xerxes, been on the Persian throne, the old Greeks would have left us no history. It is perhaps well that the European powers have not supported Greece: for whatever is accomplished, under such circumstances, is of far greater moment for posterity, than greater results would have been, if won by foreign aid."

On 7th April 1823, the Duke of Angoulême entered Spain, and Madrid on 24th May, the way having been prepared for him by the most contemptible party-struggle within the kingdom. Böhl von Faber wrote to Perthes in the beginning of March: "It is impossible for you in Germany to realize the utter worthlessness of those who are conducting the public affairs of Spain. A reign of terror would immediately open the eyes of Europe, and work our deliverance; but the rectitude of the Spanish people, and their comparative indifference to political questions, which render a reign of terror impossible, give base, bloodthirsty demagogues an opportunity of undermining and destroying all that is good." These views proved correct, and those who had been enthusiastic in behalf of the champions of liberty in Spain, were at length covered with shame. By the arms of France the revolution was extin-

guished in Spain, and thereby Portugal's fate was also decided. Legitimate government was nominally restored; but in reality a furious party got possession of absolute power, and it was easy to foresee that, sooner or later, that power would be again resisted. The Greeks were still abandoned to the fury of the Turks; but, at the same time, the Greeks still continued to hate the Turks, the Sultan remained weak, and Russia kept her eye fixed on Oriental affairs. That the whole south of Europe was in a merely provisional condition was the general opinion, and many thought the same of France."

Public feeling ran very high against the conquerors in Naples, Spain, and Portugal, especially against the Emperor Alexander, whose attitude alone, as was supposed, had rendered their victory possible. Perthes received the following:—"I, too, dread and hate revolution, but it cannot be exorcised by summoning a bugbear from the east, which is much more likely to promote the baneful fermentation, to rouse the Satan of revolution from his lowest abyss, and to bring destruction upon Europe; for the Russian empire, immense though it be, is internally weak, and throughout all Europe the youth and the *prestige* of public opinion are in favour of revolution." Perthes answered:—"Every thinking man may see the finger of God in the events of our time. By her relations to Spain, France is bound more closely than ever to the west, and Russia, will she, nill she, must turn her views and powers to the east. Once more, we Germans are saved from the shock of arms, that we may fulfil our destiny in the world. The Germans seem to me the genuine successors of the Jews; just as it was the mission of these, isolated from all other nations, to preserve the law, so is it ours to preserve a

seed of piety, freedom, and true universal culture, and scatter it over the world. Many a Babylonish captivity we have undergone, but the Lord has brought us back, and now vouchsafes a respite, that we may gather our strength and fulfil our vocation."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LIBERALISM AND THE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS OF GERMANY.—1822-1825.

The misunderstanding which already, in 1819, prevailed between the rulers and the ruled, widened ever, and threatened to prevent Germany from benefiting by the peace she enjoyed in the midst of European confusions. The governments, giving way to distrust and fear, betook themselves to police regulations, while among the people, opposition to authority, and to the whole existing order as untenable and unworthy, was regarded as the token of political insight, and malicious joy at the failures and misdeeds of government passed for the index of a sound politician. The new political system, indicated by the prevailing tendency of the age, did not bear that national stamp, that correspondence to German history and thought, which the men of 1813 and 1817 had wished, more or less distinctly, to imprint upon their arrangements. The constitutions desired were rather to be the offspring of that political understanding which is always and everywhere the same; accordingly they were not to pre-suppose the existence of any established authority, and were to be for all nations essentially alike. To liberalism of this sort Perthes was a decided opponent. He wrote; "Men must be governed, and they wish it

too ; but, as they can be governed only by men, every government must depend on some human accessory, be it a seneschal or a scullion, a major's wig, or a corporal's staff. It is useless to fret and kick against the pricks ; and, though you were to set up among us a political idol from France or America, it would only be a new Baal, that would burst when his time came." Again : "You consider the *exclusive majesty of the law* a phrase of noble and profound import. Yes, indeed, it sounds fine in the ears of our age, but profound it is not : it is nothing, in fact, but empty sound, for majesty of the law without authority of the lawgiver is mere nonsense. Majesty must have a body, monarchical or republican as you please, but a body ; and law pre-supposes an authority not made, but previously existing, which is precisely what our whimsical age is ever denying in one form or another." A friend to Perthes : "Follies enough certainly our governments commit, almost as many as ourselves, but yet I will say that not a single state in Germany is groaning under tyranny ; it is not the present, but reflection on the past, and dread of the future, which prompts the cry for constitutions ; and I believe that, if only the demon of pride be kept under, a good end may be attained by the movement party." Perthes answered : "I know that our age, like every other, can and should strive after an improved social condition, and I am not offended when young men welcome this or the other constitution as a political panacea ; but age, which is not yet imbecile, has also a claim to be heard. The root of the evil is in men themselves and in their relations, not in the peculiar form of any constitution ; and the best constitution can only regulate the existing state of things, but cannot make a bad state of things good, nor a grievous one light.

The patriarchal relation of the prince to his subjects is unquestionably gone, and that for ever; but it does not follow, as our Liberals would have it, that therefore the prince has become a useless incumbrance, tolerable at best only as a sort of phantom by the side of a responsible minister. Whoever knows the German Liberals and Radicals, must know the necessity of a vigorous monarchical government, and will have nothing to do with a constitution in which the monarchical element is wanting. The question is not: Whether Germany need a constitution, but of what sort it should be." Again: "The German is slow in judgment, because he decides, not like the Frenchman with the understanding alone, but with his whole nature; and he wants practicality, because, instead of contenting himself, like the Englishman, with the obvious and immediate, he takes into account, and wishes to make allowance for, a thousand remote and profound considerations connected with the subject, all of which the Englishman simply lets alone, proceeding, in fact, as if they did not exist. In order to judge correctly, and act with vigour, the German needs, above all things, time and composure: the forms, however, now demanded for discussions in the Chambers, oblige the deputies to decide, within a few hours, on matters with which they are but imperfectly acquainted; they, therefore, enable a few fluent speakers to take the members who are not so gifted, and who are always the majority, by surprise; their theatrical character is distracting; and they give an unfair advantage to the narrow-minded, the crafty, the malicious, and the rabid, provided only such persons understand the art of managing a great assembly. Whatever constitution may be good for the Germans, one that allows such scope for declamation is undoubtedly bad."

Since the liberation wars, new constitutions had been introduced into several of the German states; but as they did not produce the benefits anticipated, public opinion regarded them with indifference; and when in the summer of 1823 the laws for the regulation of the provincial assemblies in Prussia appeared, they were received in profound silence. A friend wrote to Perthes: "It is really a disgrace to Germany that the first public and thorough-going estimate of these laws should have appeared in the *Journal des Débats;* but, of course, the talkers and scribblers in Germany have no reason to rejoice in the loss of a plausible pretext for discontent and conspiracy." In 1824, Niebuhr said to Perthes: "Parochial Institutions, Justice of the Peace Courts, and the like, might be given to Germany, but I know not what else. What have the provincial assemblies been able to lay before the Crown-Prince, who was so willing to hear them? Nothing, absolutely nothing of practical value. Nor was this owing to the mode of calling the assemblies together, for even the freest election could not have sent more capable men."

Up to 1823 some individuals, particularly in the smaller states, retained a hope that the Diet would prove a safeguard against arbitrary power. But when, in the summer of that year, von Wangenheim, the deputy of Würtemberg, and von Lepel, deputy from the electorate of Hesse, like Von Gagern before them, were recalled, the Diet became the object of universal hatred. About this time a diplomatic friend wrote to Perthes: "An assembly composed of plenipotentiaries from different states is a curious phenomenon; each, to gain one thing, must sacrifice another; the eternal discord between the individual and the community comes clearly out, and quite

other difficulties turn up than are met with in one's own study, or at a board of honest country-folks. Whoever is sharp-witted, and can drive his antagonist into a corner from which, without inconsistency—and inconsistency is a greater bugbear than wrong—he cannot escape, has the advantage on such occasions. At the same time, however, the influences of right and of the public are not unfelt; and I am sure that, but for dread of the latter, an agreement on common affairs would be absolutely impossible. My experience bids me wonder more than ever at what the Congress of Vienna achieved in 1814-15."

Because the form, in which the federative principle was embodied in the constitution of the Diet, did not answer the expectation of Germany, many were disposed to reject that principle altogether. Perthes, however, entertained an opposite view: "Germany never was, certainly for centuries has not been, a state or empire, in the present signification of these terms, yet we are still Germans through and through, and we are far from being worn out; on the contrary, we shall continue to be the salt of Europe, as we have always been, though in a new form. The course of our history, as I view it, can lead to no other but a federative constitution." Again: "The bond uniting the Germans was, is, and ever will be federative. It is a form of political association ill-fitted for conquest, or even for defence against a foreign enemy; but however loose the bond, let the devil come in despotic or demagogical form, and he will find the German people prepared, if not at once, yet in a short time, to receive him. True, we must bethink ourselves awhile before acting, and the pressure must become well-nigh intolerable; but then at last we do break loose, and carry all before us. We are not destined to rule by the sword, but, as an elect

people, to preserve for the whole world the profound truths of Christianity, and freedom both inward and outward; and I am very doubtful whether the germs, which are in us, could be developed under any other form of government than the federative." Again: "Since the middle of last century, an intellectual unity has been established among the Germans, such as never existed before: the progress of science, the restoration of our language, and the existence of a common literature bind all the German races indissolubly together. The geography of the book-trade throws considerable light on the history of this result. Forty years ago, Austria, almost all southern Germany, the Rhenish provinces, and Westphalia had little correspondence with the book-trade in the rest of Germany, which clearly shewed that they were strangers to the fresh, rising literature of the country. That same book-trade has now depôts in all Westphalia; on the Rhine, as far as Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves; in all Bavaria; in Tyrol, as far as Botzen; and in Switzerland: and the prosperity of these establishments is a proof how far German literature has become common property, and a necessary of life. Even the Germans scattered abroad have gathered around the national literature, and contributed to bring foreigners under its influence. As formerly Denmark, Sweden, Courland, and Livonia were included within the circle of German literature, so also now are Poland, Galicia, Transylvania, Hungary, and the Netherlands; three London booksellers, and several in Paris have correspondents in Germany. This intellectual unity of the Germans, embodied in the book-trade, is the spontaneous product of the nation's endeavour, not only unaided, but even opposed by the civil power; and the political bond, with its Diet, may take what form it pleases,

I believe that this intellectual bond, with its book-trade, will keep the Germans together, and, if need were, would enable them to make a united and vigorous effort again, such as that of the years 1813-15.

So rickety and hopeless did the political condition of Germany and of its several states appear, that many even of those who did not mistake liberalism for political health, yet expected, by means of it, to recover a sound condition. Perthes, however, though he could not shut his eyes to the sickly state of Germany politically, never saw in liberalism anything but a fatal poison. In 1824 he wrote: "You do not know the ratiocinating bawlers as I do; with what audacity they set up principles in respect to constitution, administration, and jurisprudence, without any knowledge of mankind or of the people, without any perception of a divine order, without any real sentiment of freedom, without any historical basis; you do not know the insipid witticisms, and the silly mania for anecdotes among German professors, schoolmasters, and literary men. What harm can it do, you will say; is it not all without sap and pith? Most true, and it can exert no *immediate* influence on the people; but it spreads perversion and confusion of ideas, beginning at the universities and Gymnasia, among all the younger government *employés*, the advocates, the physicians, and the clergy. These several orders are already quite convinced, in their presumptuous discontent and vanity, that they could arrange everything off-hand much better than it is. There is no danger even in that, you will say, because the German people is too loyal, too indolent, too obedient, too much scattered, and has no metropolis. It is true we have no metropolis, but we have a great many large towns, and

the population is scattered only in northern Germany; the peasants are, of course, only a material, but a material which can be easily worked upon, and every village has its politician, and its schoolmaster. When the ideas and feelings of men are once perverted and confused, the ambitious, the penniless, the disorderly, and the worthless find plenty of materials and tools at hand for their purpose. It is easy to win a few enthusiasts, a good many simple-minded pastors, and any number of pettifogging lawyers. The pastors cry out in good faith: 'Your princes are going to re-establish the confessional and the mass, for the purpose of keeping you in ignorance and bondage; the lawyers with glib and venomous tongue, represent the manorial rights of soccage and pasturage, and the old regulations for preserving the forests and game as about to be reinforced; whilst the professors preach about the sin against reason, and their own theories. If a Thomas Münzer should reappear, he would find plenty of followers. I know, indeed, it has not yet come to this: but the temper as well as the ideas of men, is already perverted, and dangerous characters have made their preparations for turning that perversion to account." Again: "This race of liberal talkers and writers make a great ado about freedom and right, citizenship and constitution, but when asked what all this means, there is no answer: very learned people, too, are among them, but all their historical lore, gathered from manifold sources, in Sanscrit, Persian, Greek, and Latin, becomes a weak acid in their veins. In spite of all their study, they have missed the German element, and give out, as postulates in German history, what are only abstractions of their own, or deductions from the history of some other nation. The great majority of these

bawlers are incapable of action without applause, of sacrifice without glory: they are scurrilous towards princes and the nobility; but to the joiner or shoemaker they behave grandly, thrusting him aside, or awkwardly condescending to him, like a new-made lord. Those, again, who neither speak so grammatically, nor write so fluently as these knights of the pen, are a good-for-nothing crew, who would not put up with the toils and labour of a republic one month. How true is it that, in order to judge correctly, a man must have observed the pride and despotism, not only of the great, but of the small! I know a young man who entered passionately on the study of republics, in hope of finding new weapons for his liberalism; but, in the course of a year, his studies made him a decided royalist." Again, to a friend: "We have been visited lately by two liberal *savans*. One of them was old Wachler, whom I prize not only for his learning, but also as a rare specimen of the academical slasher. I am delighted that he came here, for his naked democraticism has startled even our most advanced liberals. The governments may well give him elbow-room; it would be wise, indeed, to give him a free ticket for the mails, since he makes more converts to royalism than Adam Müller and his friends. The other was Luden, an estimable man, but with a dash of learned vanity. Though by nature an aristocrat to the back-bone, he has become a liberal, he himself cannot well tell how, but, of course, at the lamp, and by the inkstand. If this man has any true appreciation of citizenship, and any true sympathy with the people, then I am ready to plunge over head and ears into democracy. As I have had a kiss from Wachler, and a visit from Luden, the wiseacres here are beginning to think that they have been mistaken in

me all along, and that I must be a Clubbist, under an aristocratico-papistical mask. The liberalism of so many who are supernaturalists in theology, is to me a remarkable phenomenon; for, is not liberalism in politics the correspondent to Rationalism in theology?" Again: "How few of those who are now raising an outcry have any liking for thorough investigation! They grind away at arguments, pronounce opinions, and show how this, that, and the other might have been better done; but they have no real insight, and, indeed, remind me often of our old Von X. who, in the war times, used to harangue the generals, though he did not really know whether the Pyrenees were a river or a town! So now these noisy ignoramuses give lessons on government, constitution, administration, freedom, and obedience, religion and morals! It is enough to put one from both speaking and listening; and the older the talkers, the worse they are."

The revolutionary movements in southern Europe were represented by a few emissaries in Germany; a secret correspondence was established, and, from the spring of 1824, rumours of new political prosecutions, and judicial inquiries became current. Perthes wrote: "The matters and the men, now requiring investigation, are very different from those of 1819. Patriotism was then the mainspring of the movement, though, of course, I should be the last man to deny that it was terribly misguided; but we have now to do with an un-German revolutionary conspiracy of precisely the same nature with those in Spain and Italy, having nothing in common with the joyous outbreak of German enthusiasm in 1813, and but little with the *Burschenschaft* (Students' Association to promote the political unity of Germany), the *Turnwesen* (Gymnastic Associations of a na-

tional character, but used for political purposes), and the Wartburg Festival. The present movement originated in the extravagances of the Spanish Cortes, and the Italian revolutions, and the impulse was transmitted to Germany, *via* Paris, through the liberals of Switzerland, Würtemberg, and Baden: the leaders are revolutionists to the backbone, and wear not only a different visor from the enthusiasts of 1813 and 1817, but different features under it."

On 16th August 1824, the Diet passed regulations for the maintenance of public order within the confederation. A friend wrote to Perthes: "Nobody understands the people; and the sense of this ignorance, the consciousness of groping in the dark, is the true rationale of the negative policy observed by our rulers. Positivism, however, rules the world; for it does, or, at least, proposes to do something: but, on the other hand, negativism is more lasting, for it is cautious, and does nothing which cannot be maintained. The superlative of positivism is a bedlamite, of negativism a cipher; and I should have no difficulty in choosing between them." Perthes answered: "A thousand times rather the bedlamite than the cipher; for something can be made of the bedlamite, if not in this world, yet in the next; but of the cipher nothing, neither here nor there. But there are, in fact, no ciphers: what you call a cipher is a minus; and even a minus is something, only it makes nobody rich, and would not entice even a dog from the fireside. Work is possible only when a man has chosen decidedly his path, turns a deaf ear to criticism, and in respect to stumblingblocks, that are met with, and cannot be removed, has faith in God. No good comes of negation, fault-finding, rebellion against what is, and the destructive tendency; good can

arise only from the creative longing, accompanied by courage founded on faith. What can an age like ours effect, in the political life of which only negative powers are at work, the governments acting only by prohibitions, and the subjects bestirring themselves only to find fault, and pull down?"

## CHAPTER XX.

### POLITICAL FEELINGS AND EXPECTATIONS—1822-25.

The struggle between Liberalism and the governments was carried on with renewed vigour during these years, and many true patriots, conceiving that victory on either side would be equally fatal to the country, fell into a desponding state of mind, which blinded their eyes to whatever still remained vigorous and sound.

Niebuhr expressed himself thus to Perthes in the spring of 1824: "I see nowhere any greatness in the conduct of public affairs; no individual is pre-eminent: and there is not a true diplomatist remaining, Metternich alone, perhaps, excepted. Mediocrity is invading us on all sides. As South America has only Negro-Indian states to shew, without any strongly marked character, so the political dulness of South America is passing into Europe, to complete our degeneracy." On another occasion Niebuhr remarked: "No Italian can rise to the sentiment of nationality; now as ever the Milanese hate the Bolognese, these the Florentines, and so on. They would all rather remain under a foreign yoke, than give up attempting to subjugate one another. In one thing only are they unanimous, and that is to let none of their money pass the Alps. It will always be impossible to make Christians of the Italians; but

they are ever ready to become heathens." Again respecting France: "The government of Richelieu aimed at reconciling freedom and popular rights with the kingly power; but failed through the intractableness of the nation, which cannot be governed with an independent Chamber. In France, as in the rest of Europe, the Liberals are but dastardly talkers, without the courage and the power to act. The revolutionary *comité directoire* in Paris has no doubt, since 1815, shewn a disposition to act; it has provoked and paid for all the attempts at insurrection since the second return of the Bourbons; but its own internal divisions, one party wishing Napoleon II., and another a republic, rendered community of action impossible; and besides, the leaders were incompetent. Instead of stepping forth themselves, they put forward subordinates, and now they are quite powerless; probably they have not a single franc to draw from Lafitte of Napoleonist money. The government has documentary evidence of all this in its hands, but cannot use it; because many peers, particularly those created by Decazes, are implicated in the above transactions. In intimate correspondence with the Parisian Committee were NN. and PP. in Germany. What in all the world can they hope to do with the Germans? Who can have patience with our Liberal professors and their disciples? When, in 1814, I declared the Spanish constitution to be dangerous for Europe, the aristocratic *salons* were moved with indignation, and now Count X. holds me for a Jacobin! How I despise such creatures! If but one of them could shew himself a man, with energy enough to act out a bad principle, he might blow up everything, and the people would tolerate it." Perthes answered in a letter: "Our race was always frail, yet making high claims, sinful,

yet haunted by noble visions. A hundred years ago Haller sang :—

> 'Thou luckless compromise between the angel and the beast,
> Still boasting of thy Reason high—the thing thou usest least!
> Thou life-long child, too sure to choose the wrong thing and the vain,
> Ready alike to own thy faults, and straightway fail again.'

But may I, can I despise my fellow-man?"

The genius of melancholy seemed to turn the eyes of all men in these times to the dark side of things. One wrote: "Houses are springing up on every side like mushrooms, and every spot of ground, good or bad, is cultivated with care and skill, but with loss. Houses and lands are not as formerly the tokens of wellbeing, but only proofs to what exertions the pressure of the time spurs on individuals. To keep the wolf from the door is the mainspring of action in our age." Another: "The state-loans and paper-money have created throughout Germany a thirst for gain unknown before, and which will tell fearfully on succeeding generations." A third who had passed his life in an important political position: "With me public life, though I am still officially employed in it, is receding into the background. For one to whom it has given satisfaction, I could name hundreds who bewail the waste of their best powers, because their utmost exertions have produced no result." A friend in Holstein: "The state is poor, and the number of those who must be fed annually increases; consequently the value of men, whether candidates for appointments, or already holding them, falls from day to day, and with it their own sense of dignity. A multitude of needy nobles shut out the middle classes from all offices even of inferior income. The tithes will be gradually but at length redeemed; we shall have

tougher work however with that other part of our mediæval inheritance, the nobles by descent but without property. Holstein is too rich in Counts; it is a dreadful look-out!" Niebuhr wrote to Perthes: "Even among well-meaning aristocrats there are still many who consider their own claims unbounded, and those of all others secondary. Many of them do not seem to be aware that we too, according to our several abilities and merits, and that their very peasants, have claims; and, accordingly, when they do anything for these latter, they conceive a profound veneration for themselves, which might well grow into the love of virtue." Another wrote: "The nobility is not destined to flourish again; for it would fain make money, but knows neither what money is nor how to use it. The nobility had no need of money in the middle ages, and would have done more wisely, had it kept aloof from the modern world, to which, indeed, it does not belong: the good among them wander about like strangers, and the bad stand everywhere in the way." Perthes answered: "It is rather difficult for those to keep aloof from the modern world, who are once for all in the midst of it, and I think that the nobility occupied a useful position in the last century. Only in quite recent times, since their property was made moveable, and they, hoping that money would make money, have come into competition with the trading and industrious classes, have the nobles suffered; and I believe that, unless they withdraw from this foreign atmosphere, they will perish, but not to the advantage of society. We need a fixed rallying point; everything may not be moveable, saleable, as if money were the only power; the fixed and the moveable elements are both necessary to a great social whole." A correspondent in Berlin

wrote: "Our age knows very well its evils, and their causes, but not their remedy; and the worst is that, in such a state of internal stagnation, every man is almost compelled to look out for himself, and thus all are on the highway to moral perdition. Life cannot be renewed by laws and decrees, nor a sickly organization restored to health by external appliances, but yet the governments are chiefly to blame that nothing better than our present miserable condition has resulted from the struggle in which we all united to throw off the ignominy of foreign dominion. You say that this is no time for devising schemes, and that every man must just endeavour to maintain a sterling character in himself. You may be right, but it is not the less a sad thing to pass the best years of one's life in mere preparatives and expectation. The good times are still far off in the distance, and, when they do come, we shall be old, and unfit to take an active part in them." Another correspondent, who acknowledges himself to have been often revived by Perthes' courageous hopefulness, puts the good time coming still further in the future, and thinks despair pardonable, because there is no prospect of better things even for his grandchildren.

Notwithstanding all this, Perthes' horizon remained clear. He wrote: "My strength has always been in clinging to hope, and I cling to it still. I should like to conduct some of these Jeremiahs first through Germany, and then through the other countries of Europe! They would soon see that there is more well-being and freedom, with less misery and poverty, among us than elsewhere. In the higher ranks, indeed, there is weakness and hesitation; but the people are prosperous, and there never was in Germany so numerous and comfortable a middle-

class as now; only it is not contented, and *would* be something more than a middle-class. With narrow views and a feeble will, but insatiable passions, men run after fantastical ideals, being possessed by the fond imagination that the fault is not in themselves, but in the institutions of the country. If every party could only be permitted in turn to try its hand at government, they would all become wiser, and lower their demands."

After a short tour in Thuringia, Perthes wrote to a friend a most glowing description of the improvements effected during thirty years. In districts which formerly produced only wretched potatoes and oats, he had seen splendid rye and wheat, with well furnished gardens and orchards; and in others, where agriculture was less flourishing, he had found paper-mills, glass-works, iron-works, and potteries. On lands, which had passed from the hands of the nobility into those of wealthy citizens, magnificent crops were growing, and enriching their new proprietors, and the nobility themselves were now following this example of success by judicious improvements. Trade, too, had assumed a higher position. "A quarter of a century ago, the so-called merchants in Thuringia were mere hucksters, without knowledge or culture, and socially beneath the artisan; but now, even in the smaller towns, you meet with merchants of extensive views, who have been trained in Hamburgh or Bremen, and correspond, not as formerly through Leipzic, but directly with the great marts of the world. It is very pleasing also to observe that this growing prosperity has not led to luxury in eating and drinking, dress and amusements; in the houses alone has it produced a change. Every one is now intent upon having larger and loftier rooms, and more elegant furniture, which is a good sign. Cleanliness and

neatness at home are not indeed morality, but they are steps to it; and I think that the clean and comfortable inns, which are now everywhere established, may both indicate and promote an improvement in morals." Again: "Wherein consists the degeneracy so much talked of? In the extent of our country, and its population? Our loss in the west was amply compensated for by our gains in the east—Silesia, Bohemia, and the Baltic provinces,—and we have won immensely by the diffusion of our language. In freedom? What country can boast of so many free and independent families as Germany? and what German land groans either under the tyranny of the prince, or the oppression of the nobility? In property? Our working-classes are much better off than those in France; and as for peasantry, England has none at all; nor could our middle-classes, forty years ago, have so much as dreamed that state of comfort in which they now live. In the department of mind? Here at least we have neither stood still nor gone back; German culture has made conquests over all the world. In honour? Well, we were subjugated no doubt, but by our own power we recovered our freedom. In political wisdom? In this we may be wanting still, but we have made great progress in political knowledge and skill, and we are daily making more. Whoever can remember what the interior of Germany was towards the end of last century, would hardly know it now: all classes, the official, the trading, and the working, have at one leap, as it were, attained the development of many generations. Germany has neither been exploded like Poland, nor fractured like Italy; it is not subject to alternate fits of stupor and fury like Spain, neither does it stagger between pride and servility like France. England, evermore England, is thrown in our teeth; but who

among us would accept the wealth, dominion, and political greatness of England, if along with these must be taken English poverty, cruelty, and nationality? And truly the one cannot be had without the other. But no nation in the world has so much love as the German." In a similar strain Perthes wrote to Pfister, alleging that the nobility was the only class in Germany which had fallen behind, but that, in many instances, society had suffered by their domains falling into the hands of unprincipled upstarts. Again: "I cannot imagine why so many men of parts, knowledge, and experience despair of Germany, unless it be that they are ambitious of a false national glory, and would have Germany play a conspicuous part in Europe, conquering it indeed if possible. These men, however, would be terrified were they called on to give up and take, what must be given up and taken, if we are to become politically the masters of Europe. Would it be anything short of a national suicide in us to seek for a centralized government or a Louis XIV., to waste our powers upon foreign objects, or to have a Paris or a London consuming our vitals?" Again: "You complain of your lot being cast in a transition period, and that you shall not live to see the results. But I ask, was there ever a period of finality? Any period so called in history has been merely a temporary sleep, the middle state of an indolent generation between the deeds of mightier fathers and mightier grandchildren. To create, not to enjoy results, has been the lot of man from Adam downwards. I can understand your sympathy with Niebuhr's harsh judgment of the age; but just because you say that advancing years have proved the folly of your early hopes and wishes, I am sure that your gloomy view of things is not correct. Youth always hopes and wishes

too much from itself, from others, from nature, and the world, and old age complains that all is vanity; both the hopefulness of youth, and the querulousness of old age, are rooted in nature; but neither youth nor age is fitted to realize facts exactly as they are, the one being over-luxuriant, and the other sapless. Neither is the history of the ancient world a just standard for the appreciation of the present, for in it only heroes appear, while of the millions who were victimized there is no trace; but we look at the present through a microscope, and cannot shut our eyes to the condition of the multitude. The same holds true of the middle ages, in which, however, we can clearly see that the many were sacrificed to the few, and that the oppressed became oppressors whenever they had an opportunity. It was no doubt a convenient, but certainly not a noble state of matters, when a man might in all good conscience obey his natural instincts, provided he always conformed to certain external prescriptions. Now, however, we live in an age which requires a man to conquer himself,—a difficult and tedious problem, the solution of which supplies no food either to pride or vanity; for others cannot know by what struggles the victory is won, and no one dreams of acting the hero before God. Hence, I conceive, the discouragement of so many when youthful ideals have passed away." To several representations of this sort, Rist answered: "Certes, I am no *Jean qui pleure;* indeed, I have always passed for the contrary, and have strengthened many a weakling, by giving him fresher and brighter views of life. There is probably but a shade of difference between you and me: I have less fancy, refuse to cheat myself, and fear no consequences; you, on the other hand, give yourself up, more or less consciously, to this and that pleas-

ing illusion, seeing in things often what you want to see: so then, since this world has in fact two sides, it may well be that each of us is acquainted with both, but that, owing to a difference of idiosyncrasy, you look rather at the bright side in discussion, and I at the dark."

This social despair naturally begat a longing for the appearance of great men who should stir and elevate the prevailing mediocrity. Rist wrote:—"We need great individualities, representatives of a nobler and mightier humanity, who may become the centres of love and attachment. Enthusiasm for a multitude is impossible; when an association of many does anything well, then no one has done it; when ill, then no one in particular can be blamed; yet this unsatisfactory state of things is becoming more and more general, and every day the individual is disappearing more and more in the mass." Perthes answered:—"I am well aware that marked powerful individualities are wanting; and the want would still more clearly appear if the private life of kings and statesmen were open to the public eye. The German nation, more than any other, has aimed at an ideal; but, just because it has aimed at the unattainable, she is behind other nations in decision of character, and poorer than they in great men of action. Historical personages of the sort among us, either were or became un-German. Our time is great in its wants and its problems, but it is not favourable to the production of great individualities, except, indeed, bad ones, of rigid intellectual consistency, such as Napoleon." Other views of Perthes on the same subject are contained in another letter: "I have long ceased to be an admirer of human power and greatness; and just because I do not expect help from man, I do not give up all for lost.

The grand characteristic of our age seems to me this, that things more than ever come about of themselves, as if under the immediate providence of God, without the intervention of heroes. Who, for instance, brought about Napoleon's fall, and who has decided the course of history since then? We seem to be more in God's hands now, not in those of kings and ministers." Again: "There may be a great history without pre-eminent individuals; and of this take Hamburgh as an example on a small scale. Cologne, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg, are venerable monuments of a great past; but Hamburgh, besides having great recollections, is full of power and life at the present day. Throughout its struggle of centuries it has preserved its independence, and commanded respect on the ocean; yet its whole history does not furnish materials for a single tragedy, nor one pre-eminent character,—nothing but the persevering endeavour of all. No citizen, no family ever acquired ascendency; no monument, no building reminds the people of a single great man among their ancestors; but the deep insight, and the quiet self-sacrificing spirit of loyal citizenship, which actuated the community at large, are testified by admirable institutions of every kind. In times of danger, no one citizen was ever saluted the saviour of their independence; all together ran to the rescue, staking property and life on the issue. What should make that impossible on a large scale which Hamburgh has enacted on a small? I suspect that this demand for great men is with many only an excuse for their own sloth." Again: "What is our individual span of life in the centuries of history? Our years of positive action may number twenty, at most thirty, for youth is spent in experiments which are often dictated by passion, and old age is devoted to reminiscences.

Whoever would produce enormous results in two or three decades, must prepare for Napoleon's fate in one form or another. He who would not only swim in the flood of history, but direct its current, must be made of other than Christian stuff; only the crafty, the iron-willed, and the unscrupulous, can impress their stamp upon the age. Historical personages have generally, as men, had a tendency to what is bad; the employment of force, in fact, is repugnant to Christian humility. History knows only one great historical character; but His kingdom is not of this world."

The prevailing desire for great individualities, naturally worked a revolution in the estimate of Napoleon. On this subject Rist wrote: "From whom did the Germans ever suffer more than from Napoleon? Yet this very man the popular instinct is now seeking out from beneath the ruins under which he lay buried, in order to rank him with the heroes. He sprang from the people, and enacted a series of mighty deeds, which, in our sober age, appear almost incredible." A friend in North Germany wrote to Perthes: "A few days ago I went into a printseller's shop, and saw a multitude of copperplates in honour of Napoleon and his family, which have newly appeared, and are forbidden in France. 'Who buys them?' I asked.—'Who!' said the man; 'they are the very things which sell best at present. Confectioners, hucksters, and mechanics, all are cursing England now, and buy greedily the like.'" Perthes answered: "Napoleon will yet become the idol of the age; many are already longing for another such despot to appear; and it is quite possible that their desire may be gratified, for, out of fermentations like the present, dragons may well arise. There are thousands who would destroy everything,

that no one might possess more than themselves, and other thousands would be quite pleased to lie in chains, provided all who either have more, or are greater than themselves were reduced to like degradation." To an invitation from a friend that Perthes would join him in some social festivities on Napoleon's commemoration-day, Perthes answered: "Certainly I consider Napoleon to be one of the greatest and most remarkable phenomena in the history of mankind; but I set too high a value on freedom and the free development of our race to accept your invitation. Napoleon was a mighty instrument in the hands of Providence, and when he had done his work, and was no longer needed, he was thrown, like other worn-out tools, into a corner; for not in himself, but only as an instrument, had he any importance."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### POLITICAL EVENTS AND RELATIONS—1825-1830.

On 1st December 1825 the Emperor Alexander died. "The closing of no other pair of eyes," wrote Perthes, "could have been so momentous for the fate of Europe." And a little later: "The baptism of blood which signalized the accession of the young prince, must have left a deep impression upon him, and it is well that the rebellion was of a military character. Nicholas is said to bear no good-will to us Germans; but in everything relating to Russia there is much that is strange and incomprehensible, and we are by no means exactly informed of the various passions which brought about recent events." In February 1826, a friend, intimately acquainted with Russian affairs, wrote to Perthes:—"The pretty general dissatisfaction with Alexander, which prevailed of late years, was doubtless a reaction of the old Russian feeling in the heart of the country against that policy which, since 1806, has sacrificed the national interests to those of Europe. The interior was neglected, disorder and endless abuses had spread throughout all branches of the administration, because Alexander would be, and actually was nothing else than minister of foreign affairs. I pity the young emperor: discontent, distrust, and anxiety

encompass him on every side; and, surely, whoever transmits an empire in such a state to his successor, must have made some capital mistake." Perthes answered: "Alexander committed many mistakes, but he always abandoned an error on becoming aware of it, and he always remained true to his convictions, without, however, seeking to enforce them by despotical power. The essence of his nature was a pious disposition, and a free spirit; to the presumptuous and contradictory claims of a confused and furious age, he opposed what is most spiritual; he dared to plant the principle of Christian charity in the centre of European politics. The princes may have understood the Holy Alliance, the diplomatists certainly did not; the popular leaders did not wish to understand it, and the people themselves had not the key. Did Alexander commit a blunder? I think not. I expect good fruit from this seed, and that Alexander will appear greater in history as time rolls on." An out-and-out Liberal wrote to Perthes:—"They wanted a republic in Russia! Think of Sclavonian serfs and Cossacks being Republicans, and Russian boyards consuls! Off go the heads, of course! and Metternich will have the pleasure of seeing enacted what he had long prepared for us Germans, in the event of a conspiracy or insurrection affording him a pretext." Perthes answered: "If you Liberals had but courage and character, you would have done just what the revolutionists in other countries have attempted. If the Carlsbad resolutions had not blunted the scribblers' pens, and the commission of inquiry driven you into your nests, you would by this time have distilled your poison into the hearts of the people. Now, however, that the power to harm has been taken from you, you would make the world believe that there never was any danger

in Germany, and that all the government measures were, at the least, superfluous."

In the very midst of the political complications consequent on the death of Alexander, came a great financial crisis. In December 1825, many great houses in London, Hamburgh, Berlin, and Leipsic stopped payment, and no one could see how far it would go. On the 13th of that month, Perthes wrote to Niebuhr: "The insight, experience, spirit of combination, and financial resources of the English, will enable them to tide over the crisis; though it would do them no harm to learn that their apparently boundless resources have a limit." Niebuhr answered: "England is getting a severe lesson, which will put an end for some time to speculation with only a paper capital. That, however, is only one ulcer burst; there is another, consisting of excessive production, deterioration in the quality of goods, the utter helplessness of the masses whenever trade languishes, and the interminable struggle between the landed and the manufacturing interests. England presents the noblest and most brilliant spectacle in modern history; but all human things come to an end." In the beginning of 1826, Perthes wrote to Besser: "The misfortune is certainly great to individuals, but the public can only gain by being taught, from time to time, that this earth is something more than a fair, or an exchange. No deliverance can be obtained from an enslaving power, without individual suffering; in the patriotic struggle of 1813, fathers and mothers, widows and brides, were set in mourning, but the yoke had to be thrown off; to-day we must be freed from the tyranny of money, and of the exchange rabble; purse-proud merchants may not corrupt our society, nor the wisdom of the money-changer regulate our political

affairs." In March 1826, Niebuhr wrote: "Universal commercial crises were unknown till 1721, but since then they have become constantly more frequent; and what will it be when, throughout all Spanish America, as already in the United States, there shall be a complete chain of credit-giving establishments? The independence of these states has opened up quite an abyss; and it will be long ere even England recover from the terrible shock she has now received."

From 1820 to 1830 Prussia had followed the leading of Austria in great European questions, and consequently the deeply-rooted opposition of these two powers had come to be overlooked by many. Perthes was, from his very boyhood, a favourer of Austria, not for Austria's sake, but because the imperial house of Hapsburg had given a political expression for so many centuries to German unity. In 1822 he wrote: "Even when a child I entertained a passionate attachment to the majesty of the German Emperor, and an aversion to Frederick the Great. I remember being once terribly excited, when eight years' old, by hearing Frederick lauded to the skies; and in my thirteenth year I had a fight during the night with a Prussian-disposed boy, who was sleeping in the same room with me." The part which Prussia took, however, in the liberation-wars greatly abated Perthes' prejudices; and in proportion as the probability receded of the German Confederation acquiring consistency and vigour, whilst Prussia advanced in internal development, his prejudices grew weaker, and a positive favour for Prussia sprang up. Already in 1824, when he visited the Rhine, it was the Prussian element, viz., the soldiers, the men in public offices, and the university, which made a profound impression upon him; and this impres-

sion was strengthened by a month's residence in Berlin in the spring of 1825. Here is one of his letters from Berlin: "Everything in Berlin proves it to be an upstart town; the inhabitants aim at high things, but the ancient pettiness of the town always peeps through. Vienna and Hamburgh, Dresden and Hanover, Frankfurt and Leipsic, have the staid and consistent look of old towns; but in Berlin things have not settled down into a regular order, and every man has a fashion of his own. Doubtless two-thirds of the government-servants, the learned, the principal merchants, and even the mechanics, are from the provinces, and to them Old Prussia is new. The city-born are lost in the multitude of strangers, and become changed themselves. The old military system created a populace within the populace, and its abandonment must have greatly improved the mass of the population; but in every rank one can still perceive the traces of old Berlinism. A liking for acute and witty remarks, for what the French call *esprit*, springs up in all who reside here for any length of time. Multitudes delight in ferreting out secrets, whether they concern public life or private affairs; every one is fond of shewing that he knows something, and if that something will enable him to produce a sensation, or even an impression, he is sure to come out with it, whatever it be. This out-spokenness is not unconnected with a certain middle-class straightforwardness; the Berliners are neither stiff and proud on the one hand, nor excessively polite or retiring on the other. The contrasts of character presented by the Prussian kings are still exhibited in the society of the capital. The present king is not over-estimated, but universally respected and beloved. The simplicity of his life, his uniformity of temper, his

thoroughly German character, and the manliness of his *physique*, make a favourable impression; and his foibles, which are universally known, exert no evil influence on either the government or the administration. Only in respect to religion, and the clothing of the army, will he listen to nobody. People say that, in regard to the latter, no harm is done, as he meddles only with externals, but that it is otherwise in the case of religion. The king's own disposition is truly pious, and one can easily understand therefore how he should be unwilling that ecclesiastical arrangements and liturgical forms should be at the caprice of individual pastors. When he sees that the consistories are powerless, because each member of them has a different opinion, is it any wonder that he should feel disposed to use the power which he possesses? The Council of State is a remarkable institution, were it only for the universal esteem in which it is held. Except in England, there is certainly not an assembly in Europe of equal intelligence. Fault is found with the number of its members, and the frequency of its meetings as being too great; but it is known to be a point of honour with every member to declare his convictions, and the suffrages are taken quite democratically in the order of the alphabet. The conclusions come to are formally only recommendations, but effect has always been given to them hitherto. It is really a pleasure to see the Prussian soldiery, such is their youthful bloom, and their stalwart appearance. One is reminded by many a fine intellectual countenance among them that the youth of the higher classes are also obliged to serve. I have uniformly remarked a becoming behaviour in the military: they are discreet to the citizens, and the citizens polite to them; the citizens, indeed, regard

the soldiers as their own. The common mess-table is found to have an excellent effect upon the officers; nourishing a kindly feeling among them all, and giving the younger ones a more decided bearing. What a difference between all this, and what I saw in Berlin in 1800 and 1806! What a lasting impression must the year 1813 have made upon the whole population here! Every third or fourth man you meet in the street wears a decoration, and every one is proud of it, whether he be a Councillor of State or a common porter."

Perthes' letters from Berlin contained many just observations on distinguished men. For instance: "I found Nicolovius little changed, scarcely older in appearance, for, indeed, he never looked young. In his heart he is a pious Christian, and he has clear views on the present condition of religion and the Church, but he wants decision. His youth and the early part of his manhood were spent in the society of men superior to himself in genius, as Schlosser, Jacobi, Goethe, Stolberg, and Voss; he could understand and appropriate their utterances, but he looked up to them with excessive veneration, because he felt himself to be defective in imagination, and consequently in creative power. In this way he did not acquire in youth, what can only then be acquired, viz., self-dependence, and the conviction that something else than talent and genius are necessary to make a man, and this, I imagine, is the cause of his apparent hesitation and weakness; besides, the present time is peculiarly difficult for men in office, particularly for such as are anxious always to do the just thing. In Niebuhr there is a strange mixture of the statesman and the *savant*, of refinement and awkwardness, yet he is truly a great and noble man. He keeps

himself quite independent, and says openly whatever he thinks. Before I saw him, a man high in office said to me with a dash of envy: 'Niebuhr can say and do what would be allowed in no other person; he is a crony of Schleiermacher's, is often with Cousin, and enjoys the unlimited confidence of the Crown-Prince, who is ever asking what Niebuhr says of this and that.' I found Schleiermacher wonderfully changed. Formerly I had known him for a keen, sarcastic, violent humorist, but now, whether lively or quiet, he is uniformly serene and indulgent; his sharp features have acquired an expression of peace; repose and gentleness are now his, and love, which struggled so long with intellect, will conquer yet. God has vouchsafed him an excellent wife, who will assist him to gain the final victory. The impression he made upon me answered exactly to his own words some time ago, viz., 'I wish neither to offend nor to injure any one by my theological writings: I strive in all things with all my might to "speak the truth in love," and hope, by God's help, never to be moved again from this position.'"

After Perthes' return from Berlin he wrote: "The result of my observations is, that in Prussia the German nation is bursting out into a second youth. Prussia is thoroughly German, and accordingly, along with all that is great and good, along with abundance of thought and knowledge, appears a want of practicality, a waste of power and labour, the ideal aimed at being pitched too high for the fact. Unless the history of Europe take some unexpected turn, northern and central Germany will all be incorporated into one Prusso-German State: and, from the way in which affairs are conducted in the smaller German states, this result would be no

misfortune." Again: "The smaller states have lost what good they had. They no longer contribute to the genuine development of the German mind; they are no longer conservators of German manners and customs. They have lost all sympathy with German greatness and honour; they are far behind in the higher departments of thought; and a dull narrow-minded Rationalism reigns both in religion and politics. I have the smaller states in central Germany particularly in my eye; they are ripe for obscure burial. It is otherwise in southern Germany: in Baden, Würtemberg, and Hesse, troubles are preparing. The position and life of Bavaria and Hanover are of another sort. We, however, shall not live to see the new order of things, unless, indeed, great events of an unforeseen character arise: the authority of public law, and the many family ties between the smaller and larger states, prevent just now the use of force for the amalgamation of the former with the latter, and their death by internal decay is a slow process. It is true that the government servants, and the middle classes in general, long for a fatherland of greater extent than a few square miles; but, so long as the smaller states are not burdened with the higher military service, and the taxes of the larger, so long will they think themselves favoured, and insist on maintaining their independence."

Niebuhr wrote to Perthes from Berlin: "The state is engaged in a noble struggle, yet it fails at every point for reasons which may be called accidental. Above all, we need a minister of foreign affairs, but he is not forthcoming. The minister should know what the state can and ought to attempt; what are its strong points, and what its weak, what persons are competent to manage the various departments; he must know

intimately the character of the monarch, also what the nation wishes, and consequently is able to accomplish. He must have tact to learn, by means of the ambassadors, the strong points and the weak of other states, the character of their princes and statesmen, the thoughts and wishes of their populations; and no time whatever should be wasted in drudging labour. The minister, however, of whom we are speaking, wearies himself writing despatches in good French, in which he succeeds but moderately, and which, at any rate, his councillors should do for him; if they cannot do it, they should be dismissed, but this is not done; the most useless persons remain in office, when once they have got a footing, and most of the ambassadors are as worthless as the councillors. I could give the minister exact information about America and Italy; I know England well but not thoroughly, Austria too little, and Russia not at all." A Prussian officer of high rank, to whom Perthes remarked that a war might be necessary for the army after a long peace, replied: "A war with France would be rather critical. The temper of the people on the Rhine has greatly improved no doubt, but it were well that many an inveterate old talker should die out, before these provinces are made the theatre of war. The Prussian army might be a match for the French troops and marshals; but France has a multitude of colonels formed under Napoleon, whose military experience is now ripe, and to these Prussia has little to oppose."

Somewhat later Perthes wrote: "So admirable is the inner life of Prussia, that the German people everywhere are desirous of sharing it. The Zollverein will lead to a re-modelling of Germany; and all are in favour of it, because all in-

stinctively feel it to be the precursor of another and more perfect unity. If Prussia only observe patience and prudence, so as not to create alarm, the dukes and princes will be mediatized before they know what they are about. They have indeed a presentiment of this; but things have gone so far that they cannot help themselves, and Prussia is merely doing what the Diet ought to have done." Again, in respect to Austria:— "It were a sad prospect for Europe, if all its states were stationary like Austria, but with so many restless and onward moving peoples and governments, the permanent and conservative character of Austria is a useful counterpoise. As one grows older, one becomes much more tolerant of natures opposed to one's own; and, in fact, one sees at length, to use a vulgar expression, that what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. In nature itself there are woods as well as meadows, and wild beasts as well as domestic animals; and out of this very variety result the unity and beauty of the whole." Since 1827, France and England had passed through severe domestic trials, and the unsettled condition of the Greeks kept Europe in perpetual fear of a violent intervention on the part of Russia in the East. In October 1827, the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino, and on this subject Perthes wrote: "The deep import of this fact is remarkable enough; the three great Christian confessions, the Greek, the Catholic, and the Protestant, were united against the Crescent, only politically, no doubt, but still united. If the Mahomedans cannot get up their fanaticism again, they are done for; but if they do, woe betide us." In 1829, Rist wrote: "There reigns among men just now an uncomfortable feeling, which is in complete contrast to the boasted well-being of peaceful times.

It arises from the conviction that the present state of things cannot last; in Northern Germany especially, future attempts are anticipated, and consequently the ties between man and man, and still more, between the governors and the governed, are loosened. Things cannot remain long as they are; and we shall probably by and by find the truth exemplified that storms clear the air." Perthes answered,—"Storms will not be wanting, but whither will they carry us? Perhaps, even while you read these lines, the armies of Russia are marching on Constantinople, and what then? When I look at the internal condition of Great Britain and France, of Mexico and Cuba, of Portugal and Spain, everywhere I see storms brewing, and I sicken at the sight. God preserve Germany for Europe!" In April 1830, Perthes wrote: "In France the broth-pot of destruction to the old-established relations of Europe is on the fire, and we shall all have to sup out of it. A regeneration, political and social, must come, but no one sees how."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE REVOLUTION OF JULY 1830.

Perthes was spending the summer months of 1830 at Georgenthal, a village not far from Gotha, when the quiet of his forest-retreat was rudely broken in upon by the tricoloured couriers chasing one another through Gotha, and announcing the revolution in Paris. The following extracts are from letters written towards the end of August :—" The chase is in full fly, the hounds are off, and who will bring them back to the kennel? After centuries of bitter experience, Europe came to acknowledge the first-born of the reigning family as king by divine right; France now recurs to the system of election, only that, instead of a few princes, all the people are electors, and the upshot of all will be without doubt a Sultan! Martignac, Neufville, and Chateaubriand, are acquitting themselves like men; but how soon may all such, whose intelligence, experience, and honesty entitle them to take the lead, become the prey of obscure but ferocious bloodhounds! I am very curious to see how men of the modern historical, philosophic, and poetic school, such as Guizot, Cousin, and Victor Hugo, will act."

The Paris Revolution was the signal for insurrectionary

movements throughout Germany. In a letter to his son, a student in Bonn, Perthes wrote: "Crash on all sides! The towns breaking out, the Hessian peasants in arms, but Gotha is quiet. The Duke called together at once a few of the more intelligent citizens, to see and hear for himself how the wind blew. The country people complained of the game-laws, and the dearness of wood; the game was accordingly shot down, and measures taken to lower the price of wood. The townspeople, in corporations assembled, had only local grievances to present, which the Duke either agreed to remove, or promised to mitigate. The great difficulty here, and in all small states, is connected with the public domains, and the application of the revenues derived from them; but there is no fear of a disturbance in Gotha, the Duke being a sensible man, and the people, though ready with political theories for all the world, being little disposed to apply them in their own case, but rather to right matters in detail, according as the shoe pinches."

From Holstein Perthes received the following:—"Our population remains on the whole quiet, so that the first wave of insurrection has passed by us. Emissaries sowed the seeds of revolution, but my sluggish fellow-countrymen awoke from their sleep only for a moment, rubbed their eyes, and fell asleep again."

Another aspect of the revolutionary movement was brought before Perthes in a letter from a member, now dead, of a small princely house. "I send you the following details, that you may use them for the benefit of my little patch of Fatherland; but let no one know that they come from me. Only think! had it not been for a stall-keeper, the castle windows would have been smashed; he says they desisted to please him. Placards have

been repeatedly posted on the town-house, demanding free and independent representation, abolition of the beer-duties, alleviation of agricultural distress, a liberal administration uncontrolled by the interested princely exchequer, abolition of the brandy monopoly, and the establishment of a workhouse and a well-regulated prison. That is all fair and necessary. What has been done? As good as nothing. Is that liberal? and yet to be liberal is very necessary. Burn this note, I pray you; but use it where you can, provided always that no one know whence it is, say in some far distant newspaper—what do you think? All officials are so ill paid with us, that none of them can bring up their children. Is not that hard? All are worse off than their predecessors; that is not right, and then more work is required of them than ever. I have my doubts about a representative constitution; our people are all peasants, and they are so rude; would they be fit to choose deputies? At the election of magistrates there is always a fray; and whoever fights best wins. I beg you most earnestly to destroy this note. Let me hear how you are."

The outbreaks in Dresden and Cassel, the irregular movements in Southern Germany, the flight of the Duke of Brunswick, and the burning of his castle, created the utmost anxiety in many minds. One friend in Berlin wrote to Perthes, that the governments had quite underrated the power of the masses, which, as being a natural force, it would be very difficult to meet. Another writes despondingly, in anticipation of a war with France, and exclaims, "What a war will that be! What elements have been let loose in Germany and France by the Revolution! How perverted are men's views in a great part of our country! Tricoloured ribbons in Hamburgh, deputation

of Jena students to Lafayette! God preserve a better spirit in the Prussian army!"

If the insurrectionary movement filled some with anxiety and sorrow, it begat hopes in others, and a malicious joy at the extremity to which the governments were reduced. A correspondent in Munich wrote to Perthes, expressing equal concern for the gullibility of the multitude, and the recklessness of the governments, adding that the calamity of Germany's being split up into so many small and ill-governed states, appeared in such a crisis in all its horrors, but still that the renovation, rather than the destruction of the old, might reasonably be expected. Another letter to Perthes has the following: "Vengeance is now overtaking the princes for their offences in 1814 and 1815: they cared not a straw for the people then, though the people had just delivered them from the profound abasement into which they had fallen by their own folly and weakness. God is in the storm, judging kings and princes by his thunders. I had hoped for other ten years of quiet; the old generation would then have nearly passed away, and the new one would have come forth, full of power, but without violence: as it is, not only will the kings be punished, but we too along with them." Perthes replied: "I know well the faults chargeable on the authorities during the last fifteen years, but I say, that, without committing such faults, no art or power of man could have kept a generation in check, the entire educated portion of which was bent on subverting the existing order of things. As yet, indeed, all the outbreaks in Germany have arisen from local causes: in Cassel and Brunswick, they were directed against particular princes; in Breslau and Hamburgh the Jews were maltreated; in Berlin, the mechanics got up a row, and

a lot of people ran to see what was the matter; in Dresden, the root of all was the hatred of Saxon Rationalism against Catholicism, and no one of the outbreaks has revolted me more than this of religious fanaticism without any religious basis. In almost all other places, the disturbances were raised against the magistrates, and their antiquated administration. Where peasants and mechanics rose at the bidding of a popular orator, the re-establishment of the corporations, the regulation of the finances, the abolition of the customs' boundaries, and the representation of the people, were the claims put forth; but not even the most hot-headed have yet raised a voice against monarchy itself, the existing dynasties, or the nobility. This says a great deal for the good sense of our people; but it will not remain so long. Our theorisers call in question everything in both Church and State, and the danger grows with every year of our people becoming mere tools in the hands of talkers and writers. Perhaps, however, this danger will be obviated by the very outbreaks that have taken place; for all, who have anything to lose, may thus be made to understand what an uprising of the masses means, and that theories realized by the people may destroy the property, and shed the blood of their very authors and advocates. Small sovereigns too, and their ministers, may learn to leave off the arbitrary and corrupt practices in which they have hitherto indulged."

In the end of August and beginning of September 1830, the success of the Belgian revolution added another element to the fermentation in Germany. Towards the end of the year Perthes wrote to Rist: "When you wrote to me on the 29th November, you did not anticipate the extraordinary events which took place on that very day in Warsaw. For anything

I know, there may be going on, somewhere, at this very moment, a revolution that shall overturn all the calculations of cabinets. The waves of the Polish revolution roll westwards, and when they meet the revolutionary wave which is flowing eastwards, breakers will arise, and a whirlpool. The immediate future, which concerns ourselves and our children, seems dark to me; but I cannot share in Niebuhr's horrible anticipations of our ultimate fate. On the fall of the Roman empire it was possible for desolation and barbarism to become universal and abiding, because all intellectual life was then confined to Italy; the death of Italy was thus the death of the world: now however, in every quarter of the globe, nations are vying with each other in civilisation; and the shocks of a destructive revolution are prevented by the great ocean from affecting them all at once." About the same time: "I see stars in the darkness. The debates in the Chambers, and the ministerial speeches in France, compared with those of forty years ago, shew the great progress which has been made in knowledge and experience: Guizot and Périer, Maison and Sebastiani, Chateaubriand and Kergorlai, are giving proof of high excellence, each in his own sphere; the Jacobin rabble is utterly without support in the Chambers: the old talkers, Benjamin Constant, and Lafayette, are dying off, and it is possible that Louis Philippe may be skilful enough to win over, and rein in the French youth: France may even get the better of Paris, though that is not likely; I rather anticipate with you, a 'fortunate anarchy' for France: the plutocracy will soon play out its game, and France will be seen to need a despot, as Europe needs a great man. Whether such be yet born, time will shew." In October, Perthes wrote to his son in Bonn: "Cheer up! The coming years will demand,

for all departments of government, men of character and decision, of knowledge and tact: the rank of one's parents will be little inquired into; small wit and snobbism, learned theories and fine-spun systems, will not maintain their ground. I am delighted with the prospect of talking over many things with you next Easter; till then, at any rate, the world will wag on."

At times, the pressure of events did weigh heavily on Perthes. He writes: "There often comes upon me an all-pervading anxiety, why or about what I cannot well tell; this only I know, that the sky is all leaden and starless. At other times I feel wearied and disgusted with the whole course of the world. God alone can support the soul; but this also I find, that redoubled activity, and a lively participation in the joyous life of one's own children, always supply a fresh draught in the wilderness." From melancholy brooding and cold indifference Perthes was equally free; and he ever retained his old faith in the high destiny reserved for Germany in the world. Thus to a friend: "Germany alone can pour fresh blood into the veins of Europe: after all that has happened, she is still the asylum of religion and science, where truth and right meet with profound sympathy and love. Even should we be burned to ashes again, I believe that the Phœnix would reappear as in the worst times: whoever remembers the year 1813 need not despair of Germany." Perthes received the following answer: "These are old stories. The earth rolls away from under the feet of any one who stands by 1813, leaving him in the air, incapable of exercising any influence on the ground which sustains him. The gigantic steps of history permit no man to stand still: off with the slippers, then, and on with the boots; for we must onward, even at the risk of tum-

bling heels over head. The Germans seek one fatherland, and they will find it, but not in the direction of 1813. All the smaller states are ripe for change, and some powerful state will profit by the crisis, only, however, to undergo a revolution itself, from which, if foreseen, it would recoil." In another letter to Perthes, thus: "We may not anchor our hopes on any one particular ground, but must believe that within all forms of change there dwells a spirit, which brings into view now one side of the social life, now another, and displays its power now in the individual, and now in the masses. One thing I see, viz., that all this confusion and noise, all this speech-making and shooting, all this book-making and newspaper-reading must, in the long-run, issue in the amelioration of the lowest and most destitute classes. With respect to us, who stand on the pinnacle of a civilisation centuries old, there is little more to be done, except in the improvement of our inner man: but down there beneath us, much remains to be done, and, till that is accomplished, humanity, civilisation, and Christianity are in a false position, contributing to the maintenance of a form which secures the few in possession against the many, the awards of fortune against the claims of right. There is the old democrat again, you will say: yes, and the old democrat is not perplexed by the present indications of providence, as those amiable patricians must be, who would fain condescend to the people, but can never understand them, because, as Shakspeare says, 'they faint away at their stinking breath.'" Neander thus wrote to Perthes: "The signs of the times, well considered, do not prognosticate dissolution and barbarism, but rather a new creation of the spirit. There is no spring without storms."

Perthes recognised public opinion as the power of the day,

controlling even governments themselves; but he considered that it was altogether misled with regard to the revolution of July. In one of his letters he says: "Now, as formerly, France disclaims a war of conquest, and the Germans forthwith clap their hands, and sing odes, like Klopstock forty years ago. Marshal Maison, however, speaks out, and declares: 'Let our policy be first national and interested, then cosmopolitan.' 'No,' answer the Germans, 'that is antiquated policy; let it be first cosmopolitan and then national.'" Again: "Our learned publicists will soon demonstrate that the German Confederation has no right to interfere, when the French, with their old art, stir up the people of one German state after another to revolt, and, setting at nought old Frankish legitimacy, drive one prince after another from his throne. These learned gentlemen would have no difficulty in drawing up a constitution for another confederation of the Rhine." To his son in Bonn: "The old man, who stands on the ground of experience, and the young one who is hastening on to action in the future, seldom agree: therefore I am the more happy that your views accord with my own."

Perthes stirred up many men of talent and character, in his wide-spread connexion, to check, in their several spheres, the revolutionary tendency which a thousand tongues and pens were spreading among the people. Thus, to Gentz, in Vienna, he wrote: "Europe may go to ruin with this newly invented system of non-intervention. The fire is blazing in Belgium and Poland, but neither Austria nor Prussia may help to extinguish it, till the Rhine, Posen, and Gallicia are included in the conflagration. You have often, and with effect, swayed kings and cabinets: disdain not to sway the people. With your pen

of fire, you might, for once at least, bring about a revolution in public opinion." To a man who had occupied an important position under Napoleon, as a tool, and who applied to Perthes in November to assist him in publishing a periodical of revolutionary tendency, Perthes replied:—"I am astonished that you should dare, at this time, to appear again among us Germans; and indignant that you should suppose me capable of helping you. A man who, not twenty years ago, betrayed his prince, and for filthy lucre's sake accepted a situation which obliged him to perpetrate the most horrid cruelties, should keep silence, and thank the invisible powers that he is forgotten. You are a wretch, and stand on the brink of the grave; therefore I shall hold my peace; but, if you speak out publicly, then so shall I, undismayed by the fate of two men, whose blood is already at your door."

On the 17th December 1830, Niebuhr sent to Perthes the following letter, the last but one he ever wrote:—"My afflicted heart would find relief in writing some such address to the Germans as you indicated in your last; but prudence dissuades me, and indeed it could not produce any great effect. If I write, and it please me, I shall send it to you. Never has Germany been so untrue to herself as now; and, since the revolution in Poland, not only is salvation by her own strength hopeless, but there is no room, which yet there should always be, even for a miracle to re-establish order in human affairs. I understand that my Preface has given great dissatisfaction to the wise men of the age. Posterity will judge otherwise. You, dear Perthes, are at one with me, of course." Perthes answered: "When you say that Germany has never been so untrue to herself as now, I allow it in respect to the half-educated of the

nation, who, by manifold writing and reasoning, form and direct public opinion; but the recent tumults have not betrayed a thorough corruption in Germany. Either they have been mere outbreaks of popular joy, such as happen now and then in all countries, or there have been causes for them such as are always followed by the like consequences."

Niebuhr was dead before the above answer reached Bonn. In a letter to his son, Perthes thus refers to his deceased friend: "At our last parting, which I little thought would be our last, Niebuhr shed tears. Great is the loss to our youth, to science, to our country; for rarely have so much talent and learning, views at once so profound and so extensive, been united with so loving a heart. He has been taken away from the evil to come; for whatever turn things may take, much must happen that would have exasperated him, and he would not have been able to stand it long. His death will enable you, who are young, to measure how great or how little a single man is in this world." A few weeks later: "I shall feel the loss of Niebuhr as long as I live. Hardly a day passed but I saw, heard, observed, or thought something which I treasured up for the purpose of consulting him about it." On the same subject Rist wrote to Perthes: "One more is taken away of those who worked their way through this mighty period! And what a cotemporary! The terror of all bad and base men, the stay of all the sterling and honest, the friend and helper of youth. You knew his foibles as well as his strong points, and, unlike many others, you never came into collision with him. I know not whether I should have been able to maintain daily intercouse undisturbed with one who was no less passionate than intellectual, so susceptible in fact as to be somewhat peevish; but I do know that

no friend, from whom I had been separated for years, ever gave me so agreeable a surprise as he did eighteen months ago, when he greeted me after a long absence with all the cheerfulness, sincerity, and elasticity of youth. Two-and-thirty years ago, when we were both in the flower of youth, I recognised his immense superiority; but it appeared to me still greater at our last interview, when I saw how he had preserved the purity and ingenuousness of his mind, and that power which, instead of bending to externals, breaks through them. In spite of his favour for the English aristocracy, he was ever, in thought and act, a true people's man, and on this account I feel myself intimately allied to Niebuhr; but I still hold up my head, whilst he, misled by a sort of piety, despaired, and went down to the grave with a broken heart." From Count Adam Moltke to Perthes on the same subject: "Three weeks before his death, I received from Niebuhr a letter: it was a single night-thought. The quiet of resignation, founded on the providence of God, and a lively hope which rejoices in itself, were not his. He was more a citizen of the ancient world than of the modern. He saw through the ancient world by virtue of that inspiration which love only can impart; he knew the modern world intimately, but he did not understand it, because he did not love it."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SITUATION OF PRUSSIA—1830-1831.

Even in the most perilous moments succeeding the revolution of July, Perthes remained unshaken in the conviction that Prussia had both the power and the mission to save Germany. In November 1830, he wrote:—"I can recall the time of Frederic the Great, when Prussia stood so high in the public opinion of Germany, that a word spoken against her was regarded as blasphemy; then I have survived the period of Wöllner, the Lafontaine-like sentimentalism of the highest circles in Berlin, the Peace of Basle, the diplomatic inanity, and the military cowardice which lasted till the Peace of Tilsit—during which period, whoever believed in Prussia was held to be the victim either of folly or of a bribe. How very different is it now? Once more, Germany places her confidence, her hope of salvation in Prussia. Whence the change? Above all, doubtless, from the personal character of the king. His intelligence and honesty, his gentleness and modesty, his constancy and love of justice, have won for him the nation's heart." Again, in December: "In Prussia there is no sign of a movement against the king, the government, or the administration: from Posen to Trèves, a few street riots excepted, all is quiet. Not only in Prussia, but throughout Germany, there prevails a sen-

timent of respect for the simple character and upright intentions of the king, as also for the knowledge and business qualities of those in office; all, too, are proud of the army. But as for the smaller states, the year 1830 might well be the beginning of the end, or rather the beginning of the beginning for them; they cannot remain as they are, and on that very account Germany must be moulded anew. Sooner or later Prussia must enter on a great struggle for the status and unity of Germany; and should she prove victorious, then are we Germans saved—we shall have a fatherland; but if otherwise, a dark future lies before us." Again: "The more I know of Prussia, the more am I convinced that her intellectual development and power must give her an influence in Europe far beyond that of material force, which may in time transcend even that of France and England. In consequence, however, of the disproportion between intellectual and material power in Prussia, strong convulsions may be expected."

Many of Perthes' correspondents participated in his views regarding the destiny of Prussia. One such, after descanting on the popularity of the King, continues: "I am a decided royalist, and would like to see the provinces enjoying liberty of action under a strong monarchical government, but no states of the empire; neither for them, nor for an aristocracy sharing the sovereignty, and consequently weakening the King's power, have we the requisite tact and firmness." A letter from Silesia, thus: "We are all of one mind, viz., that it were better to take up arms once more, at whatever risk of property and life, than live over again the ignominy of 1806. Prussia will conquer; our militia will save us; greatly opposed as I am to the system of enrolling the people under arms, for this once the

militia is our mainstay, and, should it come to war, will save Prussia and Germany."

From Coblentz Perthes received the following: "The people of the Rhenish provinces deserve to be trusted. No doubt they are dissatisfied with the slip-shod course of the government, the enormous taxes, the principles of many old officials, and the strict surveillance of the press; but the French are quite out of their reckoning, if they expect to be received with open arms. The population is still thoroughly German, or rather is thoroughly German again. The common people are persuaded that the French would do them no good, and the educated classes contemplate with horror even the possibility of the French dominion returning. The French have very few real friends among us; and even their former encomiasts have sunk dumb since the consequences of French liberty have appeared in both France and Belgium. Still an enthusiasm, such as that of North Germany in 1813, is not to be looked for on the Rhine at present. The troops will obey orders, and the militia will stand to their arms; but they have not yet acquired the same warlike spirit, nor the same strong attachment to their commanders as in the older provinces: but the Rhenish provinces will remain true as long as they are convinced that the will and the power to govern them exist. I have nothing reliable to communicate about Nassau and Darmstadt; besides, they get their impulsion *à posteriori*." Less satisfactory intelligence reached Perthes from a remote district in Westphalia. "In the districts formerly ecclesiastical, there was no attachment to native princes, and many persons were pleased with the shallow institutions and frivolity of the French; at length, however, when the pressure increased, people were glad of a

deliverance which was effected with little sacrifice on their own part. The French have partisans among the manufacturers and merchants, and still more among legal practitioners of every grade. Their number is not indeed great, nor, on the other hand, are those numerous who are prepared to risk property and life in defence of their country; generally, in fact, men will not do more to resist the foreigner than mere propriety requires. Without doubt, however, the army and the militia will fight well, so long as we keep the left bank of the Rhine." A friend high in office thus wrote to Perthes from Treves: "Every day is divided between fear and hope. In the undeniably prevalent distress, a desire for the preservation of peace, and for the diminution of the oppressive taxes, particularly of those on consumption, constitutes the public feeling of this district, and the events in east and west awaken interest in the country people, only as they bear upon that desire. In certain frontier parishes the seeds of discontent have no doubt been sown by ill-conditioned individuals, but there is no danger of public disturbance, and one favourable spring would remove all dissatisfaction with the government. What would happen in case of war, I cannot foresee. It is impossible for fifteen years of union to have begot a true attachment to Prussia, and the people have been irritated by the change in the system of taxation, and by the annual militia drill. The peasantry are nowhere French, but neither are they thoroughly German in their views and feelings; in the towns again, French journals have been favourably received, and are eagerly read by idlers, young and old, in the casinos and coffee-houses."

A letter from Königsberg: "We are too near Poland here, and know the people and the country too well, to be carried

away by the Polish revolution. Only at a distance from Poland is enthusiasm possible in its behalf; and only because the Poles were oppressed, have they met with such extensive sympathy: again independent, they would be neither loved nor admired in Europe. They are not in fact a nation, but only an association of masters and slaves; the former wished, and the latter were obliged to make a revolution. Under the Russian government the mass of the people were in far better circumstances than under their own manorial lords. The serfs fought well, no doubt; but the brilliancy of their valour is greatly dulled by the reflection that the soldier, once seduced from his legal master, has no alternative before him but victory or the gallows. Be well assured that Germany has nothing to fear, if the western frontier be as strong against revolution as the eastern." Another letter on the same subject: "Whoever knows the Poles, *i.e.*, the nobility among them, will both praise and blame them less than is usually done; for, if they play at revolutions, it is because, from their very nature, they can hardly help it. But he only can know the Poles, who understands their language, has spent a year or two in Warsaw, or better still, in Cracow, and has lived with the nobility, both men and women of them, in their palaces and at their country seats, so as to have surveyed the good and the bad sides alike of their character and life. Whoever would do this, however, had better first insure his head; for without risking it, he can never know the Poles."

From Berlin itself communications reached Perthes about the same time, *i.e.*, in the end of 1830, and beginning of 1831, of a much less satisfactory character, particularly with regard to the lead which Prussia was expected to take. Thus: "We

are in a continual uncertainty between peace and war, a state of things which Prussia, least of all, can stand long. The course of the Polish struggle shews that there is little danger from the east; neither, however, is much to be hoped, should it come to a war with France. Our uncertainty arises partly from the extraordinary nature of the circumstances, but not altogether; for, in our own midst, war is regarded as an evil one moment, and as a means of safety the next, nor does it yet appear which view will ultimately prevail. This hesitation affects most injuriously our position. Germany will stand or fall with Prussia, and, on our side, everything has been done with unmistakably honourable intentions, for the purpose of securing a union with the other German states; yet the governments are mistrustful, and I fear that our example of honourable conduct has not been everywhere followed." The King being against the war, one writes: "All hangs by one thread, the King's life; the hope and love of all cling to it; but, should that one pulse stop, which God forbid, we are all undone."

Towards the close of 1830, Perthes received communications from all parts of Germany, clearly shewing that the former confidence in Prussia had passed into distrust and aversion. Thus a letter from the north of Germany: "Many far-seeing men, who consider Prussia destined to promote our national progress, are not so sure that she understands this mission, and is able to fulfil it in the sense of the majority. This much is certain, that all the governments will do their utmost to maintain the *status quo*, and that their endeavour will be only in part successful; for the *status quo*, properly speaking, fits but a single moment; the very next takes away or adds some-

thing, so that the party of progress always wins in the long run, even when for the time it seems to be paralyzed. Germany is at present a perfect chaos, in which, however, the usual functions still proceed regularly,—as production, industry, population, and exchange. Only the higher functions suffer; we can see that they are enfeebled, or are working with a fever-pulse, and that greater men than have yet appeared are necessary for the restoration of this body to perfect health and regular action. The usual recipes have been used up; the mystics, terrible people in our days, after exhausting their Latin, have bethought themselves of a radical cure, in the last day, which they announce as at hand. Let me hear soon what you expect." Again: "I don't doubt but that, if France attack the Rhenish frontier, she will be stoutly opposed; but in present circumstances, to excite hatred of the French, and to kindle enthusiasm for Germany as a whole, would be alike impossible. At present the Germans feel that they have no country to defend, but that every man has to defend himself against spoliation and ignominy. The Prussians, the thorough-going ones I mean, think more than they say, and see little else in a war with the French than a means of their own aggrandizement in Germany." Again: "For a long time at least I give up hopes of Prussia doing for Germany what I once expected. The peoples can be won only by going ahead, and the governments only by inspiring confidence. Now to take a proverb from my old French, *On ne prend pas les mouches avec du vinaigre;* but Prussia has given all her neighbours an abundant foretaste of vinegar, and then what a state of matters in her own interior! Her own servants are fretting under the starched formality of her administration, and complaining bitterly that no scope is given to

civic life and local independence. You would almost think it had been decreed that the State alone has understanding, consequently that nothing shall be done but through its councillors, and that the citizen has only one duty, viz., to do as he is bidden. Men are tired of this, and now that the government confines itself to negative action, and that the machinery is getting stiff, the worst consequences may ensue." Again: "Great distance may account for much of the misinterpretation concerning Prussia, but the calumnies are unpardonable, with which her every movement and purpose are blackened at present. I myself heard a man of high consideration say in the presence of several, that he should like to see a war with France, in order that despotic Prussia might be punished by the loss of the Rhenish provinces, and so be no longer able to resist constitutionalism."

Throughout the entire crisis Prussia had observed a profound silence, not uttering a single word either to reassure her friends, or to disarm her enemies. Perthes' opinion of this conduct appears in the following letter, written in the autumn of 1830: "No one who has not correspondents in Prussia is aware how much honesty of purpose is combined there with power. It is not enough, however, that Prussia's intentions and administration be good; it is of equal importance that they should be known as such; nor is it enough that Prussia be good in the Prussian sense, she must feel her common growth with Germany, and may not, without imperilling her own position and internal development, wrap herself up in selfish interests. The maudlin backwardness of the government to speak of its own concerns, its willingness rather to suffer under the most outrageous calumnies than to utter a word in public, will

be fatal. It will not suffice to publish a few detached explanatory statements: the mania, which has hitherto prevailed, for wrapping up Prussian measures in wadding, must be entirely abandoned, and Prussia must step boldly forth, facing even well-founded charges, and stoutly repelling the unjust."

Perthes addressed himself directly on this subject to Count Bernstorff, then minister of foreign affairs, with whom he had been acquainted in various connexions for many years. The letter was written in the middle of November 1830: "The old among us remember the enthusiasm of the Germans for liberty at the commencement of the French Revolution; and though it cooled down afterwards under the reign of terror, yet the atrocities of the time were ascribed rather to individuals and to circumstances than to the revolution itself. Such were the then influential periodicals that the Germans hardly could obtain a clear insight into the true state of matters. Journalism almost expired under the strong government of Napoleon; for few voices were raised in behalf of that government, and against it none were allowed to be heard. Görres' Rhenish Mercury is the most signal example of the extraordinary power exercised by voice and pen in the years 1813-15. Public opinion, as well as Germany itself, was reformed, but unhappily soon took a wrong direction; there was no satisfying of those whose enthusiasm was aroused; and it must be admitted that the German nation had just cause of dissatisfaction. Then the press fell into the hands of enthusiasts, adventurers, and intriguers; and regular factories of lies were established in southern Germany: Napoleonists scattered abroad their baneful seed from their head-quarters at Würtemberg; and the evil went on increasing till the abor-

tive attempts at insurrection in Naples and Piedmont. The Carlsbad resolutions were to check the evil, but they were of no avail except against newspapers. Advocates were not wanting on the right side, as, for instance, Pfeilschifter and the Austrian Observer, but they only irritated public opinion and made matters worse. We are again in an age of great events, in which the social condition of Europe will unquestionably take a new form, public opinion influencing the result still more this time than in the first years of the French Revolution. The enthusiasm with which the proclamation of the rights of man, and the brotherhood of nations, was received in 1789-92, is now bestowed on the sovereignty of the people, and the principle of non-intervention. For some months past the periodicals of every description have been full of what is calculated only to mislead, and to excite distrust; and innumerable new journals have been announced for 1831, particularly in Saxony, that focus of scribbling. One is projected for the advocacy of cosmopolitan liberties and securities; and in Strasburg an association of German booksellers has been formed for the translation of French political writings with a view to influence Germany. Every attempt to prevent the evil by censure, suppression, and fine, will be fruitless, owing to the dismembered condition of Germany, the character of our literature, and the organization of the book-trade. If the press has embittered public opinion, the press must sweeten it again, meeting lies, wild enthusiasm, and vague palaver by the sober statements of reflection and experience, and diffusing as much as possible the good and true in writings of the most varied character and form. Our statesmen and learned men have hitherto disdained to avail themselves of the press. The Prussian government has, indeed,

employed it by establishing the government journal, and procuring the insertion of articles in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung;* but only a limited influence has been thus exerted. Few take in journals so large and costly; and those who get them by uniting with others in a subscription, have no time to read long articles; while in places of public resort only the news of the day are inquired after. A historico-political periodical would be far better adapted to the purpose, and would be all the more likely to succeed, as the old and now half-dead journal of Schirach is the only one of the kind existing." Perthes then subjoins a programme in detail of the journal which he would propose to establish.

Months passed before Perthes received an answer, not, however, because Count Bernstorff lightly esteemed either the writer or the importance of his communication. He spoke of it, indeed, forthwith to Eichhorn, then minister of foreign affairs, who had long perceived the necessity of making an impression on the public mind, and, in the very first weeks of 1831, took counsel on that subject with Savigny, General Krauseneck, and others. They all agreed that it was necessary to put the government into as favourable a position by means of the press, as was secured to the English ministry by the advocacy of its own members through periodicals, and by its friends in parliament: but such was the diversity of opinion as to the proper mode of attaining this object, that the deliberations led to no result.

On the 3d April, Perthes wrote to Varnhagen von Ense as follows: "The dangers which I saw to be imminent in the temper of the Germans last November, when I wrote to Count Bernstorff, are now greatly diminished, although many are still

of opinion that we should not resist the French, because, according to them, the substance of civilisation, which the French bring with them, is worth more than the substance of nationality. Students and shopmen indulge in this sort of palaver at *tables d'hôte.*"

In the early summer of 1831, the king repeatedly expressed his indignation at the invectives launched against Prussia by the French, English, and German newspapers, and his desire that their calumnies should be refuted. General Witzleben thought this a good opportunity of obtaining for a few distinguished men, who could be depended on, the liberty of publicly discussing Prussian affairs: the ministers von Brenn and Count Lottum were won over to this view, and Count Bernstorff commissioned General Rühl to invite Perthes to Berlin. On the 8th August Perthes answered: "The delay has been a great loss, for now the public feeling is quite against Prussia, particularly as regards the Polish war: seven months ago we should have addressed a favourable, or at least an unprejudiced public, but now opposition will meet us at the very outset; however, even now the trial must be made. I shall be with you in a few weeks, but I must remark that my proposal of last year was not a bookseller's speculation; it proceeded from the feeling that, in critical times, every man is both entitled and bound to contribute, according to his abilities and position, to the public safety. My feeling is still the same; and my connexion with the undertaking must be such as to put it out of any one's power to say that I acted from motives of interest. I do not indeed clearly see of what use my presence in Berlin will be; but at all events I shall contribute my experience as a bookseller." Perthes reached Berlin on the 18th August.

At the first interview with his friends, they pointed out the necessity of impressing Count Bernstorff still more strongly by word of mouth with the views contained in his written communication, as the Count was rather unfavourable to publicity; and then of winning over Prince Wittgenstein, Ancillon, and and von Altenstein, who were decidedly opposed to the undertaking. Perthes laughed at the idea of so much being expected from a bookseller, but determined to see what honest intentions could effect. His first attempts were not very encouraging. Prince Wittgenstein was of opinion that any attempt to influence public opinion, however well intended, and however cautiously commenced, would be exceedingly apt to fall into bad hands: Ancillon considered that nothing written by state officials would be read; such, at least, had been the fate of his own works; and the Altenstein ministry would have Prussia's light to shine only in deeds, saying, that the excellence of her administration should require no special advocacy.

In the last week of August, Bernstorff returned to Berlin. He was favourable to Perthes' project, and met the objections of its three opponents by saying, that anything whatever might fall into bad hands, as Prince Wittgenstein must very well know from his own experience; that philosophical writings were not indeed read, as Ancillon justly remarked, but that such were not in contemplation; and that the Minister of public worship had the least reason to boast of the excellence of the administration: besides, if facts alone were to speak for Prussia, then a word is itself a fact, and, spoken in season, a very telling one. Bernstorff expressed the greatest confidence in whatever Eichhorn might take by the hand. At the same time General Witzleben vouched for the king's consent, and the Crown Prince

declared himself favourable, so that nothing now seemed to stand in the way of the undertaking. The great difficulty was to find an editor. Perthes did not want a professional author, and had long fixed his eye on Varnhagen von Ense, privy councillor of the embassy; but he was himself unwilling, and was, besides, opposed by others. A man experienced in state business could not be found for the office, and it became necessary to select one from the ranks of the learned: all suffrages were soon united in favour of Ranke, and Von Eichendorf, councillor of the government, agreed to assist him. Perthes may tell in his own words how far he was satisfied with the appointment: "Instead of seeing a great new power arise in Prussia, we shall only get a new periodical, a talented one doubtless, but still only a periodical: the will was present for something greater, and the circumstances were also favourable, but the men were not there to carry it out. It only remains to make what we can of this periodical, and seize the right moment for advancing further."

On the 29th August Perthes left Berlin. He had been requested to submit the details of his plan once more, in writing, to Count Bernstorff. After pointing out, as in former letters, how political and literary adventurers abuse the public mind for their own ends, Perthes proceeds: "The impotency of the censure to abate the evil appears in Berlin. Every forbidden book, pamphlet, and newspaper may be had there; and that not only in private houses, but even in circulating libraries. The only remedy lies in the public and repeated exposition of things as they really are, and of what is in present circumstances attainable." And he concludes by saying: "Let a popular journal be created, which shall act as powerfully in the

right direction as the Hildburghaus Village Journal has acted in a wrong one."

After despatching the above, Perthes wrote to Rist, on the 20th September, thus: "My stay in Berlin has made me acquainted with many weak points and personages, but I am still convinced that there lies concealed in the Prussian government a germ of truth and honesty, which, to sprout up and grow apace, needs only the dew of heaven. Eichhorn is a rare and noble man, fresh-hearted, judicious, genuine through and through, and of toughest perseverance: it would not be easy to weary him out. Certainly there is no state in Europe which can command the services of so many men combining clear intelligence and extensive knowledge with noble aims; but a strong will is wanting to unite and give effect to all these powers. In the king the state has a worthy head; but he is no head of the government, nor is there any prime minister or chancellor to supply his place. The government is divided into various branches, and the several Ministries, having no common direction, work at best alongside of one another, often apart, and sometimes even against one another. The ministers seldom meet in council, and, when they do, some are always absent, from old age, or illness, or because they simply prefer to stay away, whilst those who are present speak with the utmost reserve. Each is anxious to keep his own department, as far as possible, independent of the ministry in council assembled; and hence power and unity are wanting in the government. Whatever might be said against the Hardenberg administration in other respects, it certainly had a fixed centre and a coherence, which are wanting now. The conviction is gaining ground that a president must be appointed over the

ministry; and in Prussia he must be a general, or other soldier of merit. As to the affair which I went specially to urge, nothing will come of it immediately, unless some accident give a new impulse. If only a literary child should be born and nothing else, there is no reason why I should stand its godfather."

Rist answered: "Your scheme has hands and feet, yet I hesitate not to say that it cannot be put in motion, and that, if the attempt be made, it will turn out quite otherwise than you intend. 1. Because, since every government has its weak point, and sore bits, which it cannot bear should be touched, such as an ill-managed department, some signal blunder, or a useless member, no government can grant full liberty of thought and speech to its organs. Ministers are, after all, but men. 2. Because, in our day, every party, yea, every particular view and colour of a party, is subdivided into innumerable shades, which, as having been won by individual speculation or endeavour, are retained with passion and propagated with zeal. In consequence of this, persons who, on the whole, agree, frequently differ from one another in their judgment of particular events, and are sometimes even more alienated from one another than from those of an entirely opposite party; whereas, in former times—times of imperfect individual development,—the party-man went through thick and thin with his party, and co-operation was easy and powerful. 3. Because the very sense of writing under superior suggestion and authority robs the mind, in proportion to its nobility, of that creative rapture which is the real two-edged sword, piercing into the heart, and dividing the joint and marrow."

From Berlin itself, Perthes received likewise the most

discouraging accounts, as if the whole matter had gone to sleep. A letter dated 16th September, has the following: "The *quasi* friends of your proposal are not hearty: its enemies are powerful and decided. I give it in fact entirely up, for it has been signified to me from a quarter which has every title to my respect, that I had better take no step which is not expressly and officially commanded. That is a sorry hunt, says the proverb, to which the hounds must be carried; but it must be still sorrier when the hunters, themselves averse, set on the hounds against their will." However, Count Bernstorff wrote to Perthes on the 14th October, authorizing him to proceed with his arrangements. Whilst he was doing so, and endeavouring to procure the appointment of an experienced statesman, belonging to the Ministry of foreign affairs, as superintendent-in-chief of the undertaking, certain new suggestions proceeding from the editors, and from other quarters, gave quite a new turn to the whole project. Perthes thus describes this phase of the affair: "It is now quite a drama: ministers and generals, diplomatists and *savans*, poets and personages of all sorts appear on the stage, working with and against one another; and the simple prose of the affair is at present in the background. Such articles as they contemplate will certainly not be in vain; but they are adapted only for the higher state-officials, for special men; I called into action the ministerial resources for the accomplishment of a far greater scheme. Writers and booksellers could themselves have brought out a new Quarterly without any ministerial aid. For these and some personal reasons, I retire: it will be easy to find another good publisher."

General Rühl endeavoured to shake Perthes' purpose of with-

drawal by representing that, without his co-operation, progress could not be made towards the ultimate realization, however remote, of his plan ; that he was the very soul of the undertaking, and that his withdrawal would alienate from it the favour of Count Bernstorff, which was founded chiefly on Perthes' participation. Perthes, however, remained firm. Meanwhile the preparations went on in Berlin, and, when all was ready for the announcement of the periodical, Perthes was again communicated with. It was strongly represented to him that both the undertaking and his friends would suffer by his standing aloof; and he at length consented in the following terms :—" I will, then, because I must ; I would not appear obstinate, and I cannot explain the grounds on which I would rather have nothing to do with the undertaking. The periodical may then be entitled ' Historico-Political Journal, edited by L. Ranke. First year. Hamburgh : F. Perthes, publisher.' "

The Journal appeared in the spring of 1832, and contained a series of first-rate articles, some of which now form an integral part of German historical literature. However, in the spring of 1833, Perthes withdrew as publisher, and, not long after, the Journal was abandoned.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

COURSE OF THE POLITICAL MOVEMENT IN GERMANY—1831-3.

In 1831 and 1832, journals and periodicals were started in all parts of Germany to give expression and effect to the views, hopes, and struggles of the various political parties. Of course their contents, taken as a whole, were a perfect chaos of *pros* and *cons;* for, since the July revolution, a war of opinion raged in Germany, all against all. The Liberals, who found their expression in Rousseau, and the Constitutionalists who found theirs in Montesquieu, began to swarm off in opposite directions. In the very ranks of Liberalism, the Liberals, properly so called, dreaded the Radicals, and the Radicals despised the Liberals; and in those of Constitutionalism the Doctrinaires affected a superiority to the ordinary Constitutionalists, who again scented in the Doctrinaires a new form of the aristocracy. From all these parties Perthes stood aloof: he shall speak for himself: "Among those who call themselves, and are called by others, Liberals, great contrasts may no doubt be found, rudeness and culture, &c.; but they are, without exception, unconscious of the sinfulness of our race: they know what penitence is, but they feel no need of redemption: they all imagine that the wisdom of this world is adequate to its government,

and they are all trying to realize an earthly paradise in which the utmost possible satisfaction shall be given to the temporal wants of each." Again: "Men are often unconsciously in love with the revolutionary state; and hence the constitutions now-a-days attained, are often nothing else than a means of prolonging the revolutionary moment." Perthes wrote to Savigny thus: "Mistrust is the essence of constitutional monarchy, as the 'National' very plainly and tellingly puts it in one of the August numbers: 'Confidence is a very fine thing, but the principle of every constitution is quite the opposite. Trust not! history cries from every decade; trust not! cries every sentence of the charter; and we, for our part, are determined not to trust, cry all who demand a guarantee.' Yes, indeed, mistrust is the soul of every constitutional state, and mistrust is a principle of decay. Constitutions will issue in tyrannical institutions, a tyrant will succeed to these, and he will be driven away by insurrection; so it will go on ever faster and faster, till princes and people learn that mistrust is not the soul of political life, and that human wisdom is not adequate to build up a state."

The opponents of Liberalism were few, and also divided among themselves. The historical school, represented by Niebuhr, Savigny, and Eichhorn, and the school of Haller, gave rise to parties strongly opposed to each other. Looking at this chaos of opinion, Perthes is reminded of a saying, attributed to an old Hamburgh barber in 1813, who, when hard pressed on all sides by partisans, cried out in despair: "Every one is right; all are wrong." The political doctrines of Haller had brought together in Berlin a small but influential knot of men, distinguished by their position, their talents, and their energy

Accordingly, when Haller heard of the politico-historical journal as about to be established, he immediately set to work, and so early as October 1831, put forth a prospectus of the "Berlin Weekly Politician." Jarke was named editor, and the object was declared to be the counteraction of the Revolution under its every form, the historico-political journal being evidently regarded as one of these forms. Many of Perthes' correspondents, by their decided language, their denial of national rights, their contempt of the national spirit, and sometimes by their attacks on the attitude of the historico-political journal, betrayed the influence of Haller's school. Here is one of them: "I would have nothing to do with your politico-historical folks. The self-complacency and affectation of superior wisdom on the part of these people, who are half fish, half flesh, and no bones, is ever growing more intolerable; the contempt, the downright laughter, in fact, with which they treat whatever has not originated with themselves, renders peace impossible. As for N. N., I really think he should be dissected after death, to see if he have not eleven vertebræ, for the like has not yet been found in any of the mammalia, save in the most wicked and malicious monkeys." Perthes answered such letters thus: "Liberalism and every other political tendency I can understand and excuse, but I am a bitter and irreconcilable foe to all who deride or neglect nationality, and forget that they are Germans; whatever is to pass as true and right must be native." Again: "When the danger is at hand of the foreigner insinuating or forcing himself in among us, then every one must sacrifice himself and his opinions, in order to make common cause against the foe; if he do not, he is a traitor to his country. Ye who are richly endowed with intellect, know-

ledge, and eloquence, cease quarrelling among yourselves, and let each do in his station what he can."

About the time when the "Weekly Politician" was set on foot, the Haller school viewed Russia with decided favour; not that they approved the state of things in Russia, but that they saw in her a sure defence against revolution in the west. In opposition to the attacks which were made with unbounded licence against Russia, they brought into prominence the bright side of the Russian government and dynasty. One of them wrote thus to Perthes: "Many years' personal observation has made me acquainted with the difficulties which the Russian government has had to overcome at home; but I have no hesitation in ascribing the reproaches, which the newspapers of half Europe hurl against her, to ignorance and prejudice. Such reproaches are unworthy of the Germans, but may be pardoned in the French; for the French cannot but hate a nation which is sound at heart without being insolent in manner, which has much loyalty and not a little godliness." Again: "Few courts have such a domestic circle to shew as the Russian; there is no reserve, respect does not involve stiffness, and the emperor appears as a paternal friend. On three evenings of last week, the grand duke and his fellow-pupils were examined, and the heir-apparent distinguished himself, particularly in history. A special text-book had been prepared, of which only fifteen copies were printed, a notable document, especially on account of the object for which it was drawn up. The emperor himself called attention to particular points, and discussions arose between the pupils and their teachers, in which the Emperor and Empress, Count Gollowkin and General Neidhart took part. The scene was not only interesting, but such as would

have put to shame those who lend a willing ear to calumnies against the imperial family."

By means of the "Berlin Weekly Politician," the Haller school exercised a mighty influence during the next ten years on the history of Prussia and Germany. Violent attacks upon it were not wanting, and here are examples of such from letters to Perthes: "It is not fair to treat the revolution as a finished whole, to bring it upon the stage as a person, and make it say, 'I will this, and I do that.' Were I to hear such language among the common people, I should know that some particular party, as Jacobins or Liberals, or some particular individuals were meant, and should make allowance for looseness of expression; but when an educated man, who is a politician to boot, uses such language, I know that he has an object in view. Everywhere and always there is a certain movement against the powers that be, and the existing order of things,—ever nascent, never exhausted, and, because it springs not from one cause but from many, always changing. Whoever, then, treats a vast and manifold spiritual phenomenon as one definite, handy little thing, must simply intend to give himself the diversion of knocking down his own man of straw." Again, from a Prussian government councillor: "The abuse of the Rhenish provinces, in which the 'Weekly Politician' and its admirers daily indulge, is simply absurd. No doubt, though edited by so good Catholics as Jarke, Phillips, and Radowitz, that journal is either neglected or regarded with aversion throughout the Rhenish provinces, but that implies no hostility to Prussia; and it is certain that, in no part of Prussia, are the laws more faithfully executed, and the taxes more regularly paid." Again: "You and your Berlin friends will be compelled to break fairly

and for ever with the Haller school. You don't, in fact, belong to it, and your hanging back can only damage the good and noble cause which you serve; only frank, fearless speech meets with a response. It cannot be any longer concealed that a real social want, long felt and never satisfied, has been the yeast of the fermentations that have overflowed in revolution since 1789. The dangerous theories which were invented, or rather revived, were not the cause of the fermentation, but the working of the yeast."—When, in December 1833, the speech delivered by Ringseis, in Munich, on the revolutionary spirit in German universities, appeared in print, a friend wrote thus to Perthes: "This speech is nothing else at bottom than a new manifesto of the Haller school. Keep the mediæval glories in their own era, I can love and admire them; but I see fresher powers and a deeper significance in the present age, than in the phenomena of an epoch the close of which is as distinctly notified to us by history as the beginning. In reading through NN.'s manuscript, I shuddered at the self-deception to which well-meaning and talented men are exposed, when they endeavour to elevate individual interests into laws of nature, and order of Providence. The will of God is laid down with as much assurance and decision as if it had been supernaturally communicated to the author over an afternoon cup of coffee, and all this for the purpose of bringing eternal motion to rest, and preserving intact the divine right of noble proprietors. Ringseis, too, is up to the neck in similar trash: the divine-right school is, in fact, pretty numerous among our learned men, whilst, on the other hand, our nobility, or the men of mark among them, are seeking help where alone it can be found, viz., in the comprehension and improvement of the present time, which is all

the more instructive on this account that, instead of receiving a completed history, and handing it down to posterity unchanged, it is creating a history of its own."

The divisions among those who stood aloof from Liberalism, were so much the more perilous, as the condition of Germany and Europe during the years 1831-1833 gave little reason to hope for a peaceful future. When, after the fall of Warsaw, the Emperor of Russia declared, on the 28th October 1831, the Polish war at an end, and when, on the 15th November, a treaty of peace and amity was concluded between the five great powers and Belgium, Germany seemed to be secured against external dangers. But new complications quickly sprang up on all sides. In February 1832, Don Pedro declared his intention of prosecuting his daughter's claims in opposition to those of Don Miguel, by force of arms: in the previous month Papal troops were fighting with insurgents, and a few weeks later the French took possession of Ancona, and the Austrians of Bologna: on the 26th February, Poland was incorporated with the Russian empire; whilst Greece, still without a king, was cutting its own throat: all England was intent on the passing of the Reform Bill; and France was in Republican and Legitimist convulsions by turns—Casimir Périer died in May, and in June Paris was declared in a state of siege. "The plot thickens," Perthes wrote; "where shall we be within a year? A great change is at hand, and things cannot remain long as they are, in Germany. Who will put them into a new shape? The Diet cannot. Will Prussia be compelled to do it?" A letter from Berlin to Perthes contains the following: "The Duchess of Berri's abortive attempt is, in my opinion, a successful beginning towards the dethronement of Louis Philippe, whose in-

dulgent liberation of his enemy is an acknowledgment to the world of doubt as to his own position. Such crowns are more fatal to monarchy than republics themselves." A man intimately acquainted with the state of France, wrote to Perthes: "I know not whether it will be possible to establish order permanently on this occasion, without passing through anarchy and a dictatorship; but if there were any way by which anarchy could be avoided, it is that which Casimir Périer, to his immortal honour, and with unswerving consistency, has pursued. Who can foresee the consequences of a revolution, which has to do not only with the dregs of all former revolutions, with the mob which is always ready for disturbance, and with a multitude of operatives suddenly thrown idle, but also with a generation of young men, to whom the excitement of an opposition at one time victorious, and at another defeated, has become an absolute necessity? All these elements are at present in immediate hostility to the government, crowded together in the capital, whence they exercise a pernicious influence over the whole kingdom. The obstacles in the way of a permanent political order, seem to me insuperable: force and fraud may keep down insurrection for a few years; but a single mistake, a single weakness on the ruler's part, would be the signal for an outbreak." An Austrian statesman thus expressed his views to Perthes: "The French government has need of order, and has instructed all its ambassadors to keep aloof from revolutionary leaders. The French nation, too, is tired of disturbance, but both the nation and the government are too weak to set at defiance that tiger-monkey, Paris." Again: "Since the fall of Napoleon, much has occurred to shake the confidence of European nations in the good-will of their governments: for

instance, the Vienna patchwork of 1815, so inconsistent with the principles declared,—the degradation of the Diet to the status of a taskmaster over the Germans—the Carlsbad resolutions—the thoughtless intermeddling with Spanish affairs—the favour shewn to the despot's authority in Portugal—the long toleration of disorder in Brunswick—the scandal in Cassel—the proceedings in respect to Holland and Belgium, the sixty protocols, these monuments of weakness and dishonesty—the folly of allowing Poland to bleed away its strength, only that whatever remained might go to the aggrandizement of her oppressor—and, above all, the silent patience with which Russia was allowed, step by step, to acquire a paramount authority over the internal affairs of Germany; Europe could not have taken a more effectual method of promoting the Paris propaganda. The governments cannot suddenly resile from the path in which they have been moving since 1815, nor can the revolutionary party cease resisting the governments; for a long time to come the alternating victory and defeat of these adversaries will constitute the history of Europe."

When all Europe was in movement, Germany could not be at rest. North Germany indeed seemed secure against any violent revolution; for although, in Brunswick, Saxony, Hanover, and Cassel, princes, or at least prime ministers, succeeded one another, and new constitutions were introduced, yet the people were not disposed to violence. This clearly appeared in the wide and favourable reception of the Hanover Journal, issued by Pertz in 1832, the tone of which may be gathered from the following passages in the prospectus. "Fidelity is the basis of the German character, and is also the highest freedom; the hereditary and time-consecrated claims of the

German people to justice and peace, on the satisfaction of which all princely power reposes, could not be lost for ever with the forced abdication of the German emperor, and what could not be accomplished for the whole fatherland at once, the princes may accomplish in detail, each for his own province: they, as being attached to their lands by indissoluble bonds, have the high vocation of supplying to the whole fatherland and to individuals those securities which were lost with the empire." In a letter Perthes makes these sentiments his own, and remarks that a man like Pertz, independent of the government, and ruled only by his own convictions, when he condescends to edit a journal, may be expected to exert a powerful influence on his cotemporaries. Foreigners, too, on visiting Northern Germany, were struck with the composed attitude of the population. In September 1832, Hormayr wrote to Perthes: "The north and the south form a contrast, such as would comport with a diversity of language and race. The political fermentation throughout the north is much less than is supposed in Vienna and Munich." Another writes: "The Hanoverian Diet is a very remarkable phenomenon for all Northern Germany, particularly for Prussia; and all the more so, because it is backed by England. I think that we Germans of the north will cut a more rational and dignified figure before the world than those of the south, whose palaver about freedom is becoming quite stale and intolerable."

Yet even in North Germany the desire of entirely remodelling Germany was sufficiently strong. One correspondent writes to Perthes: "In the smaller states I perceive a strong desire for the unity of Germany, for arithmetical magnitude, and a growing indifference to their own independence, and their

native dynasties. A war with France, however it might end in other respects, would be very dangerous to the smaller powers." Another: "The speedy mediatization of the smaller states is the secret desire of many, who take care not to express it. How indeed can the honour and the progress, intellectual or material, of the nation be furthered by these petty divisions? Bulk, geographical extent, has always the advantage in the long-run." Men did not, however, look to Prussia for a solution of the problem. One who, in 1806-13, had taken a large share in the struggle for German liberty, wrote to Perthes: "Even now can Germany put her hopes in Prussia? Public opinion is against her; not only are Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, and Ancillon, and Kamptz disliked, but the Crown-Prince also. From Frederick the Great downwards, Prussia was the home of free thought and progress, but now she lays on fetters almost as heavy as the Austrian." A letter to Perthes from North Germany has the following: "Germanism is a noble thing, unless it be a synonyme for Prussianism, which, like almost every other *ism*, has far too greedy a maw; all others are to make great sacrifices, and the upshot will be simply this, that a great state will have become greater. After being a little while with Arndt and Stein, a man feels particularly comfortable in his own little state again; there is less sounding brass there, less ringing of bells, and I, for my part, don't fancy the trumpet-blowing angels." When in May 1832, Count Bernstorff retired from the ministry of foreign affairs, on account of bad health, many feared that the attitude of Prussia would become even more undecided than it had been before. Thus a friend wrote to Perthes: "A new element will be introduced, which it may be easier to influence, to irritate, or

to mislead, than was Bernstorff with all his infirmities. A *comité-directoire* in Berlin, with the device *vive le roi quand même*, and with the hope of carrying out its own scheme, even in spite of the King, is among the possibilities." Again: "Although certain qualities, which are useful as means of external influence, were little cultivated by Bernstorff, yet the noble character of the man appeared in full beauty on his taking leave. What will come out of it, we must wait to see. There is no want either of good-will or of resources, but of power to use them; and the times are difficult. The quarrel between the cooks and the guests is becoming ever angrier, and who knows but it may end by their throwing the pots and plates at one another's heads?"

In Southern Germany, Prussia was held in still greater aversion, and during the years 1831-3, the public feeling tended more and more strongly every month towards a violent outbreak. It was then that a host of periodicals came into the field, with such titles as, The Free Thinker, The People's Friend, &c. Peoples' festivals were held at Hambach (May 1832,) Butzbach, Bergen, and other places: an association was organized for advocating through the press the establishment of a German empire, with a democratic constitution; and in several places conspiracies were formed. But neither in these years was the noble good sense of the Swabian youth untrue to itself, as appeared by the publication, in the summer of 1831, of Paul Pfizer's Correspondence of Two Germans. Gustavus Schwab wrote to Perthes that this expression of truly national feeling had cost Pfizer great personal sacrifices, for quite opposite sentiments generally prevailed. Pfizer himself wrote to Perthes, in March 1832: "Any expression of favour

for Prussia on my part, would be regarded as apostasy from the people's cause, and destroy all my hopes of influencing their views; for the indignation against Prussia, particularly on account of its conduct towards the Poles, is so great and so general, that even the most decided enemies of the French hardly ever pronounce its name without some expression of abhorrence or contempt. My own political conscience, too, forbids me to break with my countrymen at a time when they are giving up their foolish prepossession in favour of the French, and beginning to cherish a desire for national unity founded on civil freedom, especially as Prussia is throwing herself ever more and more openly into the arms of absolutism, and fraternizing more and more intimately with Russia. Considering the wishes, expectations, and demands of the German people, I dare not point its hopes to un-German Prussia, and the now dominant party in Berlin."

To a friend who had vainly endeavoured to ascertain the seat of the revolutionary propaganda in Southern Germany, and the source of the shameful letters on German affairs in the Paris journals, Perthes wrote in September 1832: "That a French propaganda exists I have no doubt. It appeared for the first time from 1820 down to the suppression of disturbances in Piedmont; and, had fortune only attended the Italian liberals a few months longer, there would have ensued in Southern Germany singular scenes, and many would have been compromised, whom no one would suspect. Since 1830 Germany has doubtless been worked upon by Lafayette's party; but whether a regular communication has been established with French chiefs, and whether secret associations have been formed in Germany, I cannot tell; I hardly believe it,

but, if there be a centre of organization anywhere, it is in Stuttgart." In December 1832, Perthes wrote to Charles von Raumer in Erlangen: "God governs the world, and it can be turned neither into a blockhouse, nor into a madhouse: nor are men themselves so very bad, but rather shockingly naughty children, who must now and then be put into a dark corner, to cry it out." In the autumn of 1832, and spring of 1833, it became very evident that revolutionary centres did exist in Southern Germany; and on 3d April 1833, a bloody insurrection broke out in Frankfurt, which was to have inaugurated the unity of Germany under a democratic constitution. This insurrection spread terror throughout all Germany, and its instant suppression put back for long years the revolutionary movement." Perthes wrote to a friend: "These times of ours are a tragedy broken off in the middle of the fifth act, yet it must be played out." Many feared a reaction, and, from the following letter, Perthes appears to have been of the number: "Apparently we are living in profound peace; but we are really sitting on a boiler ready to burst. The danger does not lie in the high-flown speeches and mad conduct of our youth, but in the dissolution of all social ties, the insubordination of all ranks and classes: since 1830, men of all parties, ranks, and ages, have tried to re-establish a settled order; all have failed, and the police regulations, to which recourse has again been had, are only a brief palliative. The time will come, when all will wish for a despot, and even he will be only a palliative."

The discussion of the Prussian Customs' system added to the political agitation of Germany during the years 1830-3. In 1828 the archduchy of Hesse, and in 1831 the electorate of

Hesse gave in their adhesion to it, and since the summer of 1831 negotiations were carried on with Bavaria and Würtemberg, which, in the spring of 1833, ended in their adhesion also.

Prussia could not however win over the German states on the north sea-coast. Hormayr, then Bavarian ambassador in Hanover, wrote to Perthes on 30th January 1833: "Prussian or not Prussian is like Hamlet's question: 'To be, or not to be.' I am myself convinced that Germany's national development and power for defence must proceed, not from Austria but from Prussia; but the officiousness of many among Prussia's own servants, civil and military, has done her essential harm, by awakening suspicion and distrust. Since the years 1803-6, Hanover has been suspicious and distrustful; she now regards adhesion to the Customs' Union (Zollverein) as a sort of mediatization, and the Hanse-towns see in it nothing but a suicide. Yet if means cannot be found to bring the north sea-coast under the Prussian system, then hardly a possibility remains for the commercial unity of Germany."

When the suppression of the Frankfurt outbreak had given a check to the revolutionary movement, and the Prusso-Bavarian treaty had solved the Customs question, politics fell into the background, and literary matters occupied attention.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### LITERARY DISCUSSIONS.—1830-1840.

THE great epoch of German literature had passed away, Goethe, like an ancient tower, alone surviving, and even he regarded himself as a page of history, which required interpretation to be understood by the new generation. The publication of "Wahrheit und Dichtung aus meinem Leben" was succeeded by that of his correspondence with Schiller; after reading the first volume of which, Perthes wrote to Rist in December 1828: "Nothing has caused me so much grief and indignation for a long time as this book. Its contents are of no moment whatever, and, indeed, how could they be of any, when the two correspondents lived so near each other that all important matters could be discussed by word of mouth? The whole volume does not contain valuable matter for a single sheet." In April 1829, Perthes again wrote on the same subject: "The contents of the second part are important, but they deeply afflict me on Schiller's account. Whatever rank criticism may assign him as poet, historian, and philosopher, I wish to regard him as pursuing noble and lofty aims; this, indeed, is the source of his mighty influence on the youth of our own, and of every age. In this correspondence however he appears in business transactions petty, calculating, and outrageously

provoked with those whom he provoked first. It says little for Goethe's delicacy that he should have damaged his friend's good name by such a publication. Yet passing that, and acknowledging the genius and beauty displayed in these letters, I ask, what was the standing-ground, and what the object of the writers? Schiller was conscious of a profound religious void, yet only once does he touch on religion to Goethe, and even then he apologetically calls it a sort of metaphysics, to which he had long been a stranger. Unhappy men were these great spirits, and laggards behind the on-rushing age! All interest in the mighty movements of the time they put quietly aside, and for that very reason had no feeling for their country; yet, while looking down upon mankind with contempt from their intellectual height, they condescended to pettiness in catering for applause." A friend wrote to Perthes: "There is much instruction for all in the toil and labour which it cost these men to produce what they did. I have been moved almost to pity at seeing how both play at battledore and shuttlecock with the dry, jingling terminology of æsthetics and philosophy, without making real progress."

Goethe died 22d March 1832. Perthes wrote of him: "He retained his consciousness to the last. All that this earth could offer was his, by possession, or knowledge, or feeling, or inquiry, or experience; and perhaps no one has passed into the other world richer than he. He loved and struggled; and clear vision will now be granted him. It appears to me that his death shuts up the grand period within which German culture has unfolded itself. We have now the most varied and abundant materials for understanding the whence and the how of development; we have the correspondence of Bodmer, of

Rabener, of Gellert, of Klopstock, and of Garve down to that of Hamann, Jacobi, Voss, Forster, Baggesen, Solger, and Erhard; we have complete works, autobiographies and memoirs, down to Rehberg, and through them all, from Klopstock to the present day, Goethe's confessions run like a scarlet thread. Who will compose one piece out of the manifold, earnest, and profound strivings of a whole century, and set it in a frame?" In 1833 to Rist: "Like you, I have been charmed by Goethe's letters to Lavater. There are a dozen passages where the lowest depths are sounded. I do not, however, undervalue the letters to Schiller; one cannot always remain young; and what, in those of later date, repels you, is only the natural consequence of that scorn for the deepest truths, which appeared slightly even in the letters to Lavater. Whatever of noble we may acquire, without God's word and grace, is insecure and temporary,—remains, in fact, so intimately connected with baseness and selfishness that it often loses its nobleness altogether."

In Goethe's "Odds and Ends, Maxims, and Reflections," there is much admirable thought and experience excellently well expressed; but such aphorisms are usually but half truths, calculated to mislead both the propounder and the accepter. In 1834, Perthes wrote: "I have been delighted with the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter, the importance of which for the mental history of this age will be recognised by and by. I have been profoundly affected by the gradual enfeeblement, which this correspondence shews to have taken place in the worldly tendency of these men, without their intending, or indeed, even knowing it. It shews, too, how much and how little can be accomplished, without aid from

above, by the most powerful intellects. Both of them are amiable, but I shudder to see them ignoring all our relations to God. Zelter was always true, keen, pointed; one can never forget the hero-like form and lion-head of the man. The influence of the literary period on Goethe appears in this correspondence: who would now think of writing down for posterity whatever comes into his head?" A friend to Perthes: "Goethe seems quite exhausted in these letters, compared with the fresh vigour of Zelter, whose adoration of Goethe is to me highly remarkable. He drew so much from Goethe, that he seems to have sucked him dry; for, whilst his step grows ever firmer, Goethe is wearied out, and produces at length only feeble and halting rhymes. In estimating Goethe it must never be forgotten that he was a citizen of Frankfurt; for it was his traditional civic dignity that made the society of the great so agreeable to him, and kept him aloof from the agitated centres of human intercourse, whereby a privy-councillor's cabinet in Weimar could still appear to him the world." In 1835, Goethe's correspondence with a child appeared. After the first hasty perusal, Perthes wrote: "This is a noble fiction, full of profound and living truth; incomparable for world-insight. The child and its language are hardly anywhere in German literature better exhibited. A monument truly is Goethe, but a sad one: how desolate appears here the soul of this great, all-comprehending genius! Poor Goethe! because he could not, as guiding-star, lead such love to the light of truth, he has made the *dénouement* such as it is. The sober-minded, who, after all, keep the world steady, will not fail to discern in Goethe's inspired child, a candidate for the mad-house. It may be so; but it is the madness of every great poet." Some-

what later: "Meusebach's review of the Child's Letters is learned enough, but he has not been able to appreciate the grandeur of the fiction; his article looks like an extract from Sir Walter Scott's Antiquary. The external material truth in the work is of no moment; inner truth fills the soul of the poetess, and pervades the whole story. It is a thoroughly German book, which the English and French had better not attempt translating."

Perthes took a similar interest in the many other works which shed a literary lustre over the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. In 1838 Niebuhr's Life appeared. Perthes wrote to Rist concerning it: "What an inexhaustible treasure for the history of German learning, what a storehouse of experience in circumstances both straitened and ample, and of hints regarding the events and personages of our time! Never, I believe, has any one revealed his whole man so completely as Niebuhr in his letters; and what a loving, pure, genuine man does he appear! He remained to the last what he always was, a good child with a number of naughty tricks, which he knew very well, but could never give up, perhaps because they sprang from his bodily organization. You say that Niebuhr wanted but little of being a perfect man, but that this little was much, viz., humility, and susceptibility for the mysticism of faith. That is true, but not absolutely. In presence of God and of what moral greatness he found in history, Niebuhr was humble, but he was unjust to his cotemporaries. He recoiled and grew furious on discovering that even men of mark were but miserable sinners; yet, when the ebullition of the moment was over, his innate sense of justice obtained a hearing, and with great humility he en-

deavoured to repair his error. Susceptibility for the mysticism of faith was not wholly wanting in Niebuhr; but he had not a firm Christian basis. During my interview with him, however, two years before his death, I saw enough to persuade me that he would have attained it, had he lived longer." Again: "Niebuhr's over-estimate of his own acquaintance with the people and their circumstances, was a great obstacle to his exercising a beneficial and lasting influence on public affairs: he never could enter into the daily life of the common people, yet he plumed himself upon his knowledge of every detail. It was a still greater disadvantage to him as a politician that, from being a Dane, he became all at once a Prussian. His parents, though of German origin, had received a Danish stamp, and his higher education, during the decisive years of mental development, was carried on at Copenhagen. On coming to Prussia he was forthwith involved in its misfortunes, and his noble nature became, on that very account, entirely devoted to that state. He never became a German, but remained a passionate and one-sided Prussian, though often despising Prussian measures."

The publication of so many biographies, correspondences, and complete works belonging to the last century, may indicate that the mind of Germany was moving in ancestral leading-strings, and disposed rather to admire the past than to live in the present; but still there prevailed in all branches of literature a restless hurry, which tended to break the connexion with the past, and bring into independent play the powers of individuals. Accordingly, when the July revolution gave a shock to all order, social, political, and ecclesiastical, a literature arose in Germany which delighted in the depreciation of

spiritual greatness, made the enjoyment of the moment its aim, and, in the absolute justification of man's sensual nature, both sought and found a plea for irregular and sinful inclination of every kind. Heine had already struck this note; and in 1834, Börne made Lamennais' *paroles d'un croyant* universally known in Germany. Regarding this latter work, Perthes wrote in October 1834:—"Lamennais is an abomination, a death-blow to the church which can produce such priests. Only a Frenchman of 1830 could take up such a position, and his appearance is a sign that the last days of the French nation are at hand." From the number of young men, particularly in Northern Germany, who adhered to this school, it was called "Young Germany." Many publications advocating its doctrines appeared in 1834-5. Writing of Theodor Mundt's "Madonna," which was one of them, Perthes declares him to be a champion for the emancipation of the flesh, and, though more flowery, no better than the others. Ukert, after thanking Perthes for a copy of the "Madonna," writes:—"Young Germany makes such violent efforts in its first flight, that its powers are sure to flag soon. These fellows would like to see the *sturm-und-drang periode** again; but Roland's sword presupposes Roland's arm." F. Jacobi wrote to Perthes:—"The young gentlemen are drunk with insolence, conceit, and French profligacy; and because, in this condition, they spout whatever comes into their heads, they seem, like all drunk people, stronger than they really are. God will take care that the upas trees don't grow up to heaven." In December 1835 Perthes wrote to Rist: "You know that, by my very nature, I am attracted to

* An expression for a period of violent commotions whether in the life of nations or of individuals.

the positive, and fret myself but little on account of the foul nest which foul birds build in a fine edifice. In God's government the negative is often a means towards the attainment of the positive. By driving untruth to its utmost extreme, our age is bringing clearly out its real character, and delivering truth from the mockery of a caricature." Two years before this Perthes had written :—"In the last century public opinion called faith superstition, piety cant, and the maintenance of lawful possession tyranny. The leaders mistook for culture, superficial intimacy with the literature of the day, and tolerance for indifference; and their aspirations after liberty consisted in fantastic expectations of Americanism à la Lafayette. This tendency went right against everything positive; and, whilst all this was called a struggle for light and truth, Pilate's question was at the same time scornfully repeated: What is truth? Whoever clung to the positive was hated, decried, persecuted as an Obscurant; and this public opinion was shared not only by striplings and enthusiasts, but also by patriarchs in theology." Rist wrote to Perthes: "Young Germany is as little young as it is German, and least of all is it new. There have always been such people, and the only new thing is, that they should excite so much attention, and be thought of so great importance, which, indeed, clearly shews what a pigmy generation the present is."

The follies and perversities of the time, literary and other, were ascribed by many to the universities. Thus, in a letter to Perthes: "When one reflects that the universities decide the tone and tendency of all our youth who receive a scientific education, one ceases to wonder at their madness and wickedness. And whoever would extinguish a fire, must throw the

water, not on the flames, but on the fuel." Another: "On the subject of the universities we must listen to the fathers of families, not to the professors, who are interested parties, and are never deficient in a good opinion of themselves. They would lead others, and are blind themselves; they indulge the students, and so keep hold of them, hushing up whatever ill they do, even as game-keepers conceal the devastations of the wild boar. I should like right well to speak out on the subject; but that would be putting my hand into a wasp's nest, for the fellows are all writers or reviewers." Another: "Our higher teachers are certainly in a strange position with regard to both science and life. You know a great many learned university men; now tell me honestly, How many of them have you found who were truly natural men, without some peculiarity bordering on a mild insanity?" Perthes answered:— "What you write sounds harsh, but is true, at least of the smaller universities. There is little of it in the Prussian universities; in Göttingen fresh blood is pouring in; and in Leipsic conceit and routine are on the wane; at the same time, whatever was peculiar and striking is everywhere passing away. As among the nobles, the work-people, the shop-keepers, and even whole races of men, so among the learned ancient peculiarities are rapidly disappearing. Fifty years hence the theatrical poets will have to draw upon the many-coloured time of our youth for their characters; and our sons, then old, will say: 'In our childhood we heard of tyrants and cavaliers, of pedants and geniuses, of frenzies mild and violent; but now all is one level, all old and cold.'"

Though the Diet, as appears by its ordinances, regarded the universities as the source of the evil, it also endeavoured

to dam up the stream by laying an embargo on the writings of Young Germany. This was done in December 1835, and so a temporary stop was put to the growth of this branch of literature; but the tendency which it indicated could in this way neither be changed nor rendered innocuous; on the contrary, it grew apace, and, in the beginning of 1838, appeared once more publicly in the periodical edited by Ruge and Echtermaier, first as the Halle, and since 1841, as the German Annual of Literature and Art. This time, however, it assumed not so much a literary as a fine-spun philosophical garb, and, on that account, attracted general attention. It Hegelized and Straussized too much, but was allowed, on all hands, to display learning and acuteness, with an intimate knowledge of things and persons. To a friend, who was deeply involved in the discussion to which the German Annuals gave rise, Perthes wrote: "Hegel must have had a strong character as well as a great intellect, else he could not have trained such a band of combatants. A profound meaning must lie hid in the formulæ of his philosophy to account for its ever-growing influence; for it has penetrated into all sciences, and all branches of literature, and even its most determined opponents are not proof against its influence. Now, too, a squad of youths have taken up the arms of Hegelian philosophy, and are using them to cover their own proceedings, and carry out their own ends; and they are gifted enough to befool even scientific men. They have opened the campaign with great tact, the chief battle-ground being the Halle Annuals, the Berlin Literary Journal, and Mundt's Free Port occupying the wings as skirmishers, and the somewhat antiquated Berlin Annuals bringing up the rear; then spies and correspondents have been ap-

pointed for all the public prints, even for the Hamburgh Correspondent. The whole movement cannot be better characterized than in Niebuhr's words: 'It is a philosophy undertaking to justify the materialistic tendencies of the multitude.' I have seen the same game played with the Kantian philosophy. Youngsters became dealers in Kantian terminology, learned nothing, looked down with contempt on Christianity and the sciences, turned out insipid creatures, the most wretched clergymen, and government officials. That brood has passed away, but the merits of Kant are still duly honoured. I prophesy a much shorter term for the young Hegelians, because the elements are worse: licentiousness and audacity are self-destructive."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### PROTESTANT MOVEMENTS—1830-40.

As Young Germany strove to emancipate the individual from all restraints, whether of the spirit or of the flesh, it could not but see in Christianity an irreconcilable foe; and, at the same time, the power of Christianity for defence was greatly weakened by its divisions, especially by those within Protestantism. Cotemporaneous with the publication of the "Madonna" and similar works, there appeared, in circles where a true Christian life existed, a disposition to blend the carnal with the Christian, and discuss matters about which it is better to be silent. As Young Germany had done its utmost to desecrate the holy, so these persons in Northern Germany attempted to sanctify the unholy. Traces of such an aberration appear in many letters received by Perthes. He was proof against everything of the sort, and, by his determined opposition to the tendency, succeeded in restraining some from giving way to it, and others, who had been carried away, from imprudently coming out with their views in public. The Church question, however, was the chief subject of discussion.

In 1817, the Lutheran and Reformed Churches had been united in Prussia, and several other states; and such had been the current of opinion in the succeeding twelve years, that,

even in the states where the union had not been accomplished, as in Hanover, Saxony, and Mecklenburg, the condition of the Lutheran Church did not essentially differ from that of the United, or Evangelical. The resistance, so far as it still continued, was not so much against the Union itself as against its effectuation by the State; but there certainly were individuals who resisted the Union itself, and maintained the exclusive authority of the Lutheran symbolical books. From 1830 the feeling against the Union gained ground, and in Silesia a number of non-united Lutheran congregations formed an association, claiming to be regarded as the true national Church of Prussia. No one then imagined that the Old Lutherans would ever acquire the influence which, in the course of other ten years, they did. A theologian, who was an acute observer, wrote thus to Perthes in 1835: "Silesian hyper-Lutheranism, if unwisely interfered with by the government, may come to form a party, but it cannot last, because it makes a comparatively unimportant peculiarity the centre of the whole Christian system. One swallow does not make a summer; neither can a few Silesian congregations make a schism in the Church. I have been greatly delighted with Tholuck's declaration, that he would rather build than battle in theology—rather take rank among the producers of food than among the bearers of arms." About this same time, the "Evangelical Church Magazine," and its supporters, shewed a disposition favourable to the Old Lutheran movement. How this came about in the case of highly intellectual men will appear clearly from the following letter: "How, from being a malapert heathen, did I come to have the fear of the Lord, and to desire ardently that my whole being were penetrated by the leaven of Christ? It began

in literal fear, in trembling and horror. For sins in my own life, and that of others, which the world cannot reach, I saw punishment to be inevitable by so clear a spiritual necessity, that I knew not what to do for dread. From myself, and other individuals, I then turned to look at whole nations and centuries; and the recognition not only of a nemesis, but of a divine providence in all the vicissitudes of history, attached me more decidedly to the Church than I had ever been before. This attachment was strengthened by perceiving the fearful blank in our whole life created by the absence of a power, such as the Church formerly exercised, the power, viz., to punish the scoundrel who is just cautious enough to keep out of prison, and to raise up again the good man who may, once for all, have committed a crime. Granting the possibility of the individuals representing the Church abusing their power, I still long for a Church morally strong, and, much to the wonderment of my old friends, frequent the circles of the so-called pietists. The rivalry of dominant Protestantism with the intellectual culture of ancient heathenism, and its coldness, or its fondling unctuousness in communion with the Lord, disgusted me, and drove me to Catholicism, till in horror at its legality, and in dread of it as a grim and ghastly power, I discovered, for the first time in my life, what Luther meant by a living faith. I now know that, besides the politico-moral institution, called the Church, there is quite another kingdom of God in the heart. From my Romanizing era, however, I retain a conviction that the Catholic Church was and is, in many places, the thing needed, and that the external form of the Church is not indifferent to the preservation of God's kingdom within. Everything is in God's plan; and if He so guided the minds of men that they

spoiled the Church for a time, why may I not consider the strong belief I have in the necessity of a Church-power, as also from Him, and so do my utmost to win for the Church freedom, and a powerful organization? I am not deterred by the fear of abuses, since every living thing is capable of abuse; only what is mechanical and dead, like a watch-wheel, does its work infallibly."

One of Perthes' correspondents writes: "The letter of Scripture is authoritative, and the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church give a voice to what it commands, and we ought to obey. This is now called intolerant and fanatical, and those are called tolerant who want the power and zeal of conviction. We are to let every one follow his nose, but just that every man may lead all others by the nose, at pleasure." Among Perthes' correspondents many animadverted strongly on a tendency which seemed likely to make Luther the sole representative, and the mutual toleration of Protestants and Catholics the final attainment of the Reformation. Thus one of them: "A man is now suspected almost of Rationalism if he quote the Saviour's words, or rest his salvation on anything but the letter of the Augsburg Confession. The generation of zealots let no Scripture pass their lips now, save the harsh language of the Old Testament, or the obscure of the Apocalypse." Another: "I know no form of Christianity which might not become a beneficent institution to the world; but the enclosure, within which our theologians would pen it up, is so narrow that hardly any one can gain admission to the table of the Great King: such at least is the impression made upon me by those haughty gentlemen, who, without pity, but with a fiery sword, stand before the sanctuary, and demand festal raiment such as none of those

who would enter have. But the Lord intended his feast for all without exception, even for those who reject and despise it; and these do, after all, derive some benefit from it. Christ's spiritual kingdom surrounds us like an atmosphere: Christianity so permeates the spirit and culture of our age, that even the infidel and the Jew come under its influence." Referring to Neander, and to his grief at the attempted petrifaction of the spiritual life in Church forms, Perthes wrote in 1836:—"The exquisite spiritualism of Neander's invisible Church will lead to pride in all who are not Neanders. Individuals are guided immediately by God; but, for the guidance of nations and mankind, he established the Church, whose function is to preserve and teach the truth revealed. Perhaps we should be nearer a solution, if the conservative and training aspect of the Church were more clearly brought out."

When, in 1837, the controversy about the nature of the Church received a new direction from the publication of Rothe's "Beginnings of the Christian Church," Perthes wrote: "Rothe is a man of mark; and has originated a new controversy which will make sad havoc among the parties. How Church and State, if both were perfect, *i.e.*, contained only men, not only born again, but absolutely saints, would stand to each other,—whether, as Rothe will have it, they would form but one institution, or continue to exist apart, is an important scientific question. But it is not my business to seek for an answer to it, and I should be satisfied if I knew how Church and State ought to be related, both being imperfect, *i.e.*, containing men, as men are—miserable sinners. But to this question I get a hundred different answers from theologians; in other words, no answer at all."

In a letter to a friend, Perthes thus states the result to which his correspondence with theologians had led him: "The system of the Catholic Church, universally and strictly carried out, leads to evil, because it makes human ordinances divine: Neander's invisible church, consistently maintained, exalts the few whose religious endowments are high, and, leaving those who are not so favoured without guidance and instruction, gives them up to infidelity. To intrust absolutely the religion of Christ to the civil power, is simply putting it into the hands of the *gendarmes;* and although Protestant theology can frame all sorts of churches, it cannot realize one; it speculates on the relation of man to God, and looks upon the Church rather as a religious school, than as a religious institution. A rushlight is no substitute for God's light, and the name 'Evangelical Church,' has no real significance. What is to be done then? Above all, let us refrain from carrying out any human principle to all its logical consequences in things divine; let each do the best he can, improving and building up piously and prayerfully the individual, and let us wait patiently till God in his mercy come with his principle, and make us a present of what we never can work out for ourselves." Again: "When the plague of party has once infected an age, individuals must be otherwise judged than in a century when the doctrine and order of the Church stand firm and unquestioned. Whoever is convinced of sin, and believes in redemption through Christ, is a Christian, no matter what be the colours of his party; wherever Christians are divided into parties, truth and untruth are mingled in them all; no outward struggle can solve the contradiction, for right and wrong are on both sides, and a victory on one side would be a defeat to what of truth and right

there is on the other. The solution must come from within, from the power of truth and love reconciling all things. That all should repent and humble themselves sincerely before God, is the thing needed, not the battle-cry of embittered parties."

In 1838, Rist wrote to Perthes: "The Church was built up in an age when the wants and thoughts of men were simple, when the masses were in one block, as it were, and implicitly followed their leaders; and the Church is grown weak and rickety from within. She totters now, because every man would make suggestions and conditions, and turns away if his views are not held forth and enjoined. It cannot be otherwise in an age when all things are put into the testing crucible, when one professor of theology outbids another in subtle distinctions regarding even the simplest doctrines of faith, and when the clergy go through life with winkers on, which the people very well see, if they themselves do not. For a long time now neither the Catholic nor the Protestant Church has had any existence for me; not the Catholic, because it rests on palpable untruth, which a man can put up with only by dint of self-deception; and not the Protestant, because it rests on independent personal inquiry, and on a book which is susceptible of various interpretations. As many as are convinced of sin, and of their need of reconciliation with God, can and must search till they find a suitable guide and shepherd; they can and do form a little church among themselves. But whence we are to get the universality of the Church, I know not. This only I know, that, in spite of all sophistry, the void is greater than ever, a void in the hearts of men, and that a heart conscious of its wants can attain spiritual health, resignation, humility, and love, even under rationalistic preaching; for not what

enters the ear, but what is awakened in the heart begets faith. For that reason we may not violently interfere with God's mysterious way, but simply work out, each his own cares and doubts, to a solution, cleaving the while to what of the Church remains. I have no sympathy with the cry of honest weaklings, in the pulpit and elsewhere, for a new reformer who should restore all things; for the power of the greatest is limited by the spiritual condition of his contemporaries, and what better gospel could there be than that of humility and love, which we have? The new teacher might be prince, bishop, elder, or sexton, but, unless he knew more than we do, he could not found a church, and we should not believe him unless he had risen from the dead, and brought certain intelligence from beyond the grave. Far be from me the supposition that God will send a new messenger to make new announcements; we must lay our hands upon our mouths, and be silent. You are always regarding Christianity as a necessarily universal something; I, on the contrary, fix my eye on its wonderful adaptation to all degrees of intelligence, and to the wants of every individual. The universal visible Church was always to me an unexpected and unwelcome phenomenon, the apparent completeness of which was effected merely by the aid of fictions and postulates. The Church, with all its apparatus, ceremonies, orders, and tithes, was never anything but, as the Emperor Alexander said, *un heureux accident;* nor has it ever been really one and universal. What we give up then is not a reality, but only a prospect, a very noble, and indeed almost indispensable one, but still only a prospect: what we retain is the spirit of the gospel, which walks the earth in all manner of forms. As for church power, the letter of the confession,

and the security of rulers, to whom fealty is sworn on a particular confession, I know not what is to become of them."

The attention of theologians was called away from all questions about the form and constitution of the Church, to the essential one of doctrine, by Strauss' Life of Christ, the first part of which appeared in 1835. In the end of that year Perthes wrote: "I have not yet seen Strauss' book, but I understand that he denies the actual occurrence of what is narrated in the New Testament. According to him, the thoughts of certain pious and profound theologians passed into the popular mind, and by the poetically creative power of the Jewish people, were ultimately transformed into quasi-actual persons and occurrences. The thought of redemption, excogitated by some profound thinker, became in the people a longing for redemption, and begat the expectation of a Messiah; and thus the sacred histories of the Annunciation and of Christ's birth are poetical incorporations of the national feeling about the appearance of a sinless man." Again, in January 1836: "Strauss' work will give a shock to all who have not been led by personal experience and inward struggle to Christ, to all who imagine that scientific theology is the basis of faith in the truth of the gospel narrative." About the same time: "The appearance of so mighty a foe to Christianity as Strauss, will have the happy effect of uniting Christian theologians. Three-fourths of the German Protestants still adhere to Rationalism, but it has been vanquished for all that, and is in fact dead; the conquerors, however, who, till the hour of victory, were in firm alliance, have fallen out on the battle-field. Thus the bibliolaters exclaim that he is a lost man who considers only the meaning, and not also the letter, of Scripture to be of divine

inspiration, and that the Church must have a system of doctrine, when, in fact, we have not yet a Church at all. The Old Lutherans sigh for the restoration of the two tables of the decalogue, and say that, even if every letter of Scripture were accepted, yet, if the symbolical books are rejected, nothing has been gained. No, that is not the way, the pietist maintains; but the beginning and the end of faith is the consciousness that man is of himself incapable of attaining not only the spiritually good, but even what is naturally noble. The mystic, again, not content with recognising divine mysteries where they are, seems to take more pleasure in finding them where they are not: the Christian philosopher would arrive at a definite thought about what cannot be excogitated at all; and the men of erudition regard any sort of Christianity, which is not the fruit of learning, as too light a ware. These are all Christians, and, as such, should study humility and love towards one another. The merely human controversies they waged, had driven them far apart; but Strauss' book, like the appearance of a common foe, will unite them again."

Perthes was not mistaken, for, within a short time, theologians from the most varied stand-points stepped forth to do battle with Strauss. Neander wrote to Perthes on 20th May 1836: "I have long thought of crowning my historical work with a Life of Jesus; but the sublimity and greatness of the subject deterred me. Recent discussions naturally tempt me to undertake it by way of a declaration of my own faith, the critical element being subordinate to the positive. My Life of Christ would thus be the first volume, and my Apostolic Age the second of a history of primitive Christianity." Perthes answered, encouraging Neander to carry out his

idea, and added: "It seems to me almost a duty on your part to give us a positive history of the Apostolic age in addition to the critical one. Your explanation of the pentecostal miracle has, in fact, shaken many, though not me; and an apostolic history, which should be the offspring not of your science, but of your faith, would produce a mighty impression just now, for your declared opinion of Strauss' book has opened the ears and hearts of many that were shut to your voice before." Neander wrote again, on 3d June: "When I said in my previous letter, that I would keep the critical element subordinate in my Life of Jesus, I merely meant that, instead of a detailed and express refutation of Strauss, the refutation would be found in the positive exhibition of the truth, critical justifications being introduced only on occasion. I mean, therefore, to follow the same plan of treatment for the Life of Jesus as for the apostolic age. The spirit of our age, and the fact that certain prejudices must be removed, in order to open the way for a more ample and many-sided contemplation of the subject, require the critical element in every treatment of the sacred history, demand, in fact, that the tenable be distinguished from the untenable; but faith, and the views proceeding from it, must stand by the side of criticism, which should be the child of humility and veneration, and of a conviction how limited man is, and how great his need of divine illumination. I have, therefore, no intention of publishing a new history of the apostolic age, but only an improved edition of the old one. I could not occupy a stand-point different from my own; and as in me the critical and intuitive elements coincide, they cannot but coincide also in my compositions. What I have found it necessary to deny or to doubt, has no

connexion with the essence of Christianity, and my treatment of it can perplex only those who are already a prey to the criticism of the age, and who must, once for all, go through the process of scientific inquiry, in order to arrive at firm convictions; such, for example, are young theologians." Perthes answered: "For a century the prevailing element in powerful minds has been the critical; it then passed into those of an inferior order, and now there is no man of intellectual culture but must go through the fiery ordeal. Indeed, I regard the audacious infidel criticism which we have survived, as God's way of leading us back to the truth revealed; for criticism will not be long in showing that he who rejects revelation, and yet believes in God and immortality, wants spiritual depth, has stopt half way, has built upon sand. It will shew that the only alternative is between Pantheism and the Christian faith, and this will be the turning-point for many individuals, perhaps for the whole generation. Christian theologians are agreed that the present duty is to overthrow the audacious and infidel criticism which proceeds from and leads to pantheism. But I do not think that much would be gained by discovering scientifically the weak points of Strauss, Vatke, and the like; for, as these are merely the successors of Paulus of Heidelberg, though more thorough-going and more talented than he, so others will follow them still more thorough-going and more talented, and when it is merely science against science, I tremble for theology. The gospel history can never be fixed down like profane history, the life of Jesus like that of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne. The events between Zacharias' vision and the baptism of Christ, as also those between his resurrection and ascension cannot be brought within the do-

main of historical inquiry. Who heard the prayer on the Mount of Olives? Who then can tell us of it? Whither would the historico-scientific study of the pentecostal miracle lead the inquirer? As Christian philosophy can shew only the untruth of objections, not the truth of Christianity itself, so historical science and criticism can shew only the groundlessness of objections against the sacred narrative, not the truth of the narrative in general, and much less the actuality of particular events. Nor should it be otherwise, since the matter on hand is, not the solution of a scientific problem, but the salvation of souls. Whoever would make the saving truths of revelation his own, or lead others to them, must start from facts, coming under his own immediate knowledge. The depravity of all mankind, sin, our double nature, wrestling, weakness, and death in every individual, and the ardent longing of the whole man for deliverance from such evils,—these are facts, and they form a basis for faith in the salvation revealed by Scripture. To every one, in whose soul God has established such a basis of faith, the life of Jesus and the apostles becomes the key and keystone of the world's history, even scientifically regarded; and it was this evolution of sacred history, from facts within immediate ken, that I meant, in expressing my joy that, in addition to your critical history, you contemplated also a positive treatment of primitive Christianity."

Perthes took a growing interest in the movements which originated in the publication of Strauss' work. In the autumn of 1837, he wrote: "I think our divines might have shewn a greater respect for themselves than they have done in encountering Strauss. They have simply taken up their position in the arena of scientific theology, which is common to him and

them, whereas they, whose vocation it is to defend the truths insulted, might well have manifested indignation against the man who *con amore* and audaciously routs about among the events and truths on which the whole Christian world believes its eternal salvation to depend. I can conceive no good or even noble object which Strauss could have had in view, and am persuaded that, notwithstanding his acuteness and learning, he will end lamentably as a writer: there are indications of this already in his controversial writings." Again, in January 1838: "Strauss is, perhaps, the most dangerous foe to Christianity now living, because he combines penetration with learning, possesses tact, yea cunning, is blameless as a member of society, and has most attractive manners." In 1840, Strauss' Dogmatics appeared, and in December of that year Perthes wrote to his son in Bonn: "The tendency of Strauss to sweep away all Religions appears unmistakeably in his Dogmatics. Many of our theologians could very well have put up with a first-rate man of science like Strauss, and would rather have been seen arm in arm with him than with a devout Catholic priest; but he has come out too strongly for them now. I do not pretend to criticise his learned works; but I know that, whatever harm he may do to Christian theology, or however far he may lead individual Christians astray, he cannot touch Christian truth. Nitsch, by the depth and justness of his thinking, by his earnestness and piety, is of all men the best fitted to render Strauss harmless scientifically. A miscellaneous rabble are now rifling Strauss' works with a view to their popular interpretation, and universal diffusion; Switzerland, Stuttgart, Leipsic, and Brunswick being, as if by a preconcerted plan, the centres of operation. His doctrines are also pressed upon the

attention of students. Above all, the Halle Annuals are heralds and apostles of Straussism, and a sharp eye should be kept on them, as they have evidently high intellect at command : whoever does not give himself up blindly to their guidance is persecuted without mercy, and they unscrupulously aim at bringing all intellectual minors under the tutelage of the Straussite Papacy. Whoever, like me, has seen parties rise and fall during half a century, is not startled at the upblazing of a meteor. Straussism, however, may become a power for ten years ; and just because in ten years the devil can destroy many souls, it is not to be overlooked."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

CONTROVERSY ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE-ASSEMBLIES.—1834-1838.

In one of Rist's letters to Perthes is the following: "The rising generation will see no history enacted. Philosophy, poetry, politics, and war, have been all used up; and for our children there remain only steamboats, railways, and machines; they will not have even a literature that can stir the soul to its depths, or so much as attract it." Perthes answered: "I am of a different opinion. A change is going on in state, church, and society, such as no former century has witnessed. The powers of evil are unchained, and are engaged in a life-and-death struggle, for in every quarter are awaking the good powers which lay smothered, or seemed dead for centuries. There is an agony of endeavour in our age, and that is as much history as ever." Rist replied: "Our children will have no prominent individuals to admire and love, or to hate and resist, and that was what I meant in saying that they would have no history. You surely would not have our youth to feel themselves elevated by curiosities, technology, railways, and telescopes; nor can the past supply what the present refuses. Who can be always in an ecstasy about Aristides and Themistocles? I at least could not; but my cotemporaries have had a great

influence upon me, and I have drawn inward strength from their mighty struggle." Perthes answered: "The whole world is sighing now for great men; that is, in spite of liberalism, all are sighing for a master. This feeling is as old as the human race; but, as the government of powerful individuals is always arbitrary, we have to thank God that, in the cause of human freedom, monarchs, *i.e.*, fictions of powerful individuals have been found out, who render the really powerful individuals harmless."

There was no great danger at this time in Germany from great men, yet the need of political guarantees for the subject was regarded as the most urgent of all. Every effort was made in northern Germany to confirm and extend the constitutions which had been granted since the revolution of July; and, on the other hand, the party represented by the Berlin Weekly Politician opposed them not only with determination but with passion. A principal question debated was this, whether the Congress of Vienna in 1815, in the Confederation Act constituting the States, had in view the mediæval principle of the Berlin Weekly Politician, or the representative principle of its opponents. Perthes treats the matter thus in a letter: "Count Bernstorff once told me that the true key to the acts and protocols of the Congress of Vienna lay in its secret history: but that there were two secret histories, in the second and more intimate of which, the several personages appear in the strangest, and not always in the most edifying relations. Gentz, who saw all the cards of all the players, is the only man competent to write this more secret history. I ask, then, should this history, which nobody knows, and which has resulted in nothing satisfactory to a great nation, be made

the standard of right and wrong in our present political institutions?" A friend wrote to Perthes on the same subject: "It seems to be quite forgotten that, at the time of the Congress of Vienna, results were alone contemplated, theories not at all. The efforts of criticism have so lamed the fancy that people cannot transport themselves to a time, when there was no occasion whatever to consider and discuss those distinctions, which did not really engage the thoughts of men till a later period. The great object was to prevent the recurrence of anything like Napoleon's dominion. Now, that dominion had been consolidated very markedly by the Confederation of the Rhine, to which the German princes acceded in the hope of exercising a satrap's power in their several territories. It was supposed that, if powerful state-assemblies had existed in these countries, the Confederation of the Rhine would not have received such accessions; and, accordingly, they were to be re-established everywhere, except in Prussia and Austria, which had stood aloof from the Confederation: the mode of their re-establishment was indifferent, the effect was alone in view. The subsequent development of the state-assemblies is as little deducible from what took place at the Congress of Vienna, as Paganini's playing on the violin from a fiddling school."

Perthes did not deny the importance of the state-assemblies, but he opposed the prevalent notion that they were the only and an infallible means of remedying all political evils, as if the wellbeing of a state did not depend on many other living influences. Thus in a letter: "The constitutional system encourages the arrogance of the moneyed aristocracy, and is but a feeble barrier against arbitrary princes and encroaching nobles; for it requires only a little cunning, or a

little courage to elude its provisions." Again: "The prince is not to live, like an independent gentleman, from his own property, but, for economy's sake, from a civil list. That, however, is making him a Baal's priest, who must be fed, and does not even accomplish the object proposed. The people are always cheated under such an arrangement, for the prince's abettors always know how to obtain grants of money, or debts are contracted which must then be paid." Again: "You say that England has a great security for the future in this, that only those who are rich and permanently settled in the country have a voice in public affairs. The very same may be said of Austria which, though without a parliament, has yet no Ireland, at worst only a Hungary. The danger threatening Austria, as it appears to me, lies in the corruptibility of her lower officials, and in the indifference to religion which prevails not only among the people, but also among great part of the clergy. Neither in Austria however, nor in any other country would state-assemblies bring about a change in these particulars." Again: "Help must be sought where the danger arose, that is, among the lower orders themselves. The populace in towns can be kept in check only by the townspeople properly so called, *i.e.*, by the tradesmen, masters, and journeymen together; and in the country the ministers of religion and the schoolmasters are always the true leaders of the people. The position of the former is often too low, and that of the latter too high, and both of them, in Protestant as well as in Catholic countries, are often in opposition to the government. There would be more wisdom in exercising a sound influence in these quarters, than in devising excellent police-regulations, or the most admirable constitution for the state-assemblies."

When, in 1834, Denmark reorganized the state-assemblies in Schleswig and Holstein, Perthes expressed in a letter his great curiosity as to how they would work. The limited political views and experience of the Holstein population, their tendency to violent partisanship, and their internal divisions, town against town, were all so many occasions of fear. In 1835 a friend in Holstein wrote to Perthes: "I see more clearly than ever that state-assemblies are the necessary complement of an administration which sees, hears, and acts only through its hierarchy of officials, and, in fact, needs to be protected against itself. Such is the mistrustful or the indolent taciturnity of my fellow-countrymen that, with good-will on both sides, people and government often find themselves, after a number of years, far advanced in a wrong direction, or alienated from each other. The more lively Danes promptly, indeed pertly, declare their opposition to government measures, and the Copenhagen journalists don't read the French newspapers in vain. Attachment to the king's person is but a feeble security for the future, and everybody knows that this attachment is elastic in its nature, and often more apparent than real. However, my Holsteiners are sterling coin, and the Schleswig peasantry better still perhaps. The ingenuousness, the live-and-let-live way of our population often surprises strangers; and I am sure that a wise and just government will always find support here. The state-assemblies will be less troublesome in Holstein than in Schleswig, where the towns are much more inclined to opposition, though by no means dangerously so."

The much-debated question, how far the new German constitutions would really prove securities against arbitrary power, received new importance in 1837, when, on the death of Wil-

liam IV., the Duke of Cumberland succeeded to the throne of Hanover. On 1st November 1837, the fundamental law of the state, which had been in force since 1833, was abolished by royal patent, and all public servants released from the oath, which they had sworn, to maintain it. On the 18th of the same month, and before the general discontent had received any formal expression, seven professors of Göttingen university presented a memorial to the effect that they recognised the fundamental law of the state as still in force, and held themselves bound by their oath to maintain it. But they had over-estimated their moral power, and only sacrificed themselves; for when, on the 14th December, they were dismissed from their chairs, only so much interest was manifested in their behalf as to deter the government from proceeding to farther depositions. Both in Hanover and in the rest of Germany, an opposition to the king did spring up. Corporations in town and country, and a portion of the assembled states applied to the German Diet; and some of the German governments expressed disapprobation of the king's measures. The great object with the Hanoverian government was to get up a strong party within the country in its favour, in order, with such support, to make a better appearance before the Diet. The means employed to effect this object excited general indignation. Perthes wrote of them: "The Hanoverian fundamental law is not my golden calf; but cursed be the means which have been employed to make it a dead letter."

In September 1839, the Diet formally declined to interfere in Hanoverian affairs. One of Perthes' correspondents wrote in August of the same year: "It should be publicly known that the Diet declined to interfere only by a small majority;

and that the majority would have been the other way, had not certain of the smaller states, feeling their dependence on Austria and Prussia, blindly followed their guidance. These two great powers, then, are chiefly to be blamed, and all the more so, because they are in the habit of throwing all the odium of unpopular measures on the Diet, and taking all the honour of acceptable ones to themselves.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

HIERARCHICAL CONSTITUTION AND THE PUBLIC AGITATION—1837-8.

Since the Revolution of July, the struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism had been less that of Church against Church, than of individual theologians with one another. In the Rhenish provinces especially, Archbishop Spiegel's moderation preserved the harmony between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. But when, in the autumn of 1835, the above dignitary died, and Droste von Vischering was appointed his successor in the Archbishopric of Cologne, many feared that the hierarchy of Rome would now enter the arena already crowded by theologians. Perthes characterized Droste in a letter as "a strict Catholic, a pious, earnest Christian, and a man of iron will." During the first year of his administration, a new spirit was observed to pervade the diocese, but the angry discussions, which he even then carried on with the government, were known to but a few. In the beginning of 1837, however, the discord broke out. A friend in the Rhenish provinces thus wrote to Perthes in May of that year: "The controversy between the Court of Rome and the German State is in full swing. Where do the rights of the one end, and those of the other begin? Any determination of the boundary-line is merely provisional; for, whenever the Court of Rome thinks

herself sure of victory, she renews the contest, and, when she yields, it is only from political sagacity, and in anticipation of a more favourable opportunity."

Another correspondent to Perthes: "The former archbishop favoured the school of Hermes, and gave all appointments to its adherents; even the theological faculty in Bonn, with the exception of Professor Klee, were Hermesians; but, under Droste, the opposite party has risen into power, and is breathing vengeance, not only against the Hermesians, but also against the government, which did not persecute, rather indeed favoured them. Of course there are some truly pious men in this party, as Klee and Windischmann, but there are also fanatics who would humiliate the Prussian government for the glory of Rome, and destroy the Hermesians from the face of the earth. These are pushed forward by ambitious men, who consider themselves overlooked by the government, and are determined, at all hazards, to play a conspicuous part; and they are farther encouraged by their co-religionists in Bavaria and Belgium. The first exploit of the Church militant came off on 28th September 1835, when the Court of Rome—which had let both the doctrine and the adherents of Hermes alone, as long as Hermes himself, and his protector, the former archbishop of Cologne, lived—condemned Hermes' writings as inconsistent with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Thereupon Droste scored out all the theological lectures in the university of Bonn, excepting Klee's: the government, on the other hand, ordered them all to appear in the printed programme of the university lectures: but, as Droste then declared his determination never to give an appointment to any theological student who should have attended a Hermesian course, the lecturers had no hearers.

Lest the press, too, should be included in the battle-field, the government imposed silence on all theological professors, under pain of suspension, and enjoined the divinity students of the Cœnobium in Bonn to obey the regulations of its superintendent, who was a Hermesian. The consequence was, that all except seven, abandoned the Cœnobium." Perthes' good opinion of Droste still remained unshaken: "He is not narrow-minded, but decided and inflexible: the Pope may yield, Droste will not. He is true to the back-bone: base means he has never used, nor will he ever resort to them."

The question of mixed marriages was also drawn into the strife. In 1834, on the basis of a Papal brief dated 25th March 1830, an agreement was come to on that subject, between the Prussian government and Archbishop Spiegel. It had worked pretty well, and was accepted even by Droste at first: but, towards the end of 1836, he declared that this agreement was contradicted in some particulars by the Papal brief, and that in respect to these he would follow the latter. Perthes had a very decided opinion on the subject of mixed marriages: "There may be cases in which both Protestants and Catholics are so penetrated by divine faith and love, that the diversity of creed loses its sundering power, and mixed marriages become admissible; but, such exceptional cases apart, mixed marriages lead only to religious indifferences, or to family strife. If, unfortunately, one of my daughters should wish to marry a Catholic, I should first oppose it with all my might; and, in case of failure, should then, in consenting, advise her to become a Catholic; and, if I could not prevent a son of mine from marrying a Catholic, I should recommend him to make her a Protestant."

In negotiating with the archbishop, the government employed the services of Bunsen, then Prussian ambassador at Rome In the end of December he spent a few days at Gotha, and soon after, Perthes thus characterized him in a letter: "He is worthy of all honour and love for his extraordinary endowments, his fidelity to old friends, his ingenuousness, his youthful elasticity, and his thoroughly German straightforwardness, which neither high rank nor intercourse with the world has impaired." On the 20th November 1837, the public was surprised by a royal order, commanding Droste, archbishop of Cologne, forthwith to remove his residence to Minden: an order which the archbishop professed his readiness to obey.

The Bavarian government was at this time intimately connected with the ultramontane party, and seemed rather inclined to profit by the difficulties in which Prussia was involved. A correspondent of Perthes in Munich wrote: "In Munich, and more or less throughout Bavaria, Protestantism wants that broad basis, which the constant and intimate connexion between science and modern theology gives it in north Germany. We have not, indeed, the shallow-pated theological *dilettanti*, who are ever ready to put themselves and others off with a few ready-made formulæ and phrases, but this advantage is gained at a great price, and the zeal of a host of clergymen cannot supply the defect. After their examinations, the clergy, generally, become strangers to science, and consequently never attain the consciousness of occupying a firm historical basis, and forming part of a great historical whole. They move in a circle of subjective convictions; and, as they are not called on to submit their own experience to the touchstone even of such science as the Church allows, they can hardly learn to be humble.

The kernel of the Protestant community in Munich is composed of the honest but intolerant *bourgeoisie*, who adhere to the Protestant dogmas, and see in Catholicism only the opposite of what they have been taught to consider the one safe way of salvation. Then come the men of culture, among whom there reigns a diversity of views: most of them, however, embrace modern liberalism, and are full of hatred against clerical power, and ecclesiastical immobility." Again: "The position of the Protestant Church, of its ministers and divine service in Bavaria is truly humiliating, when one considers the outcry made by Catholics in Prussia, as if against intolerable oppression, merely because the government refuses to legislate according to the will of Rome."

On 4th November 1837, Abel, formerly councillor of state, succeeded Prince von Wallerstein in the Bavarian ministry, and with him the very same party came into power, which was resisting the Prussian government in the Rhenish provinces. How the Protestants regarded the advent to power of the ultramontane party will appear by the following letter:—"The deportation of the archbishop can only strengthen the ultramontane party here; and every attack on Protestantism will be justified by a reference to Cologne. Only in whispers, and with shut doors, dare we talk over our situation." Again: "The party now in power aims at a complete politico-ecclesiastical remodelling of the whole country, and is supported by many Protestants, who will find themselves dupes in the end. The ministry has all the resources of centralization at command; but it has to do with a country in which there are many elements of culture and nationality, quite opposed to ultramontanism, and with a constitution which great part of

Bavaria will not easily relinquish. Then the ministry has powerful enemies, who know how to win the king by supplying him with money for his *amours:* no reliance, indeed, can be placed on the king, for he is at any time quite capable of dismissing a minister for no other reason than that his pecuniary demands are not complied with. He is no stranger to great conceptions, but the greatest cannot stand against an interest, be it ever so small, which immediately concerns him."

The general fear of grave consequences immediately arising out of the Cologne affair was disappointed. Provision was made for the episcopal administration of Cologne, and no political disturbances ensued.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

POLITICAL TENDENCIES AND EVENTS.—1838-1843.

The important events of the last ten years in religion, politics, and society, had left the public mind in a very unsettled state. Perthes wrote: "On one side is secularism, dead to all but earthly things; and, on the other, a restless agitation, which spends its strength in unsettling all that has hitherto given peace to the soul. Then comes a luxurious light literature, which ends in despair." A friend in North Germany wrote to Perthes: "The dreams of a republic, or of a republican monarchy, are not over yet, not even in Northern Germany, where Norway presents a seductive example. Every new generation advances the claims and cherishes the hopes of a Prometheus. Year after year our youths suck the marrow of the ancient republics out of the bones of Greeks and Romans; everywhere the shoe pinches; the dismal prospect, as it must appear to youths so trained, of spending their lives in a government office or in business, is sure to make them discontented, and, from the ranks of the discontented, republicans are recruited." Another: "Although France is no very brilliant specimen of political amelioration, and her example could hardly attract other nations into the path of revolution, yet I

often hear people congratulate the age on the existence of such a state, from the idea that, without it, Europe would become a heap of dry bones."

In September 1840, a friend wrote to Perthes: "In ten days the Schleswig Diet will commence its sittings, and the relations of Schleswig to Holstein and Denmark will not fail to be discussed. Because in the northern bailiwicks of Schleswig a corrupt Danish is spoken, the radical Danes would like to absorb that duchy, and make the Danish language paramount; but the feeling of the majority is against it, for the history, laws, administration, and culture of Schleswig are truly German. Schleswig labours under the disadvantage of containing within itself the confines of two languages, out of which a gibberish, highly obstructive to progress, ensues. Nevertheless, German culture does advance northwards; in Anglia, Danish was the sole language of common life forty years ago, but it is heard there no more. Now, however, the Danes are active in defence, flattering, threatening, and distributing books. On the other hand, a German party in Holstein is advocating separation from Schleswig, which should be abandoned to its mongrel fate; but their secret thought is, that, by the union of the three provincial assemblies, viz., of the Islands, Jutland, and Schleswig, the Norwegian constitution would be more easily introduced. The great majority, however, in Holstein, are for maintaining the old connexion, and the state-assembly has pronounced a decided opinion to that effect."

The year 1840 reminded Germany that, situated as she is between the opposing forces of Europe, she must, sooner or later, take a part in the solution of problems quite other than domestic. The successful campaign of Mehemet Ali had awa-

kened a fear lest the Emperor Nicholas should, in defending the Turkish empire, occupy Constantinople, and so kindle a great European war. In the spring of 1840, Perthes wrote: "Russia is no doubt destined to play an important part in the great historical epoch which is opening on Europe, but Germany has no immediate cause to fear, for, as long as European relations remain as at present, Russia will have every reason to spare Austria, and to maintain Prussia and Germany in their present position. On the other hand, too little importance, it seems to me, is attached to the re-union with the Russian Church of the Polish Greeks, who were formerly united to the Catholic communion. It is a great step towards the absorption of the whole Greek Church by the Russian, and thus the Greek Church, in connexion with the Russian power, may come to play an equally important part with Catholicism and Protestantism." Perthes received in answer: "Russia cannot overwhelm Germany by its armies; for it cannot bring them to the battle-field; but Russian influence and craft are perilous, because they can win the favour of princes and their ministers, though not that of nations. By the monstrous combination of spiritual and temporal power, which were ever divided in the West, Russia stands anew in contradiction with Peter and Paul. The freedom of the world may yet have to take refuge under the Pope's banner, provided always that he first become a Protestant. At all events, the immediate exigency is to keep away the Russians from the Bosphorus."

As Russia sought to increase her power in the East by defending the Porte, so did France, to increase hers, support Mehemet Ali; and when the four great powers, without the concurrence of the Parisian court, dictated peace to Mehemet

Ali, by the treaty of 15th July 1840, the greatest excitement naturally arose in France. Thiers, who had been prime minister since 1st March, urged preparations for war, and, as the prospect of success was not inviting in the east, the frenzy was directed towards Germany and the Rhine. In October, Thiers assumed an attitude tantamount to a declaration of war against Europe, fell in consequence, and his ministry was succeeded by that of Soult and Guizot. Perthes wrote: "The so-called peace is secured again; but I still think that some violent outbreak is at hand. The French nation is certainly hastening towards dissolution; but, before going to pieces, it may make one more attempt at European dominion, and that attempt may prosper for a time."

Soon after this, Prince Metternich succeeded in bringing France from a state of isolation into her normal relations with the rest of Europe. A friend wrote to Perthes: "The humiliation of France was well deserved, but the consequences will be evil for us. The majority in France are, no doubt, pleased that peace has been preserved, but the world is governed by minorities. England, as usual, has the profit, and we Germans, as usual too, pay the score, if in no other way, at least by the cost of our warlike preparations."

In the critical year 1840, Prussia, more than any other country, was the hope of Germany, although in the immediately preceding years, she had lost much of her authority, and the Germans much of their confidence in her. In March 1840 Perthes wrote: "A complete change must be effected in Berlin, else things will again come to the same pass as in the decade prior to 1806, when distinguished men like Gentz and Prince Louis became *roués*, and the abuses which afterwards grew to matu-

rity, were springing up in the Hardenberg saloon and its appurtenances. Niebuhr, who lived through the years of despair, 1806-13, saw a like state of things returning so long ago as 1820, and for that very reason the events of 1830 overwhelmed him with anxiety. Throughout all Germany there is a feeling that the foundations of Prussia are unsound: everything in the state of the world indicates that an extraordinary epoch is at hand." A friend wrote to Perthes from Berlin, in March 1840: "A temper of mind is becoming more and more prevalent here, which, for brevity's sake, I may call French. The Frenchman regards life as a stage, and himself as an actor; the idea of freedom has no existence for him, but he delights to beget that idea in others, by affecting it himself, although the audacious talker about freedom proves a base crawler in action; even on his deathbed the Frenchman plays the comedian with God. In science he cares only for what is piquant, for what will tell in the conversation of a *salon*, and raise a high idea of his own penetration. Something of this kind is spreading here like a rank weed. To have connexions with the court, to stand in a multitude of relations, is the highest object of ambition: religion and politics, science and art, have importance only as furnishing material for brilliant conversation; earnestness and depth are gone, time and power are wasted, and character has disappeared. How few are there who, instead of creeping into a mouse-hole, stand upright on their own two legs, when public opinion is against them!" Again: "It is a fixed idea with our official men, that the system of administration is the main thing, and the result a matter of indifference. The pleasure of putting the machine together is so great, that the work to be done is almost overlooked

Alexander von Humboldt is the only living man in immediate contact with the King ; *capita mortua* are all the rest."

In the end of the year 1840, the King was reported seriously ill. On feeling himself in danger, he said,—"I know in whom I have believed ; I die in my Redeemer." On 7th June he died, and Perthes wrote of him in a letter: "There is now one just and good man less in the world ; all posterity will look back to him with respect and pleasure." A friend wrote to Perthes: "My daily prayer ascends for our new king. From his mind and heart we may expect much, and he has given proof of practical wisdom by commencing his reign with only such measures as could not fail to meet universal approbation."

The ceremony of swearing the oath of allegiance took place at Königsberg on 10th September, and in Berlin on 15th October. Perthes wrote: "Seldom has a speech of such power and feeling been delivered from the throne ; but I hope it will be long ere the King make another: for speeches are critical things for emperors and kings." All Germany was moved by the King's address. A friend in Munich wrote to Perthes as follows: "When in all history has royalty appeared so noble and dazzling as now in Berlin, or when so abased as now in Paris? And yet this happy beginning may end in a tragical catastrophe." In the summer of 1840, a friend wrote from Berlin: "There has been great joy here, on occasion of swearing the oath of allegiance; I, on the other hand, am always, on such occasions, oppressed with care. The age of blind enthusiasm is behind me, and I have misgivings whenever I see a multitude in movement, even though the occasion of the gathering be joyous. I have been delighted with the nomination of Eichhorn as minister of public worship, and with Boyer's recall to

office, but the news that Hassenpflug has been summoned from Luxembourg, has acted as a damper. His antecedents in Cassel and Luxembourg are no proofs of skill in the management of men and public affairs."

Towards the close of 1840 the public joy was turned into a surly and suspicious humour. In December a friend wrote to Perthes: "Berlin is at present a political camp; and the nation will continue distrustful of everything and everybody till the question of the squirearchy is decided. What fools are the German *savans!* They have let Haller's system grow into a power, partly because they had nothing better of a positive nature to put in its place, and partly because, forsooth, it was not scientific enough to merit refutation! What can be done with such a race!" Again: "The squirearchy is rapidly gaining ground; but its days are numbered, and the only thing to be regretted is that the monarchy which foolishly leaned upon it, will suffer by its downfall." A friend in Berlin writing in February 1841: "Who can be surprised at the surly humour now becoming general? The tendency to cant and the German empire is becoming unmistakeable; and every Prussian turns from both with instinctive disgust." Perthes answered: "That is the old cloven foot again, the Berlin hatred of the German nation, and of a pious Christian frame, the very evil which prevented me from saying Amen, a quarter of a century ago, to the big words of my Prussian friends: 'Germany must be lost in Prussia, in order to rise up again like a Phœnix from its ashes.'" In the beginning of March Perthes wrote: "The Berlin public appears just now in all its wretched worthlessness; it gives vent to a merely negative tendency in empty puns and ill-natured witticisms, and brings its hatred against

the king to market in anecdotes of all sorts. The very excellence of the king is for most of them a stumblingblock." In April 1841 he wrote: "The urgency of the provincial assemblies may become so strong that, to escape them, recourse may be had to a national assembly, and, apart from every other consideration, where is the man in Prussia who could face a national assembly? No doubt the king brought all these difficulties upon himself, by giving free utterance to his views and feelings in public. He who would govern the men of this age must deal with them otherwise than as between man and man." In the following month Perthes wrote of Berlin: "Public opinion is perhaps worse there than in Paris. Parties, properly speaking, there are none: all is withered, thrashed out, used up: even in the highest circles there is nothing but wrangling, intriguing, mining, and countermining. No doubt there are some independent men, who do homage to truth and right, but they think it beneath their dignity to address public opinion, and are silent."

In the summer of 1842 the government recognised the necessity of an independent daily organ which should counteract the misrepresentation of facts and of its views. As the expressly official journals were found to be of no use, it was proposed merely to call forth the new undertaking and supply it with funds, leaving its management in independent hands. Perthes wrote: "Now again, as in 1830, the power of public opinion is felt in Berlin, and an attempt made to give it a right direction; but yet there is a difference, the danger then was without, now it is within. The enemies are numerous, and form no compact whole; they are a viper-brood of all imaginable colours; and, for that very reason, it is almost impossible to come at them."

Again: "The object is to establish an influential organ that shall take rank with the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Universal News). The existence of the Augsburg journal is no longer an obstacle in the way. That journal arose in 1798 out of the French Revolution, and for twenty or thirty years its conductors belonged to the moderate school of French Liberalism. It was not German, nor in any sense national; but for that very reason it was read, and received as an authority by the educated classes, and competition with it would have been impossible. Now, however, the case is different. Since the revolution of July, the Augsburg journal has declined from Liberalism; somewhat later it opposed Young Germany and the Young Hegelians, and, since the warlike movements of 1840, it has assumed a German national character. Besides, lest it should be excluded from Austria, it observes a prudent caution in the statement of facts and principles. On both these accounts it has lost its ancient authority with the Liberals, and the Leipsic *Allgemeine Zeitung* has sprung into existence, for the diffusion of malicious lies, and a general opposition to the existing order of things. Could a new *Allgemeine Zeitung* supplant, not the Augsburg, but the Leipsic one, a great point would be gained; and in one respect it would be well to counteract the Augsburg journal too. It is not expressly Anti-Prussian, as neither is it expressly Bavarian, Würtembergian, or even Austrian, but it is decidedly south German, and, as being hostile to northern Germany in general, it is indirectly hostile to Prussia in particular. To establish, in opposition to the Augsburg journal, a truly German, not specially a *north* German one, would be a great boon to all Germany; but such an organ cannot be created, it must grow. The Augsburg

journal grew up to what it now is, a power felt throughout the world, in the course of fifty years, under the auspices first of Cotta, a man of comprehensive views and iron perseverance, and then of Stegmann, whose great merit is that he trained up a school of young men, who became his assistants, and are now competent to carry on the work. It seems to me that every attempt to establish a journal like the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* must fail; and that Prussia needs at present rather a local journal, which should treat general topics only in outline, and rely first on Prussian, then on German, and very little on European readers. It might afterwards take up a broader position, but I am not sanguine of its success even as a local organ. Its connexion with the government will come to be known, and now-a-days everybody is against the government; nor does it seem to me probable or possible that the government should establish and maintain a journal, and at the same time leave it really independent; yet, without the liberty of decided opposition to some government measures, the proposed journal, with whatever talent conducted, would remain a dead letter. Nevertheless, I should like to see the attempt made." The Rhenish Observer was the fruit of this project; it failed, but the failure was due to unfavourable circumstances, not to the editor.

In October and November the committees of the provincial states were united in one Assembly: the Opposition menaced, but Ministers found means to smother it; whilst, outside, newspapers and people argued and circulated all manner of lies against the government. In December 1842 Perthes wrote: "Things have gone so far that all counter-representations or

measures on the part of the government are now too late: the government must just be silent, and let things go as they will: by and by the evil will reach the turning-point, and then the government must act, and be silent again."

In the beginning of 1843 the government suppressed the German Annuals, the Leipsic *Allgemeine*, and the new Rhenish Journal, which had become the popular interpreter of the revolutionary doctrines advocated in the Annuals. Perthes wrote: "What next? If the government be not consistent, then, within a year, we shall be just where we were; if it be consistent, then, in a short time, it must go far beyond the Carlsbad resolutions. Decision, not severity, is wanted; the government must know distinctly its own will, and carry it through." In a letter to Eichhorn, Perthes wrote: "Gelzer's work on the Straussian controversy in Zurich is a striking picture of our own condition. Protestant Germany, particularly Prussia, is mirrored in the microcosm of that canton. Just as there the bold radical party has acquired a paramount influence over the half-educated, over students and rationalistic pastors, and over weak enthusiasts among teachers and professors, who forget that, like the Girondins, they are but digging their own grave; so is it in Germany. No decided manifestation of Radicalism has indeed taken place as yet in Germany; but it will come." To a friend who wrote that clouds were gathering on the political horizon, which would descend into the valleys by and by, Perthes answered: "In God's name let the clouds gather, and flash fire into the valleys; this were better than that mephitic vapours from morasses beneath should rise up and settle on the heights. War! yes, war can

help us out of this dull, pent-up condition: Prussia's kings should be heroes, and, with the king at our head, all Germany will follow the Prussians. Austria and Bavaria are now like-minded with Prussia, and so the whole brood of arguing scribblers might be put under lock and key at once. It seems cruel to invoke war, but where else is there help?"

## CHAPTER XXX.

THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROVERSIES.—1840-43.

In 1840, as has been said, appeared Strauss' new work, "Christian Dogmatics," which went farther than his "Life of Christ," by overthrowing not merely the historical basis of Christianity, but the very idea of it. At the same time the Halle Annuals spoke out more plainly than ever. Neander wrote to Perthes: "With unprecedented fury philosophy now attacks all that is holy. Its adepts are mouthing about freedom just now, because they are not in power, but, had they the power, they would upset everything, and practise the most arrant despotism. The audacious party, in whose name the Halle Annuals speak, condescend to all artifices and lies, in order to win adherents; they even clothe their opposition to Christianity in the phrases of Christian theology, hoping thereby to catch the simple among devout Christians in their net." Perthes wrote: "The Halle Annuals are daily gaining ground among our youth; young men like to see decision, boldness, independence, and the Liberalism of the age; all which they find in the Halle Annuals. I have just read the Halle students' declaration concerning the request made to the king that Strauss should be invited to Halle. It seems almost fanaticism." Again: "The attacks seem now to be made on a pre-

concerted plan, and the object is to undermine the only basis of Protestant theology, viz., Holy Scripture. Bauer's criticism of the Gospel history is at present the banner under which the assailants fight. To what a pass has free inquiry brought us! One book after another of the Canon is declared spurious, and the remaining books are frittered away by the discovery of interpolated passages, and the ingenious interpretation of others into the contrary of their obvious meaning. How would it do after so many experiments, to treat Holy Scripture as a sort of Odyssey? The attempt would certainly make an impression. But few, I see, have dared to stigmatize Strauss as wicked; on the contrary, distinguished theologians, reputed for piety, mention with respect the earnest and scientific labours of the honourable and learned Dr. Strauss."

In 1841, Perthes wrote: "All these things may bring us into danger, but not to destruction: the persons are not there who can do that. Twenty years after this, one of them will be a fanatical Catholic, another a worn-out professor, and another a lascivious old dog, while the rest will be placing all their delight in some house and garden. Fichte was a man of far higher stamp, and yet the movement of his age, which threatened to unhinge the world, is now merely a piece of history. Our generation is sick, but the symptoms, which I take to be Strauss, Ruge, Feuerbach, and Bauer, indicate an approaching return to health." In March 1841, a theologian answered Perthes: "There is no fear for Christ and his Church; but to us Germans, or to us Protestants, or to our whole generation, that may happen, which has often befallen other nations: *i.e.*, along with the fundamental principles of our national and moral existence, we may lose the fresh power, and the quiet

happiness of life. I have always warned my friends against supposing that rationalism and infidelity were conquered: but I did not expect that men who, like the Marheinekes, had been champions of hyper-orthodoxy, would now be defending a system, in comparison with which vulgar rationalism may be called devout faith. The really dangerous men are not Ruge, Feuerbach, and Strauss, but those who clothe unchristian thoughts in Christian phrases, and those who entertain really Christian views, but cannot renounce the glory of speculation. These two classes have unsettled the boundary-line between friend and foe, and are the cause why so many do not yet clearly know what is at stake."

Many of Perthes' correspondents, while confident in the conquering power of the gospel, expressed a doubt whether theology could withstand the attacks of its assailants, or would even in future be the depositary of Christian doctrine and life. A theologian wrote to Perthes:—" Christian theology is a noble fruit of Christianity; but it is only a fruit, and only one of many. Theologians have sought to make the fruit the root—a mistake which may be fatal to theology altogether; and, if theology should go down, it will not be because of external violence, but simply because the course of its development renders its removal desirable. The loss might be amply compensated for by an increased vigour of the inward life." Another: " To say the truth, Strauss has exposed, with uncommon skill, the weak points in our dogmatic theology, which contains, indeed, the kernel of truth, but no great store of proofs. The Church is based on the testimony of God, who has spoken to man, and of his incarnate and glorified Son: he who is of God believes this testimony; he who is not of God

believes it not. It is well to study and systematize our faith, but it is incapable of demonstration by any theology. Theologians err greatly, when they imagine that salvation can come from science; science, as such, is not a match for Straussism. A great multitude, Catholics as well as Protestants, find themselves far away from the old church faith; the Church will stand for all that, but theology may fall. The development of new mental states in the individual, and in society, is a fact; and there are hundreds of thousands, not under the influence of Church Christianity, who are not rationalistic, nor indifferent, nor atheistical, but clear-headed, profoundly reflective, and after their manner moral and pious. All these are inaccessible to theology."

Towards the close of his life, Perthes himself came to see that theology was aiming at a position in the Christian life which no science could possibly hold. In a letter to Dorner, dated June 1842, after expressing his conviction that Strauss and Co. were hastening to their downfall, he continues: "But would the condition of the Protestant Church be thereby improved? Even if to-day we argue the devil down into the abyss, who knows but his grandmother may rise from it to-morrow with more subtle analysis, and a glibber tongue? Truly dialectics are a fine art! For myself, it was through the consciousness of sin in the forms of sensuality and pride, that I came to recognise my need of redemption, and the truth of God's revelation in Christ. Whoever disdains this way, will wander through speculation and mystic symbolism, to pantheism, if he be intellectual; or, if he be superficial, will take the convenient road of progress to perfection, Jesus of Nazareth being the trainer-in-chief. You say, that many can hardly attain faith,

till certain difficulties are solved for them scientifically, and that, for that reason, the Church has need of science. I doubt if any one was ever led through science to faith, till his very bones and marrow quivered under this question: 'Oh wretched man that thou art! who shall deliver thee from the body of this death?'" Again: "Now-a-days science is at once the starting-point and the goal of Protestantism. Even with the best among the theologians, Christianity is but a stage on the way to science; and, whilst they are anxiously ferreting out scientific results with which to prop up their faith, the age is demanding not Christian theology but the Christian Church, not notions but deeds, not the ideal of Christ but his very person."

Ecclesiastical as well as theological controversies kindled up afresh in the year 1840; and people were anxious to see what course the new king would pursue in ecclesiastical as well as in political affairs. A friend wrote to Perthes: "The present cannot last. The subsisting church order is not deeply rooted; and the paper-bishops of the late government may be transferred to good appointments in the board of customs without any risk." Here is a theologian's letter to Perthes: "I am decidedly opposed to all schemes for the reconstruction of the Church: the negative influences at work will not yield to organization, and the fermentation is such as can work itself into clearness only by scientific encounters. The evangelical churches have acknowledged Holy Scripture as the only rule of faith, but have interpreted its contents, from beginning to end, by the Pauline scheme of salvation, to maintain which one-sided view, the symbolical books were indeed necessary. But time rolled on, and many questions arose which had slumbered at the time of the Reformation; philosophy, natural science,

pædagogics, politics, all emancipated themselves; Scripture itself, and the canon, were subjected to criticism, and the defenders as well as the assailants of Scripture saw that Scripture, being itself under judgment, could not remain the judge. The basis of the evangelical Church, therefore, is shaken; nor has any progress been made towards the determination of its constitution and its relation to the state. Under these circumstances, what sort of house can be built, and, if a house were built, who would live in it? Then, again, people ignore altogether the susceptibility and power peculiar to things religious, when they expect laws and regulations to revive the church. That is indeed possible, when the regulations are conformable to the ruling spirit of the age and of the church herself; impossible, when that conformity is wanting. The renovation of the Church is not man's work, proceeding from without inwards,—but God's, proceeding from within outwards. We need stalwart Christian characters, paramount in intellect; but kings and ministers cannot make them: God sends them when he pleases, children of struggle and sorrow who have prevailed. There should be no organization from without of what is not already existent, at least of what is not already a wish, in the heart of the Church; to conceive and nourish such wishes seems to me the modest mission of our age."

The first measures of the new government were directed to the settlement of some important practical questions connected with the Church. Peace was made with the court of Rome, by giving up the *placet;* and, on this mode of terminating the quarrel, Perthes wrote in January 1841: "The Protestant king has done what no Catholic government ever dared; and I believe he can afford to do it. Such a step, though it seems a

strange conclusion after such a beginning, is not only generous, but politic; but of course, for a while, the Protestants will blame the king, and say that he is Romanizing." Liberty of worship, too, was granted to Dissenters. Perthes wrote: "The old Lutherans may now form a separate church, and the sects may assemble for the worship of God according to their consciences. Whether this liberty has been accorded on a general principle, or merely as a make-shift, because a liberty enjoyed by the Catholics could not very well be denied to the Lutherans, may be doubtful; but in these times of confusion, it can hardly fail to hurry on the upbreaking of Protestantism. What if Ruge and Strauss should bethink themselves of forming a sect, and setting up a form of public worship in accordance with their principles?"

Above all others, however, the problem which the new government was called on to solve was, the incorporation of Protestantism under a settled ecclesiastical form. On this subject a theologian wrote to Perthes in March 1841: "The source of disunion among those who really hold by the gospel is an aversion to the Church as such. Many of those who treat with fairness and consideration gnostics and mystics, Hildebrand and Wycliffe—all, in short, in whom they can perceive the Christian element alive, turn with disgust from the theology of the 17th century; and the views of Hengstenberg, Sartorius, and the Erlangen doctors are to them an abomination. Yet, unless we return to the forms of the Lutheran Church, I know not where else we can find a centre of union. We must hold by the Protestant Church of the 17th century, with all its faults and failings, as the Church to which we belong, and we must come to see that we cannot belong to

any other. Unless we do this, a schism is imminent, in which one-half of Protestantism will return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, and the other will drift on to infidelity." Perthes answered: "How can you hope to check the violent fermentation of this age, by means of symbolical books, and a subordination of consistories? One attacks the authority of Scripture, another its contents, and even devout theologians and Christians unscrupulously call in question whatever in it offends their private views or feelings. Every theologian has a Christian consciousness of his own, while the more profound, and more thoroughly Christian seek for a firm standing-ground; and where do they find it? With Schelling some of them just now, for, though formerly philosophy paid its respects to theology, now it is just the reverse. Be not deceived, an age which fearlessly applies the touchstone of science to God's word, will not bow down before symbolical books, or any work confessedly of man."

Although no measures were immediately taken to remodel the Evangelical Church, the King was universally believed to be engaged in their preparation, and various indications pointed to a synodal constitution as the probable result. In January 1842, Perthes wrote: "A General Assembly is impossible in Germany, but not in Prussia. Its very first step, if it would reconstitute the Church, must be to recognise the canon of Scripture as the supreme authority, and Luther's Catechism as the basis of religious instruction; preachers, professors, and teachers, must be all forbidden to take anything from, or add anything to Scripture, or to teach anything contrary to the Catechism. Is the Synod conceivable that would venture on such a step? The men who would attempt it must make up

their minds beforehand, like Huss, to martyrdom, for our age too, with all its humanity, understands the erection of a stake. Such a measure would spread dismay and revolt among clergymen, professors, and teachers, but possibly the majority of the Christian people might take part with the Synod." From a theologian to Perthes: "Extemporised synods would be a very dangerous experiment in Prussia. Success is impossible, unless those who introduce them know what they would be at, what they have power to effect, and should seek to attain; but I fear that these things are not clearly known, and that they are floundering on in a direction quite alien from the inner life, and the wants, of the people and church in Germany."

Why and how the introduction of a foreign element was dreaded, appears in a letter to Perthes, dated 2d January 1842: "The mission of pastors Sydow and Gerlach to England, the establishment of an evangelical bishopric in Jerusalem, and now the King's visit to London, warrant the fear that the introduction among us of something like the English hierarchy, is really contemplated. Should that be the case, then there is but one remedy, and I have but one wish, viz., a right good war." Again: "For us Germans the Anglican Church has no existence. The pietism of the 17th century led the way to development among us, to which the English Episcopal Church, and English culture in general, are perfect strangers. However critical our situation, no foreign contribution can improve it; we want a regeneration from within, and the most obvious means of effecting this, would be to train up a race of truly pious and learned preachers."

Of the King, Perthes wrote about the same time: "There is hardly an 'ism' in religion, which has not been attributed

to him. One says that he is in heart a Catholic, another that he has privately gone over to Rome; one that he is a decided Old Lutheran; another, that he is a fanatical pietist; one, that he is going to bring over Anglican or Swedish bishops, for the purpose of forming a Protestant Papal Church; another, that he means to establish a quite un-Prussian church, with a democratic synodal constitution; in any case, that the kingdom is to be made a sort of Popedom, and the Prussian state to have no say in affairs of the Church. It is surely significant that the King still keeps about him all those eminent men of the most varied views, who were his companions as Crown-Prince; Radowitz and Bunsen, Thiele and Humboldt, Stolberg, Gröben, and Gerlach, stand equally near, and meet with equal favour. It is indeed possible that, in the King's presence, these men may keep their several peculiarities in the background, and let only that appear, which is common to them all; but what if the reverse be the case? What single man, on whom the opposing forces of the age directly play, can resist being drawn into the whirlpool? Here, too, one is reminded of the old barber's despairing cry, 'Everybody is right, all are wrong.'"

Perthes' interest in church matters continued unabated to the very last. Here is one of his letters to Count Mailath, written shortly before he died. "Noble and great stood the Roman Catholic Church for centuries; then it became worldly, its worship and ceremonies a crystallization, avarice and ambition reigned in Rome, immorality and abominations spread through all the hierarchy. Scholastic philosophy reduced faith into formulae, and the mystics, from Eckart onwards, advanced to the very confines of Pantheism. Towards the end of the

mediæval age, the necessity for reform was universally felt; even the Pope and the Cardinals wished for reform, and, when the council of Basle broke up without having accomplished anything, a schism in the Church became inevitable; there, not in Luther, lay the germ. From that moment the Pope and the Cardinals lost ground in Germany, and, in proportion as their authority grew weaker, confusion spread in all classes. A complete change of all relations could not fail, and, from the weakness of both Pope and Emperor, the reform became a revolution. Popular Christianity was saved by the appearance of Luther. With the power of faith he preached the religion of the heart, basing it on the three creeds which had passed from the early Church into the Roman Catholic, and which we still possess in the Augsburg Confession and in Luther's Catechism. When he threw off the authority of the Pope, as he was forced to do, not only did the Papal hierarchy perish, but the Church as well, for not Luther, nor Calvin, nor Zwingle, was able to preserve the Church, or to frame a new one. The ecclesiastical organization in England had never any inward strength, and has been degenerating more and more into a mere form. What then was to give unity and authority to the Reformation? Scripture, of course; but it was given up to human criticism, and was not preserved, nor defended, nor transmitted by ecclesiastical authority. For three centuries, pious theologians of all colours have been warring to maintain the facts of Christianity in and by Scripture; and they have not succeeded: the orthodox theologians of the 17th century built only wooden platforms, which have rotted away; while Arndt, Spener, Francke, whatever blessings they conferred on individuals, did nothing for the Church. Zinzendorf founded a

retired community; but, at the end of the 18th century, all ecclesiastical coherence had disappeared from Protestantism, and only the spirit of Scripture exercised a power on individuals; the masses were given up to freemasonry, free-thinking, and rationalism; indifferentism, however, was the characteristic of the age. At the beginning of this century, Romanticism and Schelling's philosophy opened up the dry ground of Rationalism, and the philosophical systems; the distress, which attended the dominion of the French, awakened a longing for help and consolation; the liberation wars sent an electric shock through the nation; religious enthusiasm carried away the youth, and strengthened them for every sacrifice. The ground was prepared, but the right seedsmen were wanting, and all the fair promise ended in oddities, caricatures, and an unbounded desire for external freedom. Then appeared Schleiermacher, not a people's man indeed, but one who exercised an incalculable influence on the students: thousands, who are now teaching in universities and churches, are his pupils; he was not far from the devious path along which Eckart strayed, but the students did not perceive that, and his own perception and love of truth kept him from entering it. Alongside of him arose Neander, pious, simple, distinguished alike for zeal and learning, whose works on ecclesiastical history have exercised hardly less influence than Schleiermacher's on philosophical dogmatics. These two men became the pillars of orthodox Protestantism, and other theologians built after them, pursuing always the scientific method, and taking no particular notice of the Hegelian philosophy, which was gradually extending its influence, and of whose destructive powers they had not the least conception. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning from a

clear sky, appeared Strauss' 'Life of Christ;' and the Halle Annuals stepped forth as auxiliaries admirably equipped. I believe that Strauss may be vanquished by our theologians, and that the Halle Annuals, by their alliance with audacious fanaticism, are digging their own grave; but I can augur nothing but danger from the opposition to all existing things, to Christianity, and to the State alike which has taken possession of our studying youth; and as for a Protestant Church, it is neither to be seen nor heard of."

Again: "The longing for ecclesiastical communion is becoming stronger among the Protestant people, and Strauss' attacks have had the effect of making our theologians more cautious in asserting that Scripture alone is the depositary of Christianity; many now feel the necessity of an ecclesiastical Christianity alongside of the Biblical." Again: "Free inquiry and ecclesiastical organization are the poles of a contradiction, which divides not only Protestants from Catholics, believing Protestants from the unbelieving, and believing Protestants from one another, but almost every one of us, even among the most decided Lutherans, from himself. We can easily get either, but we want to combine the two, and cannot. One consequence of this is the tendency to form sects, and open conventicles, for, however miserably, these do give some satisfaction to both tendencies; they are a wild graft on the ecclesiastical tree, capable of putting forth leaves, but incapable of bearing fruit, and sure to become dead wood by and by; but they are proofs all the same that the want of ecclesiastical communion is felt." Again: "What if the Catholic Church were to purge herself of the Roman element, and yet preserve the character of a universal Church, comprehending all the

nations of the world? She has what Protestantism neither possesses, nor is able to create, and Protestantism can give her what she has not. Must the union of the two remain for ever impossible? The growing desire for ecclesiastical organization among Protestants, and the uprising of Augustinianism in men like Sailer, Diepenbrock, Möhler, Veith, and many others, are tokens to me of union at however distant a day. The union will be sealed when the Catholic Church ranks Luther, not indeed with the saints, but with the fathers of the Church, and acknowledges that, but for him, the Roman Catholic Church itself would have perished, and been succeeded by a barbarous anarchical era of the Jacobin sort, and a despotism. I am convinced that a union will be effected; but when? A thousand years are with God as one day." Again, writing to Sulpice Boisserée, on 30th March 1843: "The Cologne Cathedral is, in its plan, a symbol of the deep powerful mind of our nation, and, in its incompleteness, a symbol of that German peculiarity whereby, aiming too high, we miss the conclusion; I take the activity now displayed in carrying on the works, as a symbol of our present condition, and when the cross, not of the Roman, nor of the Protestant, but of the Christian Church, shall be planted on the tower of the Cologne Cathedral, it will become the symbol of final victory."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### PERTHES' ACTIVITY IN BUSINESS—1830-1843.

The publishing business which Perthes had set on foot in 1822 rapidly acquired importance both as to its extent and its character. It was carried on with a firm hand, and limited to theology and history. No other departments were congenial to Perthes, and it was only in very special cases that he could be led to make exceptions to this rule, as in that of the well-known fifty fables by Hey, illustrated by Speckter. Towards the end of his life, when offers of miscellaneous publications crowded upon him, he established a branch publishing office, and under the name of "the firm of Frederick and Andrew Perthes," made it over to his son Andrew; but only in the theological and historical departments did he himself ever feel thoroughly at home.

With regard to theology, it was its scientific rather than its devotional aspect that, as a publisher, he was most engaged with. He seemed to possess an instinctive discernment both of what was essentially necessary, and what was required or rendered superfluous by the mood of the moment, and theologians themselves deferred to his experience. One of them, after the death of Perthes, wrote: "We shall not again find such another." From the papers he left, we plainly discover

that but for him many an actually hurtful, or, at all events, mistimed work would have appeared, and many an opportune work have been withheld. The "*Studien und Kritiken*," which appeared annually in four volumes, contained the essence of his theological publications, numbering as this series did amongst its contributors all the most distinguished theologians of Germany who had a similar tendency. In addition to this great undertaking he issued a number of ecclesiastical and historical works, such as the Life of Jesus, the Universal History of the Christian Church and Religion by Neander, the Reformers before the Reformation by Ullmann, the Life of Calvin by Henry, of Tauler by Schmidt, of Savonarola by Rudelbach, of Eckhart by Martensen, of Cola di Rienzi by Papencordt, of Schenkel by Schenkel, the series being as it were completed by Ritter's History of Philosophy. A second group of theological works was formed of Commentaries on the Scriptures, such, for example, as Umbreit's Commentary on the Prophets, Tholuck's on the Gospel of St. John, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Epistle to the Hebrews. The third group comprised a series of systematic theology, to which belong Twesten's Dogmatics, Sack's Polemics and Apologetics, Ackermann's Christian Element in Plato, Nitzsch's Religion of the Ancients, and the Doctrine of Christ's Person and Work by Sartorius. To these we may add a great number of treatises, some larger, some smaller, by Lisco, Olshausen, Dorner, Ehrenfeuchter, Ebel, Georgi, Krabbe, Schwarz, Schmieder, Reuchlin, Preller and others, as well as a few widely circulated devotional works, such as Tholuck's Sermons, Olivier's Pictorial Bible, Bunsen's Universal Evangelical Hymn Book, and Mynster's Thoughts on Christian Creeds.

The History of the European States had been the first of

Perthes' historical publications. He had carried it on with the utmost perseverance, and with far greater success than he had anticipated. Well known and competent men had undertaken the histories of the separate states. Geijer the Swede, Van Campen the Netherlander, Count Mailath the Hungarian, had been fellow-workers with the Germans Pfister and Stenzel, Dahlmann and Lappenberg, Leo and Schäfer, and many others, and their unanimity and good feeling had far exceeded expectation. In addition to this great work, Perthes promoted everything that could throw light upon German history. Of this we find evidence in numerous histories of detached states, such as Rommel's History of Hesse, Sartorius's Origin of the Hanseatic League, Aschbach's Emperor Sigismund, &c.; but besides these, important foreign histories, such as Droysen's Hellenic History, Hurter's Innocent, Ranke's Servian Revolution were published by him. Amongst the biographies which he preferred to bring out, the greater part belonged to the times of the Reformation, but Schönborn's Life, Otto Runge's, and, above all, Niebuhr's, have laid open many a secret passage of German life in our day. Perthes often tried to incite distinguished men to write their autobiographies, sometimes successfully, and sometimes the reverse. One of his friends made answer: "I have never kept a journal either of my cash or of my mind. My works are essentially ephemeral; they are dashed off by me, they speak now to this one, now to that, who chances to feel as I do; to him they give as it were a friendly greeting in passing, somebody else they offend, and then they melt into air. To write memoirs, that is to say, to give a consecutive history of my personality, is a thing that I shall never do." Perthes himself had no reason to wonder at this refusal,

for he could never be brought to note down his own experiences. As he once said, "I cannot do it: I am always busy laying new eggs, and have no time to hatch the old."

In the course of a few years Perthes had established a most honourable reputation as a publisher, having brought out no worthless or dangerous books, and but few of second-rate merit. All this had been the result of his own efforts. He worked on without a partner or even an amanuensis, and he had begun with but a small capital. As Frommann said at a later period: "In a marvellously short time his business as publisher became, as to extent, and still more as to solidity, one of the first in Germany, so that both as bookseller and publisher Perthes soon obtained a leading position, although in both careers alike, he was entirely the founder of his own fortunes. Even in our trade a man may become rich by upright speculation; but such a business as that of Cotta, Reimer, and Perthes, can be established only by men who have a higher standard than that of the multiplication table." Rist once wrote to Perthes: "I behold with surprise your professional activity. Doubtless by the publication of such solid works, and the carrying out of so many bold undertakings, you are establishing no small claims upon the gratitude of our fatherland, and raising a memorial to your name, which will not soon pass away. Indeed, already many have confidence in the merit of books, just because they are published by you." Later, another friend wrote as follows: "Perthes always knew what he wanted, he understood people's tastes, and whatever he did, he did with his whole might; in that lay the secret of his success." The fact was, that he was thoroughly fond of his calling, which, up to his death, he recognised as best fitted

or him He enjoyed his success, and was thankful for it. In one of his letters to Umbreit, he says,—"In the long life, full of chequered experiences, which now lies behind me, I have almost invariably found that God's special providence favours human activity and foresight." That Perthes should wish his calling to supply his wants is self-evident, but he did not wish it to make him rich. Constituted as he was, it was easy to him to be contented with little; he had already shewn himself able to spend large means as a faithful steward should, but to strive after such was foreign to his nature. Riches had few charms for him. He once wrote: "I am really a fortunate man, since every wish of mine that can possibly be satisfied by money is satisfied already. If I were to have a million to-morrow, I should be unable to procure either for my body or mind a single enjoyment with which I am obliged to dispense to-day. It would be entirely with reference to my business that I could find it in my heart to wish for lots of money; for there are a multitude of plans in my head, which would be of use to science as well as an honour to our house, but which cannot be carried out without considerable capital."

Now Perthes certainly had not "lots of money," but he was sufficiently affluent to be able to carry on his calling on a most liberal scale. If the matter in question were an able work, whose character suited him, he was a stranger to close calculations. Often and often did he accept writings by which he foresaw that he should be more or less a loser. He used to say that he expected his publications as a whole, but not each separate publication, to bring him in a fair profit. However, towards the end of his life, he became aware that this maxim might be carried too far. In 1842, we find him writing: "In

the course of the last four years I have had some painful experiences. The works by which I have lost considerably, are scientific, and acknowledged to be able and admirable. I have done all I could to forward such, but the sacrifice is too great; I must draw in. I rather rejoice at it than regret it, but I am firmly convinced that the scientific department of my business will not last much longer. For some years back, book collectors and library possessors have been becoming rare. Large works on science have but a small sale; the book-trade is supported by writings of the belles-lettres school, which are bought by lending libraries and book clubs; by school-books and abridgments, and by hand-books for the different professions. On the whole, scientific works have for some years been published at the expense of the book-trade, and it cannot hold out much longer. As it is, there are at least as many manuscripts lying locked up in desks as there are printed. During the last four years I have had to decline five hundred offered publications, and of these not thirty have been brought out by other firms. If I am not much mistaken, twenty years hence learned men will find it difficult to get a publisher for purely scientific works."

It is not often that a man who carries on his calling, be it what it may, with great energy and an unflinching sense of duty, has the good fortune to be popular. But Perthes had always inspired esteem, liking, and confidence in all with whom his profession brought him into contact. Authors, old and young, sought his acquaintance, and works of every sort were offered him in profusion. About two thousand such offers were found amongst his papers, and they afford many a significant insight into the all-pervading tendency of our nature to rush into

print. We find the well-known author side by side with the village schoolmaster, the gentleman of rank, the man of office, and the man of wealth, and endless is the variety of forms in which they all give out that they are occupied upon a work of rare importance, while, at the same time, all betray their uncertainty as to the reception the public will give it. Here an earnest man firmly believes that he is making over with his manuscript the best part of his life; there a bold, *brusque* fellow plainly declares that gain is the only motive for his activity. In short, one can clearly distinguish in the tone of these offers, the presumptuous *parvenu*, the literary aristocrat, the literary second-class man, and literary mechanic and journeyman, amidst whom literary adventurers, *prolétaires*, and pick-pockets ply their trade. Not only authorship, but authors, differ completely in different years. For example, those who wrote in 1830 and in 1837, belonged to perfectly different spheres of cultivation and position, and the bookseller was obliged in self-defence to reject in the latter year what earlier he would have been glad to accept. Great publishers whose range was less limited than Perthes, are still more alive than he was to these facts, and it were well worth while to collect all the "rejected addresses," and catalogue not only the printed but the written works, as a contribution to the secret history of our own time to be handed down for the benefit of posterity.

Perthes was on confidential and friendly terms with almost all the authors with whom he had any permanent connexion. The countless letters which he wrote in his professional character are of a singularly mixed character, revealing the experienced man of business conscious of his own capacity—the layman who takes an intelligent and lively interest

in the subject while deferring to the superior knowledge of the author—the man of cultivation and refinement, who, as an equal, deals with equals. His correspondence with so many theologians and historians of different grades throughout Germany will afford to posterity a better insight into the nature of our present time than they could gain from any printed books or archives. To many of the younger members of the corps of learned men Perthes was a most liberal helper, and almost all reposed implicit trust in him as to financial arrangements. Indeed, when any exception arose to this rule, he would at once break off all further negotiations, without regard to the name of the author or to the loss he might himself incur.

Not less were the esteem and confidence felt for Perthes by his professional brethren. Frommann wrote at a later period: "No one ever occupied so prominent a position amongst us, or influenced the book-trade as a whole, and its individual members, so powerfully as he." He was always ready to assist the efforts of young men towards success and independence; and many of them will thankfully concur in the words publicly spoken by one of their number: "From the moment that I set my foot upon his threshold, Perthes did me great good and good only, and in the highest sense of the word proved himself a fatherly friend. May his spirit and his example continue to influence us, and the course of his life encourage the young men amongst us faithfully to devote their means and energies to the higher interests of our calling."

Throughout his life, as we have seen, Perthes looked upon the book-trade in Germany as a national concern, and considered all its members as component parts of one great whole. He had long held its earlier external connexion to be inadequate,

and the impetus given to it since the war, seemed to him to demand new arrangements. When, therefore, in Easter 1823, the old system seemed on the point of falling through, Perthes stirred up his brothers of the guild, by word and letter, to retain Leipsic as the centre of the book-trade, and to choose a deputation authorized to see to the common welfare. In consequence of this, as it appears, in 1824, nearly two hundred booksellers assembled, and in 1825, formed themselves into a society, which, year by year, increased both as to the number and importance of its members. The formation of a national guild of this kind was, indeed, a remarkable phenomenon in the nineteenth century. Perthes warmly devoted himself to it, considering that it behoved each individual to preserve its high character, to add to its moral weight, and to help to increase its general activity and ways and means. He had, indeed, much in his power, beyond that possessed by others. When, in 1827, an immoral book was published and circulated by a German bookseller, he stood forward in the midst of the assembly of two hundred, and declared, that the honour of the national book-trade was sullied by such a production, that the publisher of such a work was a most dangerous character, and that every bookseller's shop was degraded by the mere supposition of circulating the book. Further, he demanded that the work should be condemned in the name of the German book-trade, and that all copies of it on which they could lay their hands should be publicly torn. "If this," said he, "were done in every similar case, such shameless audacity would be repressed, the honour of the national book-trade would be upheld, and great mischief averted." The accused was himself present. For a moment all were silent, struck with the sense of their responsibilities, the

next all agreed, and on the following day the procurable copies were formally and solemnly destroyed. Perthes himself was prosecuted, in consequence, by the publisher in question, but he was acquitted.

In the spring of 1833, at the annual meeting, the building in Leipsic of a booksellers' "Exchange" (*Buchhändlerbörse*), as a central point, began to be talked of. "The plan approves itself to me," wrote Perthes in November of the same year; "but I would combine with it some others, as, for instance, a long-cherished idea of mine—a literary institute for booksellers' apprentices, and a museum for everything connected with books, printing, and paper-making. These I advocated warmly; my proposition was universally acceded to, and as a punishment, I was chosen chairman of the committee. Now that the chief responsibility rests on me, I must carry on an extensive correspondence, look over plans and estimates, and treat with the Saxon ministry, who are much opposed to the enterprise." In June 1834, Perthes wrote as follows: "After strenuous exertions we had, at Easter, got far enough to produce a complete plan, but just then there arose obstacles of all kinds to surmount. The hour before the meeting, I felt uncertain whether the whole thing would not go to pieces, and my surprise was accordingly great, when the building was unanimously decided upon." "It was Perthes," writes Frommann, "who, in 1833, decided the meeting in favour of the building of the 'Exchange;' it was he who, as chairman, reconciled all contending opinions; and, despite all manner of difficulties, contrived, in 1834, to lay the plan of it before the general meeting. All those present will remember the striking words he made use of, and the impression they made."

Perthes cherished almost boyishly sanguine expectations as to the important consequences of this decision. "Our society will," wrote he, "acquire with its fixed property new strength, new stability, as well as the material advantages which hitherto it has lacked. The more firm the hold of our society over its members, (dispersed as they are through thirty-nine different provinces,) rejecting the bad, upholding the weak, and affording a *point d'appui* for all, so much the higher will the German book-trade rise, and become the instrument of producing and diffusing works of scientific and literary excellence. The stronger the corporate feeling becomes, the more independent shall we be of civil and criminal law. In short, the firmer organization of the book-trade cannot continue without result, and I hope to God the result will be a good one."

Perthes' hopes were to be realized sooner than could have been anticipated. The Merchant's Company of German Booksellers contrived, in 1836, to open its "Exchange," to frame its own statutes, and fifteen years later to comprise seventeen hundred members from all parts of Germany. "For many years," writes Frommann, "Perthes, though always declining to act as President, was really the central point in all our deliberations and decisions."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

PERTHES' DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE—1830-37.

"PERTHES," writes his intimate friend Frommann, "was not only honoured in his large circle of acquaintances on account of his uprightness, candour, justice, and liberality, but also on account of his mental energy: his distinguished reputation continued to spread every year more widely. That it was well deserved is proved by the multitude of his friends amongst Germany's noblest and best. Friendship, indeed, was a necessity not only of his heart but his mind, and this necessity was satisfied by his relations alike to his superiors in years, position, intellect, and attainment, and to those who were his inferiors in these respects. The weaknesses of his friends did not escape his quick eye, but he loved them none the less, and was always prone to exaggerate those points in which they excelled himself. To his younger friends he was especially indulgent. Differences of opinion in religion and politics neither blinded him to the faults of partisans nor the merits of opponents, and he was always ready to help and advise both. He was by no means despotic, but quite as little given to be servile; perhaps he was rendered over indifferent to external political forms, because conscious of maintaining his liberty and independence under them all. His frankness of speech

was remarkable, and he gave many a striking proof of it. He understood the art of speaking, with the utmost calmness and *naïveté*, truths which people were not accustomed to hear, and which they hardly knew how to take; and this peculiarity he would display not only in presence of his equals but of those in a higher rank, as well as to those far below him. Impetuous he certainly was, yea, very impetuous, but he never nursed his anger nor allowed his ultimate judgment to be biassed by it."

Perthes' life in Gotha had, as we have already seen, become rich and full beyond his expectations, and he continued to retain all his old friends and acquaintance. "When I reflect," said he, "on the extent of my acquaintance, Goethe's words occur to me, 'The stream rolls wider and its waves increase,' and I would call out to all to 'hold together with all their strength alike in the sunshine and the storm.' To me at least it is almost impossible to let any go from me who once stood near, and of all the inward gifts God has given me, I am most thankful for the consciousness of constancy. It has always been exquisitely painful to me to see any one who once was closely united to me by head or heart now pass me coldly by." Another time we find him writing: "What you young people call friendship will certainly not last for ever, least of all now-a-days; its warmth and intensity belong not to the immortal element in man, but to the fresh feelings of youth. A few years hence, and feelings, opinions, convictions, will have got developed which even the most intimate friends will fail to understand. Amongst older men friendship, except as it belongs to memory, consists in confidence in each other's earnest striving after truth, and this confidence can outlast all changes." To all that Perthes had so long possessed, much of every kind was

added during his residence in Gotha. The number of distinguished men who came from all parts of Germany to visit him went on annually increasing, and his continually extending correspondence with historians, theologians, and politicians, introduced him to all the interests of the period, while his constant study of the biography, correspondence, and private annals of the previous century, led him to look upon the events of the day not as detached, but as links in the great chain of the world's history in general, and of our own important epoch in particular. It was an unfailing source of recreation to him to express his views of the present and the past to a certain distinguished friend of his who had a very strong hold upon his heart.

George Rist, member of the Danish Legation, born in 1775, was descended in direct line from the old lyrical poet; he had studied at Jena in the days of Fichte and Schelling, and had then been appointed Secretary to the Danish Minister of Finance in Copenhagen. In 1801, he went with the Legation to Petersburg, in 1803 to Madrid, and in the eventful year 1807, his diplomatic duties led him to London. From 1808 to 1813 he had lived in Hamburgh, in 1814 he was sent to Paris, from 1817 to 1832 he spent his time between Hamburgh and Altona, and then went as member of the newly established Schleswig-Holstein Government to Schleswig, where he died in 1847. Rist was a noble man in the fullest sense of the word, sincere and stable, and equally distinguished by the qualities of head and heart. Even in his later years he continued devoted to the ancients, especially the Greeks; he had been attached to philosophy from the time he had listened to Fichte and Schelling; was perfectly at home in English and

French literature, and well acquainted with the Spanish. Perthes and he differed no less in their views and opinions than in their outer life. Rist was intimately acquainted with the history of the former century, yet notwithstanding he gave the preference to the men belonging to it over those of the present day, and sure of not being misunderstood, he used to tease Perthes by making this preference conspicuous. "Our youth was far more enjoyable than that of the present day," he once wrote; "how pleasant the sentimentality-period was, and Fichte, and Goethe, and the Revolution on the top of all. Those were days indeed! Now all is cold and old." In religion Rist was a pious Christian, but he always declined entering into dogmatical questions. "I read no theological works," he once said; "they have the unvarying effect of raising in me doubts which Scripture itself never raises." Aristocratic in appearance, manners, and habits of life, his politics were extremely liberal. "It is wonderful to me," Perthes once wrote to him, "that you who have had such a distinguished career, should so often take pains to present yourself as a plebeian to me, the tradesman." "That should not surprise you," replied Rist, "I have had to fight with patricians half my life, even against such as loved me and were loved by me." Ever since his first settlement in Gotha, Perthes had carried on an unbroken correspondence with this friend of many years, in which both freely exchanged political, literary, and ecclesiastical opinions, and understood and opposed each other. The very difference of their points of view gave to this correspondence a peculiar charm. As Rist once said in a letter to Perthes: "One writes so easily and comfortably to you; what with unity in great things, difference in small, even a conscious

exaggeration of our own views on both sides, and, above all, an unchangeable conviction that though sharp words may be used, there is always kind feeling at bottom. Spite of all our protestations, our practical life-paths run parallel; we are both good citizens, good parents, good neighbours, good men of business, we give rather than receive, strike out if people come too near our heels, bring up our children in the fear of God, and live in hope of a joyful resurrection. Now, this I call the practical part of life, and in this we agree intimately." Another time he writes: "Our children will learn much from our letters as to the time in which we lived, and will see that there were two independent men in Germany who wrestled bravely with each other and with the world, and who, if early placed under different circumstances, would have developed other aspects of character which must now remain undeveloped to the end."

The variety of interests and impressions which Perthes owed to his calling and his correspondence were sometimes a little oppressive to him in his latter years: "From early youth," we find him writing, "I have been subject to a habit of fancy-painting, to a sort of internal novel-writing, which often followed and disturbed me in business, which did not entirely absorb me. Hence arose faults and mistakes, and the vexations and loss that followed these taught me to conquer the tendency. But in another form I have still to battle with the play of fancy. However perseveringly I have striven to acquire a habit of concentrated feeling and thinking, I still have to struggle with desultoriness, with sudden inroads of the most unconnected ideas; and my calling is a great snare to a man of this temperament, shewing me, as it daily does, the world in its most varied confusion, and men in the craziest

fool's caps and bells. Both when reading and writing, my attention is most easily disturbed. I know, indeed, that a quick imagination is the salt of earthly life, without which nature is but a skeleton ; but the higher the gift, the greater the responsibility." Pray and work, is " the great maxim here, too, for young men and for old." Another time he writes : " Nitzsch's sermon upon the sanctification of the imaginative faculty has deeply impressed me ; but I wish the language had been plainer. Perhaps few have had such bitter contests as I to subdue wandering thoughts, and gain the power of continued meditation on things above. This susceptibility of temperament and over-activity of imagination, are idiosyncrasies over which flesh and blood cannot prevail. And, besides, from my early years, my calling required me to retain in my memory an innumerable quantity of things and circumstances ; but now I cannot recollect anything in which I am not interested ; all these things moved me more deeply of yore. Thus it is that a million different things now lie garnered up in my semi-spiritual, semi-material organism, rising up, God knows how, seeming to possess an independent existence, beyond my control, and disturbing my inward composure and my strivings God-ward. In the conflict with these foes, the best method, according to my experience, is an unvarying habit of devoting daily a certain portion of time to the contemplation of, if not to communion with God. Moments of glowing aspiration and occasional attempts to command religious emotions will not do. Thy grandfather spoke a deep and important truth when he said, ' *Ponamus*, that thou wert on a mountain height, at break of day, looking at the sea below, from out of which rose the sun, and that thy heart being

touched, thine impulse was to fall down on thy face ; why fall, with or without tears, and do not feel ashamed of it, for the sun is a glorious work of the Most High, and an image of Him before whom thou canst never bow low enough. But if thou be not moved, and must squeeze hard to squeeze out a tear, why let it alone, and let the sun rise without one.' However, one must not decide hastily for others. Nature, art, and the temperament of different men are infinitely varied, and, consequently, the means by which we help ourselves onward must needs vary too."

While Perthes thus expressed himself to one friend, respecting the struggle for spiritual composure and recollection, he endeavoured to excite a differently organized nature to courageous endurance of the changes of mood brought about by external life. To a young man, who seemed inclined to take trifles as well as sorrows too much to heart, he wrote as follows : " Go forward with hope and confidence ; this is the advice given thee by an old man who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must ever stand upright, happen what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-coloured life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right ; for flowers and colours are but trifles light as air, but such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time. While on earth, we must still play with earth, and with that which blooms and fades upon its breast. The consciousness of this mortal life being but the way to a higher goal, by no means precludes our playing with it cheerfully ; and, indeed, we must do so, otherwise our energy in action will entirely fail."

However varied Perthes' domestic life might be by visits and correspondence, he did not the less take great pleasure in seeing and judging for himself of new places and new circumstances. In 1831 and 1834, he spent some time in Berlin ; in 1835, on the Rhine ; in 1836, in Hamburgh ; in 1840, in Vienna, in all these places seeing and hearing much that he never could have clearly understood from the accounts of others. Even in his latter years, he constantly wandered with a son or son-in-law through the hills and valleys of the Thuringian forest, giving himself up, as soon as he had left the town behind him, to the delight of a boy who sees the world for the first time, feeling strengthened and improved by the now lovely, now grand views that this mountain range abounds in, and certain to meet with some singular character, or some strange adventure to interest him.

That Perthes was able, without injury to his character, to respond to such a number of external claims upon his attention and interest, may be attributed to his life being so firmly rooted in his home and family circle. It is true, this family spread out yearly more and more. His eldest son Matthias had been a pastor in Moorburg since 1830 ; his second son, Clement, became in 1834 a public tutor in Bonn ; his son Andrew, after a preparatory residence in Hamburgh, Prague, Switzerland, and France, had become a partner in his father's business. All these sons were married. His step-son Henry, for whom he had a true father's affection, left the Gymnasium in 1838, to study first in Bonn, and then in Berlin. Perthes had always encouraged a great amount of independence of manner and feeling in his sons, respecting their personality even in their childhood. When they became men, he entered into such free

and friendly relations with them, that on each side the very depths of the heart were unreservedly revealed. Public and private events, religious and political opinions, formed the staple of the unbroken correspondence carried on between father and sons. Nor was his intercourse with his children settled in Gotha at all less intimate. Three of his daughters had long been established there; in 1831, his fourth daughter married Moritz Madelung, and his step-daughter Bertha, Carl von Zeche. None of these daughters would allow many days to pass without seeing their father in their own houses, were it but for a quarter of an hour, and few weeks went by in which the whole family, daughters and sons-in-law alike, did not spend one evening at least with their parents. The circumstances of these different families were indeed widely varied, but in spite of all manner of obstacles, they contrived to keep up the animation of these meetings. Even after a hard day's work, Perthes would enter into a spirited conversation with youthful ardour, and would unconsciously excite each to exert to the utmost the faculties he possessed; indeed it was almost impossible for any one to remain supine or feel weary in his society.

Perthes had four children by his second marriage, and the number of his grandchildren yearly increased. In so large a circle there was, of course, no lack of anxious weeks and months, of sicknesses and deaths. The sad year 1831, in which the cholera first appeared in Germany, was well calculated to excite alarm, but it did not disturb Perthes' composure, though two of his sons were living where it raged most fiercely. "I am convinced," wrote he in the June of that year, "that if natural causes do not stay the pestilence, it will overspread Europe,

and that all attempts to fly from it will be vain. It is not my nature to feel any great dread of falling into God's hands, but I am horrified at the prospect of the evils that selfish precaution may inflict upon our social relations. Self-love in the garb of fear is something terrific, and will corrode both public and private life. The state of Europe during earlier pestilences cannot be compared with what is now before us, when all are so intimately and closely connected and narrowly confined. But God will help us!"

No member of his large family, however, was struck down by the epidemic, but sorrows crowded upon them in after years, especially in 1833. In the month of June Perthes wrote as follows: "Six months lie behind me, all filled with fears and hopes. Our distresses began about Christmas time. I have often remarked, that in cases of sudden trouble, families gain much in courage, endurance, and composure. Each is sustained by a consciousness of duty, and each has his special post. But nature fails under long-continued pressure. Sorrow loses its exciting, energizing influence; it exhausts, and the danger is lest a certain passiveness should result from it, which is not strength but weakness, not resignation but stupefaction. Prayer, and nothing but prayer, is the one and only remedy. We still hold out bravely, and I am still able to bear our daily trials patiently and submissively, but anxiety about my wife, whose burdens are almost too great for mind and body, perturbs and distresses me. God will help us on."

Towards the end of July low fever broke out in the house, attacking not only five children, but Perthes himself. "These trying weeks," he wrote, "have been to me a season of new and important experiences. I have been quite unequal to the

business of life, but the union of my soul with God has remained undisturbed by the pressure of sickness, my mind is quite clear, and I can express my thoughts more clearly than when in health. Nitzsch's sermons have been a support and comfort to me. I have got over the difficulties of the language, and I find at each reading new treasures in the mind of this man, who is certainly the deepest of our living theologians. For the last week my second son has been with us, and he will not leave till matters take one turn or another. I daily spend hours with him alone, and I have endeavoured to convey my views systematically to him. Our conversation has chiefly turned upon the origin of things in general, evil included; the wide circle within which man is free, and therefore responsible; the direction of the world's history by God; Jesus Christ the centre of all history; materialism and pantheism, political and ecclesiastical order."

Towards the end of August, it became apparent to Perthes that the illness of his only son by his second marriage was of a fatal character. He had been more closely knit to this lovely and gifted boy than to any of the others at the same age. When his elder sons were boys, he was immersed in Hamburgh business, and could but seldom occupy himself with them. But he had watched this child's life through joy and sorrow alike; even when at his occupations he used to have him playing by him, and in his walks he made him his companion. "It is a rare bliss," he once wrote, "to be, in one's latter years, the father of such a child. A parent of my age contemplates such a young existence with different eyes from those of a young man who is himself but entering into life. It is delightful to watch the germ of love and sensibility, and

very striking to see that the nursery is a little world, whose daily incidents require and cultivate self-control and reflection, awaken penetration, and even the sense of the ludicrous."

Accordingly, when this beloved child's life-powers were struggling with death, Perthes felt as keen and deep an anguish as any he had ever before known. "I prayed with my whole heart's fervour," said he, "that my Rudolph might be spared to me, and I saw that I prayed in vain. Faith and despair struggled within my breast, and I have gained a deeper understanding of the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' than I ever had before."

On the evening of the 31st August, just as the setting sun reddened the sick-room, the child died. "God has taken away the delight of my age," wrote Perthes, "but he has given me tears such as I had not hoped to weep again. You wish me to tell you much about my Rudolph, but I cannot do so. To a third person all children of that age are so much alike, and the loss of a child is such a common occurrence, that no details could give a clearer insight into the individual case. Each father and mother's heart knows its own bitterness, and no third person can enter into it."

Later he wrote to Nicolovius: "Since the death of my Rudolph, I begin to feel the evening of life closing in, not because of any diminution of bodily or mental powers, but because of a certain indifference to human pursuits and interests. But God will uphold me with his love and truth, so that I may not grow supine and incapable cheerfully to do and bear according to his good pleasure." Incapable or gloomy Perthes indeed never became, but the yearning for his lost child haunted him as long as he lived, often forcing from him, as he paced the

room alone, even after years were past and gone, the cry, "My Rudolph, my Rudolph, where and what art thou now!"

Many an hour, too, of inward conflict besides, had Perthes during these years. We find him writing: "How far beneath our wishes and our will are the works and ways even of the old amongst us! Love without work, and work without love. How cold and weak our sorrow for sin seems, and yet, perhaps, God sees more in it than we do, and knows how deep and strong and abiding a sinner's repentance really is."

Another letter runs thus: "'Be ye holy even as I am holy.' These words often pierce me through marrow and bone. I have known many who have experienced in themselves the immediate working of the Spirit, and who believed that they had been made holy by it. That there may be such saints even in our days, I will not dispute, but I do not belong to their number. I have striven and wrestled, but the world and the flesh have hindered me. Only for moments have I, in and through prayer, tasted of the peace of God. Not to shut our eyes through indolence or despondency to the sin remaining in us, not to mistake death for life, sorrow for repentance, and imagination for love, not to grow weary in our upward course, or to substitute wishing for willing; this is our ceaseless task here below, a task impossible without faith, but without which faith is impossible too." Whenever his heart was heavy, Perthes would turn by preference to the Epistles of St. Paul. He once wrote, "Look for comfort in the Epistle to the Romans; in it is the whole truth of God in as far as we need to know it here on earth. Fight the good fight to the end, this is Paul's teaching to you, as well as mine." In another he says: "I have often, very often, read the Epistle to the Ro-

mans; it is the portion of Scripture which has most impressed me, has given me most light, and most stablished my faith. Should another prefer some other portion, that need be no matter of dispute; it is a proof of the divinity of the Bible, that different books affect different Christians most, according to their difference of temperament and education, while yet all books lead to the same end."

Not only was Perthes inclined by natural character firmly and fervently to express his convictions, but he believed it his duty so to do. "We should give honour to the truth," said he; "we should not suffer others to seem to despise it; we should not practise a false toleration, but shun all intimacy with those who do not acknowledge it."

It is true, that even in these his latter years he was often wont to be more vehement and sharp in his tone of controversy than his conscience approved, and he was well aware that he had thus offended and temporarily estranged many. "I feel," said he, on one occasion, "that I must be very careful as to what I speak or write about Church or State, lest I be misunderstood, and injure both myself and my cause. It must be in some measure my own fault that you should believe that I wear a pair of eye-blinders, so as not to be disturbed in my convictions by what lies on the right and left of my path. Not so; I have sharp eyes for what is not good and true in matters that I deem essential. I see things plainly, and like to see them so, even when they do not fit in to my views, but I do not allow my positive tendencies to be disturbed by them. He who knows what he wants, and determines to accomplish it, be it in small or great matters, cannot afford to weigh everything so closely as to darken it by his criticism, and bring into pro-

minence every weak point; this would but lead to a habit of scepticism, and where that exists there is an end to all action. I know, indeed, that in this great world-drama, the doubters and deniers have their part to play, and do not *all* belong to the great club-footed denier, but to the children of God, though not to the active workers among these. However, my province is to affirm and establish. I will wrestle with evil when it comes in my way, but neither in great things nor small, politics nor religion, doing, thinking, nor feeling, will I consent to the overthrow of God's Church, because the devil has built or may build a side-chapel of his own against it."

However earnestly Perthes may have held and asserted that without ecclesiastical and dogmatic authority neither theology nor Christian feeling could hold their ground, still his own individual life was very independent of both. "My Christianity," he once wrote, "becomes each year more simple. That not to love God is sin, and that to love Him again constitutes deliverance from sin; this as infinite truth, this as the solution of every problem, has been transmitted from the Bible to my spiritual life. Christianity is thoroughly practical in its nature. Scientific inquiries and absorption of the soul in religious emotion, are of themselves little worth. I learn more and more to discern the Divine wisdom, which has set limits to revelation; all that we need for our happiness is given us, and were the curtain lifted further from holy mysteries, man's utter bewilderment would be hopeless."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAST YEARS.—1837-1843.

After a severe attack of influenza in 1837, Perthes took a small house at Friedrichroda, about nine miles from Gotha, in order, with his wife and children, to spend the summer in the woods. "You see, my dear friend," wrote he in July, "that I have fled to the mountains to drive away the consequences of influenza. My hearing is still much affected, and I have difficulty in making out human babble, but I hope to be able to hear the vulture scream and the trout splash. If anything can restore my health, it will be life in the woods. You know Friedrichroda, so I need not speak of its charms. Everything is in our favour,—the sky blue, the woods dark, the meadows green."

It was indeed a lovely spot that Perthes had chosen. On the north side of the Thuringian forest, a long valley runs down into the plain, at the entrance of which lies Schnepfenthal. Half a league further up the valley you encounter numerous mountain tarns, along which there is just room for the road to wind beneath the shadow of the fine old firs. Higher up, the valley widens out till you come to meadows of the brightest green, in the midst of which stood in earlier days the old Benedictine cloister of Reinhardsbrunnen, now replaced by

the castle of the Dukes of Coburg-Gotha. Other wildly beautiful valleys run down from the hills into that of Reinhardsbrunnen, while rocky ridges, clothed with noble beech and fir, and bold mountain peaks offer an abundance of fine views. Divided from this valley by a low ridge stands, in a wooded basin, the little village of Friedrichroda, and at about a hundred yards from it, the house Perthes had chosen. Being built in a hollow, the front rooms looked out upon a new blank wall, and he had to bear many a joke about the situation he had chosen; from the back and from the little garden, however, there was really a glorious view, and the Black Forest, with its shade, its solitude, and countless footpaths, was within a few steps of the house. A few years after Perthes' death, Friedrichroda became a much frequented place, but at the time we speak of, the country retained its lonely character, and you might have wandered half a day in the wood-paths, and met only a herd of timid deer, a forester, children in search of strawberries, or women in search of firewood, while nothing was to be heard but the woodman's axe or the herdsman's horn. In the evening, numbers of wild deer were in the habit of gathering in the meadows.

From 1837 it became Perthes' custom to spend every summer at Friedrichroda, and each year he loved it better. In the morning, after his hard work, he used to take a short solitary walk, and in the evenings, two, three, nay, sometimes four hours' rambles with his wife and his three little girls. It was his constant delight to find out new points of view, and when found, to show them to others; and he had abundant opportunity of doing this. On Saturdays and Sundays, the house was all alive, grandchildren, daughters, sons-

in-law came, till the rooms were too small to contain them, and kitchen and cellars were put to strange shifts; and often Perthes was the youngest of the party in spirits and enjoyment. His sons, too, generally came from a distance to spend some weeks with him; and even of historians and theologians there was no lack. Tholuck, Lücke, Marheineke, de Wette, and Olshausen were his guests; and of all those who visited Perthes in Friedrichroda, however different their character or callings might be, there was not one who did not carry away with him the recollection of some pleasant and interesting hours. It is true, that he who was without a sense of natural beauty had but a poor reception; for Perthes looked upon him with wonder and pity, much as if he had been born deaf and dumb, or without arms and legs. Any under-rating of the special beauties of Friedrichroda he took almost as a personal offence, and treated it accordingly. But, on the other hand, the visitor who had an eye for wood and hill was comfortably housed, and Perthes led him here and there, to show him the beauty of the district in the best light. It was a perfect marvel to the country people, why an old gentleman, who had neither to burn charcoal nor to prepare tar, persisted in threading the long and toilsome paths their day's work led them to traverse; but they all liked him, and knew that he had a heart for their joys and sorrows. The oftener he returned to Friedrichroda the fonder they grew of him; and to prove this, they, in 1841, gave him the freedom of their little town, with which he reported himself more pleased than with any honour ever before conferred upon him. Many such tokens of respect had attended Perthes in his later years. In 1834, the inhabitants of Leipsic had made him free of their city, and in the summer

of 1835, the Prince Regent of Saxony had given him the cross of the civil order of merit. "I would gladly possess civil merit as far as Germany is concerned," wrote Perthes, "and I like to be done honour to by such a prince as this. In former years I once sat next to him at dinner, and he spoke very intelligently about literature and the book-trade, the Hamburgh government, the July revolution, &c.; but what most surprised and pleased me was, his spontaneous, benevolent sympathy and respect for the social condition of all grades alike, combined, as his sentiments were, with a full consciousness of rank. It is only he who honours men for their humanity, who thus reverences every position and calling. Such a state of mind as this implies genuine cultivation, which I would distinguish from what is merely learned and fashionable; for all ranks alike may possess it, and it does not come more easily to high than to low. Wit, information, penetration, birth, station, all oppress and alienate those who are deficient in these respects, but this cultivation makes all who come in contact with it free, and excites esteem and confidence. What a change has taken place in this respect during the last fifty years! God grant that our nature, having learned to esteem every human condition, may not now run into the extreme of despising the difference between one condition and another."

In 1840 the university of Kiel conferred upon Perthes the order of Doctor of Philosophy. "I could not," wrote he, "have marvelled more at this honour done me if I had been Vladica of Montenegro. The learned company has not, for a long time, seen such a bungler as I in their midst; my Latin is as rusty as that of my Orfort colleague Dr. Blucher, and that is saying much." A friend, however, remarks in a letter to Perthes:

"The faculty has done well; he who has practised wisdom throughout a long career, may well be styled Doctor of Philosophy even though his Latin be rusty."

Another honour enjoyed by Perthes, during his latter years, was the kindness shewn him by the ducal house of Coburg. In 1826, on the Duke of Coburg's accession to Gotha, Perthes had written as follows: "My monarchical principles have gained many new adherents; for all fall suddenly down before the new prince: certainly he, like Saul, is head and shoulders taller than the rest of the people, full of princely dignity, very judicious, and consequently very popular. He knows and is interested in every subject; in short, the whole world is bewitched with him, and men of all parties have suddenly become ducalized."

The great wisdom and experience of the Duke, as we have seen, interested Perthes, and his benevolence won him entirely. On his side, the Duke was very partial to Perthes, and always saw him when at Gotha or Reinhardsbrunnen. The forest and its inhabitants, recollections reaching back as far as 1806, as well as the political events of the day, formed the subject of their conversations. But Perthes' peculiar delight was in the young princes. It was in 1836, when the Coburg Princes came to Gotha, in order to conclude the marriage of the Prince Ferdinand Augustus with the Queen of Portugal, that he saw them first. In the January of that year he writes: "A few days ago I was dining with the old Duchess; both the princes were there—fine, tall, handsome youths, fresh, healthy, and full of spirits, to which they gave free scope as soon as they were out of their grandmother's sight. Prince Ferdinand, the future

King of Portugal, has a noble profile, but he is still a thorough child: the poor slender fir-tree has to be transplanted to a hot soil; perhaps his very childishness is in his favour." In 1839, Perthes writes: "Late in the summer, the ducal household came to Reinhardsbrunnen, and with them the Crown Prince from Dresden, and Prince Albert from Italy. Their father has good reason to be proud of them both. The ardour, frankness, and healthy judgment of the Crown Prince delighted me uncommonly; Prince Albert is, without doubt, a highly gifted and thoroughly cultivated young man; handsome and elegant, courteous and benevolent. His thoughtful, cautious temperament will lessen the difficulties of his future position. We have the Duke of Meiningen, too, and the King of Saxony; and sometimes no fewer than fourteen princes go out hunting together. These meetings between the house of Saxony and the neighbouring princes should oftener take place. Taken together, they are not without significance in German relations, and these wise, restless Coburgs will tell upon Europe too: they do not, indeed, form any very comprehensive plans, but they know, as few men and princes do, how to seize the passing opportunity, and use the present moment. They have already secured the thrones of England, Belgium, and Portugal for their own house, and they have an eye on those of Spain and France as well."

In 1840 we find Perthes writing: "The winter months of this year have been made interesting and exciting by the chapter of history which has been enacted here; for, at the approach of the English wedding, the Ducal Papa bound the garter round his boy's knee amidst the roar of a hundred and one cannon. The earnestness and gravity with which the

Prince has obeyed this early call to take a European position give him dignity and standing in spite of his youth, and increase the charm of his whole aspect. Queen Victoria will find him the right sort of man; and unless some unlucky fatality interpose, he is sure to become the idol of the English nation, silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe. Perhaps I may live to see the beginning of this career." "As for your Prince Albert," writes a friend to Perthes in the autumn of 1840, "I have every reason to suppose that you rightly appreciate him and his position in England. Still he can attain to a knowledge of things around him, and his relation to them, only after a long residence. The public seem well affected towards him, and in the higher circles he has already some influence; but in order to influence politics, he must be older and more free to act." Another friend writes: "I have not seen the Prince during my stay in London, but I have heard much of him; he seems to be universally beloved, and I have been often most courteously thanked by Englishmen for the noble return which Germany has made to England for the Duke of Cumberland."

Once only in these latter years did Perthes determine upon a prolonged absence from home. In July 1834, he with his wife and his three little girls went through Coburg and Nuremberg to Ratisbon, thence by the Danube to Vienna, where he spent a month with his friend Hornbostel. "Here I have been for some weeks," wrote he, "and I have seen and heard much very different to what I heard and saw four-and-twenty years ago. All my old acquaintances are dead. Hammer was absent. Pilat was the only one left, and I spent some hours with him. With this exception, I met only mercantile

men, but many of them were influential and very well informed. My high opinion of Austria's internal strength is by no means diminished by the peculiar view this visit has afforded me. The life, the intelligence, the varied information, and, above all, the faculty of enjoying life that I have here found, have amazed me. It is true that intellect and knowledge are almost exclusively directed to machinery and looms, to trade and manufacture; both the Church and the priesthood have become mechanical, and Protestantism is cold and dead. There is, indeed, a danger in this one-sided industrial tendency which the government so unqualifiedly favours, but the decomposing process going on in the spiritual life of the rest of Germany does not obtain at all in Austria, or only amongst the higher aristocracy. If great events occur—and indeed they cannot be long postponed—and men be thrown out of their present material direction, the fresh energies and natural ability of the German Austrians will soon develop themselves. The presumptuous fools in North Germany, who speak of the Austrian barbarians and the decayed empire, have no idea in their plains of the strength which exists behind the mountains—do not dream that the literary exhaustion of North Germany will probably be obliged, in the next generation, to draw life from the South."

"If people determine to call Austria a despotism," wrote Perthes again, "it must be admitted that it is one of a singular kind, the pressure being all upwards, not downwards. Perhaps in no other state in the world is the internal government so moulded and guided by ancient customs and institutions which have their origin in popular life. Restrictions and limitations of all sorts to which the Austrians have been long accustomed,

and which they have therefore learnt to bear, they easily endure; but it is almost impossible for government to introduce any innovations, because an unexpressed but universal opposition of rich and poor, high and low, is at once raised against it. A number of jocular stories are circulated, in which the fruitless attempts of the government are ridiculed. A short time ago a peremptory edict against pigeons flying about in Vienna was issued. 'Are the imperial pigeons to be caged as well?' asked their keeper. 'For a day or two,' was the reply: 'if every one else lets their pigeons loose, we shall do the same.'"

"I have made the acquaintance," says Perthes in another letter, "of a very remarkable man, the Cathedral preacher Veith. He was formerly Director of the Veterinary College in Vienna, then he became a priest, and now he is a preacher in the Cathedral. I heard him twice in a crowded church. His sermons were full of geniality and practical experience, mixed up with natural science and historical narrative, and highly exciting. A friend brought me to him in the vestry, and he proved himself perfectly acquainted with our Protestant theology in general, and with Schleiermacher, Rudelbach, Julius Müller, and Tholuck in particular, expressing himself with perfect unreserve about the Catholic Church and its condition in Austria. I have read his Woman of Samaria, and gained from it many new views, and in so far as it does not treat of specially ecclesiastical subjects, there is hardly anything in it that Protestants need object to. In short, this man is a most striking character, and a matter of wonder to such as are not Catholics."

From Vienna Perthes, accompanied by his family, travelled through Ischl, Salzburg, Berchtesgarden, and Ratisbon, back

to Gotha, which they reached after a two months' absence. "We have not had an ailment," wrote he, "not an accident, not a moment's anxiety nor a single day's bad weather. Yesterday when I got out of the carriage in perfect health, and found all the members of my large family the same, I most heartily thanked God. The prospect of the journey had rather weighed upon me, for though I still feel strong, I have lost the feeling of security in taking a long journey, which I once possessed. On his return to Gotha, Perthes not only found his son come from Bonn with his wife and family, but a mass of business which had accumulated during his absence; while the meeting of philologists in September brought with it all manner of further excitement. In one letter he says, "Two very dear friends are in my house, Ritter from Göttingen, and Nitzsch from Kiel; Lachmann is with me at my son-in-law's, and we have many an animated and indeed comic hour when the whole learned body meets for business or play. It was an amusing spectacle to witness twelve postilions blowing away on their horns, and riding in advance of the three hundred schoolmasters, while we followed in a long procession of hired carriages to Reinhardsbrunnen, there to dine at the Ducal table." A few weeks later he wrote: "This has been a year!—the birth of four grandchildren, hard work in Leipsic, the marriage of my son Andrew, the visit of my dear brother Jacobi from Siegburg, with his wife and children, the two months' journey to Vienna, the very hard work after my return, and then the philologists—my old bones creak again."

After his return from Vienna, Perthes would never again hear of a long absence from home. "I shall take no journey till the last of all," said he, in 1841, in answer to a pressing

invitation from his son. "Strength and inclination for it I still have, but change and excitement do harm to one of the advanced age you can now no longer dispute my claim to; external quiet, that is, an unbroken routine being the right thing for body and mind. Other old men might be able to travel more comfortably, but owing to my temperament, every journey excites me, and a thousand things in succession would distract my mind. Only think of the number of men I should have to see, and how much I should have to hear and say! Why, one week's stay with you would involve at least six months' hard work."

In proportion as the pleasure that Perthes took in travelling diminished, his love for his neighbouring mountain-retreat increased. But still he refused to buy a house in Friedrichroda. "I have never," said he, "had any other landed property than my travelling carriage and my corner in the churchyard; and just before the order to march comes, I do not want to bind myself down to any earthly spot." However, he increased his accommodation and his comforts, and in the summer of 1841, we find him writing, "I have by my addition gained a most glorious view in several directions, and it was just made in time, for the elements are raging this year. The storm roars in the wood, and the trees creak and groan; the mornings are very cold, and the mountain mists reach our windows. We make as much use as we can of the fine hours of the day, but I do not climb so high nor ramble so far as of yore, preferring the familiar paths, where I can live my inner life undisturbed, as becomes a man of seventy who will not much longer see and feel the beauty of this earth."

However, Friedrichroda did not lack excitement in the sum-

mer of 1841, for a brilliant circle again assembled at Reinhardsbrunnen. "The quiet woods," wrote Perthes, "have become unquiet; we have the Duchess of Kent here, Prince William of Prussia, with his family, and many others. Adjutants, jockeys, negroes, lords, dogs, horses pass our little house day and night; hills and dales, woods and rocks, are scoured in the chase, and my poor deer have a sad time of it. I once saw the Duchess of Kent alone with her brother, the Duke, who called me to him, and I sincerely rejoiced at their happy meeting." Soon after Perthes wrote: "How strange it seems to me in the midst of all this tumult, to look back upon my past life! Half a century ago I was an orphan, cast in extreme poverty into the world's whirlpool, without information, without help, without support, a forsaken apprentice in a cold garret, having to limp about for weeks on frozen feet, because no one attended to me but my poor and still dear Frederika. All this lies like a dream behind me, now that I am at my journey's end; my life has not been an easy, nay, often a painful one. To God be the praise that it ends well!"

Active and cheerful as he still was, Perthes now began to feel in different ways the approach of old age. He was often himself surprised at the length of days he had left behind him, when any circumstance reminded him that he had known this or that aged man as a child or a youth. He once wrote to Ullmann: "There are four men in Southern Germany whom I used to know in olden times; of late, however, I have never seen them: Rau, of whom I still retain an agreeable though indistinct impression; Schubert and Schwab, whom I last saw between thirty and five-and-thirty years ago; and Schelling, whom I met forty-two years ago, and with whom I have since maintained

a friendly correspondence." Perthes was, however, destined to meet the last-mentioned of these men once again. In the autumn of 1841, he writes: "Schelling has been here. We had not seen each other since 1798. The slender, black-haired Swabian youth stood before me as a robust old man, with snow-white head, but just as cordially frank and plain-spoken as of yore. We talked over all our old experiences and our present feelings, and did not know how to part."

But there were other things besides his friend's white hair, which served to remind Perthes of the evening of life. Many a star of the first magnitude, to whose light he had been accustomed from his youth, went out one after another. Niebuhr died in 1831 ; Goethe in 1832 ; Schleiermacher in 1834. Many dear friends and relations, too, were called away, whom Perthes missed and mourned. In 1839 he wrote: "I have again lost one I loved and honoured, my faithful old Nicolovius: would that I could have pressed his hand once more here below."

In a letter to Umbreit, dated 1840, he says: "If at the age of seventy I needed a warning, the departure of so many old friends might afford me one. Thibaut is now gone, a man I cordially loved and respected, and who was much attached to me. However, one can think of him with joy as well as sorrow ; no doubt, like the rest of us, he had his own struggles, but still he was a happy man, his being was a harmonious one, and despite his vigorous participation in the progress of science, his spiritual life flowed on in tranquillity." Poel had died in the autumn of 1837. To him Perthes had long been indebted for much intellectual stimulus and much information, though they differed materially both in religion and politics. Poel had spent his youth in Bordeaux and Geneva, and

then studied in Göttingen. For some time he was engaged in Russian diplomacy, and was in Paris during one of the most remarkable periods of the first Revolution. Though admirably fitted for political activity, he early retired from it, and lived privately in Altona. His merits were universally admitted, and all who knew him well, loved him for his benevolence and fine moral sense. In October 1837, Perthes wrote: "The departure of our dear Poel has deeply moved me; there were few I so much loved and honoured. He was not only a distinguished, but a very singular man,—singular, because his name and his person remained unknown, while his influence was widely felt. Many leading men have taken their literary and political bias from him."

Perthes had had his kind and earliest guardians—the riding-master Heubel, and the old Aunt Caroline—spared to him for an unusual length of time, and as long as they lived he kept up a friendly correspondence with them, and paid them an annual visit. After one of these visits he wrote: "It is singular to see how the old times and the present are peacefully blended in the dear old man. He has the liberal views of our day, and yet he considers it his highest honour to do his duty to his Prince after the feudal fashion, and the whole princely family treat him as a venerable relic of antiquity. When the Prince's arrival is announced, the old man throws on his faded uniform, and holds the stirrup while his master descends. Then the Prince takes him up to his room, and empties with him a bottle of wine of the last century." "Rare, very rare, is it," wrote Perthes on one occasion to his aunt of eighty-three, "that such strength and clearness of mind as God has given to you should endure to your age. You are

highly favoured indeed,—you can think of the past with pleasure, you enjoy the peace of the present, and look forward with confidence to the future. I desire to say with you, God has done all things well." "Thank you, dear Fred, for all your love," writes his old uncle to Perthes, after receiving a visit from him through snow and storm; "you love me now just as you did sixty years ago, when you used to ride upon my knee; this consciousness is ever with me in my solitude, and I thank you for it." In 1835 the old uncle died at the age of eighty-three, and in 1838 the old aunt followed, aged eighty-seven. Perthes wrote to Rist as follows: "I heard yesterday of the death of my dear uncle in Schwarzburg. He was life-weary, but still in possession of all his mental faculties: he had lived very happily, and so God be praised. Schwarzburg is now to me desolate; the playground of my childhood is no more; there is not a Heubel left in the house where they had lived for a hundred and ten years. The family is now dispersed. So goes the world! Who can suppose that this is our home!"

Another thing that reminded Perthes of the approach of his own death was the different impression now made upon him by the death of others. We find him saying: "Births and deaths, deaths and births amongst children and children's children have compassed me round during the last few months, and I have had to look upon many a sick and dying bed. My affection for my descendants individually is not diminished by their number; but the wind and weather of a long life has hardened my physical frame against sorrow, and my soul has learnt resignation to the loss of its dear ones. Now that I know I must soon follow, the death of others makes quite a different impression upon me to what it did in youth, when,

though one indeed acknowledged, one did not feel one's-self mortal. It is only the pain of suffering children that now as formerly pierces me to the heart, and doubting questions will arise in connexion with it. In grown-up persons one knows the why and wherefore, and the sufferers do so themselves, or at least they may do so." The thought of his own age and his own death was never painful to Perthes; on the contrary, he used continually to refer to it. Towards the end of 1842 he writes: "When I die, the centre of a widely extended family will be taken away, and yet it is scarcely desirable that such a centre should continue very long after one's children have acquired a position of their own. They will each form their own new and special circles in the time to come. But while an old man, with remains of his former strength, sits on and on in the centre, a thousand concessions are made to him by all the other families, and horns are drawn in, which are intended to thrust with vigorously, or to be rubbed off as the case may be. The old must give place to the new! And as to the greybeard himself; when time has tugged at us long, we cease to do more than vegetate, we become a burden to ourselves and to others, and what is worst of all, we get a horrible longing for a still longer life. When I look at many old men around, I am reminded of Frederick the Great's expostulation with his grenadiers, who demurred at going to certain death, 'What, you dogs! would you go on living for ever?'"

Again, in 1841, Perthes, after a severe illness, writes to Lücke as follows: "Recovery, indeed, one may still speak of, but the recovery of old age is not that of youth." About the same time he wrote to Ullmann: "The spring is glorious, and I often feel overcome with melancholy at the thought of

seeing this earthly splendour but a few times more, and I am conscious of the same sensation in contemplating long familiar inanimate objects, but not so with reference to my living loved ones who will soon follow where others have gone before." "I yearn for the repose of Friedrichroda," wrote he in the spring of 1842 to Ullmann; "perhaps it is there that the last repose of all will be granted me—gladly would I rest in that churchyard with its fir-trees. It is not my physical condition that occasions this yearning, but I discover in myself an increasing indifference towards all temporal matters; I feel incapable of effort for anything on this side; I want nothing more here below." This gradual loss of interest in all appertaining to earth shewed itself in the diminished importance attached by Perthes to his own external history. Formerly he had often thought of sketching out his career, but the pressure of business had prevented his doing so. Latterly he lacked the inclination. When his old friend Runge lost all his papers in the Hamburgh fire, Perthes wrote to him as follows: "I, too, lost most of the documents relating to my youth at the time of the French invasion. True, that in the thirty years since then, papers enough have accumulated, and the contents of these are full of incident; but in these railroad times of ours, would they have an interest for the next generation? I do not think so. My papers, dating since 1813, will perish as did the earlier ones. No one will hunt out the valuable from amongst the mass, and, indeed, why should they? God looks upon and cares for us all individually, but in the sight of men what are we in history, but as one faded leaf in autumn! When we return from a delightful journey, we believe that we shall never forget its incidents. Yet when a few years are over, what re-

mains of all the pleasures and interests, which written down would have filled volumes? So it is with the events of our life, and even had we written them all down while fresh in our minds, who would read them? Perhaps a friend immediately after our death—later, one or two lovers of old stories—no more, unless indeed the autobiography were a work of art, like Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' owing its permanent interest to its form rather than to its contents. Those who come after us have their own life to occupy them: out of the collective existence of former generations, only the results abide, the summary of which, we call history. It is only in God's sight that the individual counts, as Job and David prophetically told us, and as our Lord revealed." Perthes had gone in the May of 1842 to his beloved Friedrichroda, and enjoyed its repose. He wrote to one of his sons: "May this morning be as fine with you as with us! the old sailor grown grey in storm and calm is refreshed by the cheerful stillness of such a day."

In the middle of September, when the cold autumnal mists began to gather over the hills, he returned to Gotha, where he spent the first winter months in his wonted health and vigour. At the end of the year he wrote to his sister-in-law, Augusta Claudius: "I am now past seventy; I can still walk for hours over hill and dale, and I can work from eight to ten hours without tiring my eyes. God be praised for it! I can understand everything said to myself, but general conversation escapes me. I comfort myself with the thought that I have heard enough, but I am sorry to lose the prattle of my three little girls amongst themselves. A certain inward feeling tells me that my life will not last more than two or three years. I have long fought the battle of life;

I scarcely dare hope for the crown of life; but I know that the prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' will be accepted of God." A few days later he wrote to Bunsen: "I believe that my end is not very far distant; I have no longer any appetite, not even any spiritual appetite for what is on this side the grave. My soul yearns for more certain nourishment."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### SICKNESS AND DEATH—1843.

According to custom, all Perthes' children and grandchildren came from a distance to gather round him on Christmas day. On this occasion, none were kept away by sickness, and Perthes enjoyed himself with youthful glee in the midst of forty-nine of his descendants. Towards the end of the year he wrote: "On that holy evening, I forgot the discomforts of my present state, but I was reminded of them on the following festival. For some weeks past, I have had premonitory symptoms of a serious illness; my sleep is broken, my appetite gone, and my afternoon hours very painful. I have been really ill, and still am so." Perthes felt so convinced of the approach of a fatal illness, that, on the first of January, he made the following short entry in his journal: "My state of health renders it unlikely that I shall ever write 1844." His illness soon proved to be liver-complaint, and assumed the form of jaundice towards the end of January. For some months he varied much —occasionally his strength would sink suddenly as though a rapid termination were at hand, and then he would unexpectedly rally. Towards the close of February he wrote: "A few weeks ago I thought the end of the journey was come; now good days alternate with bad, but certainly the progress

made is very slow, as slow as the pace of the Austrian militia. My strong constitution struggles hard to throw off the disease, but I do not believe it will succeed." "Weary, weary," wrote he a few weeks later, "yet still the improvement goes on, and it seems as if I might really have a further grant of life." Soon after, however, came a change for the worse, and towards the end of March, all his strength appeared exhausted. In one of the letters written at this time, we find it said, "I have seen Perthes; his appearance really shocked me; all his energy is gone, his voice is weak, and every movement languid in the extreme. There he is, feebly reclining in his arm chair, and emaciated to the last degree. This change is the more distressing in a nature so elastic and energetic as his was a few months ago." Yet while he had any remains of strength left, his worn-out frame was still the obedient instrument of his active mind. It was not in Perthes' nature to lead the passive, supine life of an invalid. The health that he had throughout life enjoyed had been too good not to lead him to struggle to the utmost against the encroachments of weakness. As long as it was possible, he spent each day, or, at least, a few hours of each day in his study, and when unable to leave the sick room, he still sat up dressed, on a chair before his desk. Even when confined to his bed, he still had letters, books, and papers spread around him, determined that his life in bed should make as few concessions to sickness as possible. As long as he could help himself, he did not like to call in the help of others. He once remarked, that his wife shewed herself the very perfection of a nurse, because she never proffered help when he did not need it. As it had always been his wont before taking any journey, to settle his affairs

as completely as though he did not expect to return and to have everything ready days before he departed, so was it now, in the prospect of the last great journey. He most punctually discharged every obligation, gave directions to his son Andrew, who was to carry on his father's business, made his will, and was then able undisturbed to await the hour of departure.

Notwithstanding all these claims upon him, he still found time to write numerous letters both to his sons and to his friends and acquaintance ; in many of these he entered warmly into the different questions of the day. Even so late as March, he took undiminished interest in the newly published volume of Hagenbach's History of the Reformation, and in Ranke's German History. In the beginning of April his son from Bonn paid him a visit. He entered as freshly and fervently as of yore, into every subject of conversation, and he could still make many a playful speech about a letter which came from the Minister von Thiele, earnestly requesting him to attend a council at Berlin. Indeed, the friends and acquaintance who came to see him, as soon as they had got somewhat accustomed to his aspect, found it most difficult to believe him so near death. " Perthes," wrote a friend, " belongs to that class of men with whose every idea mental and bodily health are so intimately connected, that one forgets that they too, are subject to the universal law of decay." In one letter, written about the end of March, we read, " I found him quite unaltered in mind and heart ; he is as bright, friendly, and interesting in conversation as formerly." In another letter: " Such a spirit as this is mighty indeed. True, it has lost the absolute mastery over the physical nature, but still it can assert itself and force that nature to obey, though reluctantly,

and but for a season. I was often surprised to see that when, towards evening, Perthes lay back, weary and worn, a little mental stimulus availed to restore life and strength even to the body."

Now, this in Perthes was not the result of effort. On the contrary, activity was now, as of old, the law of his mind, and work and cheerful conversation were as compatible as ever with the interests of his spiritual life. During the years preceding this illness, Perthes had already attained to a greater mastery over the impetuosity of his temperament. Faith and love had become more and more pervading principles, leading to increased humility toward God, and gentleness toward man; nay, even in proportion as his own convictions became stronger, his toleration enlarged. No one, indeed, knew better than he, that he was not yet a conqueror. "If Paul," wrote he, "had to complain of inward conflict and discord, no other need despair because he has to do the same. All that man, Christ helping him, can attain to on earth, is to prevent pride and sensuality ruling in him absolutely, constantly to fight against them, and to bewail their remaining power. From the first days of the Church, external methods have been tried, in order to obtain a complete victory, and each Christian has his own special means towards the attainment of this end, but no one has ever attained it, nor ever will. Pain and sorrow have done more for me than joy and happiness ever did: the prayer for help leads to resignation, and resignation purifies the soul; but still the fight goes on till the present day. Let us fight to the last, my dear son!"

Indeed, Perthes had to fight to the end, but months of sickness blunted many sharp weapons of the enemy, and matured

the inward and spiritual life. The weakness and suffering he had to endure, were no light trials to a man who had never before given his body a thought; but no one ever heard him murmur, no one ever saw him out of temper, his patience strengthened from week to week, he was always kind and friendly, and his thankfulness for the mercies with which his life had been filled, never forsook him. That the end was drawing near, he perfectly knew and openly declared, and he looked forward to it with wonderful composure. To Dörner he wrote: "The consciousness of life being quite over, is to me a very peculiar and by no means depressing feeling, rather, on the contrary, exhilarating. I am full of thankfulness to God." Indeed, as far as man could judge, Perthes had not for one moment during the whole of his illness, to struggle with the fear of death. "God is, for his Son's sake, very gracious to me a poor sinner," was his constant exclamation in hours of pain. To Neander he wrote: "In hope and faith I am joyfully passing over into the land where truth will be made clear, and love pure." In a letter written early in April, we find it said: "Perthes is perfectly reconciled to die, he is calm and confident. Whether this present confidence and calm will abide with him during the last struggle, he does not know, for nature, he says, often asserts her sway most strongly when just about to lose her power for ever; and that, therefore, there may possibly be before him a fearful conflict, a seeming despair, a cry, 'My God, my God, wherefore hast thou forsaken me!' but, he hopes for a peaceful, placid falling asleep, and makes it a subject of prayer.

"A few hours after he had said this to me, I entered his little cabinet, and found him reclining in his arm-chair, his

hands folded, his eyes closed, peace and joy spread over his countenance. I hoped that God had heard his prayer, but it was not so; he was only asleep, and woke up cheerfully."

Whenever Perthes needed strength and comfort, he sought them exclusively in the Scriptures. Not one of the religious works to which he had owed much during life, satisfied his present need. Formerly he had preferred the Epistles of St. Paul to all other portions of the Bible: nor did he lose his love for them, but his love for St. John's writings increased. As of old he always turned to the Epistle to the Romans, so now, however he might be engaged, the Gospel of St. John was always open before him. Sometimes, though not often, his thoughts would wander to the life beyond death. "In a week or fortnight I shall be on the other side, and yet I am still without any previsions as to the nature of the existence immediately succeeding my death. Shall I be in a state of painful conflict, sorrow, and struggle, through which sin will be finally destroyed, or in a state of profound repose, in which I may collect myself, and in silent resignation be healed from the wounds inflicted by the tumult of earthly life? Shall I be a fellow-worker in works of wisdom and love? Will a knowledge of the mysteries of nature, a comprehension of the course of events, or companionship with those I have loved on earth, be granted me? All these questions assume just before our death a very different degree of importance to what they ever had before, and yet we should not indulge them, since no answer has been vouchsafed." On another occasion he said: "The season of faith will soon be over for me, that of sight is near, and yet how mysterious the word, and how veiled its meaning!—Sight! I shall see with faculties that I

have never possessed here! As I have only with my bodily eyes beheld the visible, with my ears heard the audible, so understanding, feeling, reasoning have only afforded me the perception of this or that aspect of truth, not the truth itself. Knowing, in fact, is not seeing. If I am to see I must have a new spiritual faculty conferred by perfect love, in order to make the reception of perfect truth possible. Fain would we question how this will be brought about, but be it unto thy servant according to thy word."

In the second week of April there was another sudden decrease of Perthes' strength, while, on the other hand, the symptoms grew worse. "Very weak," "very wretched sensations;" these are frequent entries in his journal about this period. On the 15th of April he wrote to Bunsen: "The disease does not yield, and the weakness increases; you must not be surprised if the tidings sent ere long be—'he died of old age.'" On the 16th of April, on Easter Sunday, his wife and daughter were sitting with him after church; he made them give an account of the sermon they had just heard. "Do not," said he to them, "speculate or inquire into our condition after death; it does no good, and diverts the mind from the main point. Hold simply and firmly to that which our Lord has told us, and do not wish to know more; read again and again the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of St. John's Gospel: he who has these has all he needs alike for life and death." During the two last months of his life, he lived on these four chapters, and the nearer he approached to death, the oftener did he read the seventeenth. After Easter it had become evident to him that he had but a few weeks at furthest to live; indeed he generally thought his last hour nearer than it was. On the morn-

ing of the 21st of April, his birth-day, he had his children and grandchildren assembled around him. All were sad and sorrowful, but he lay in his room, which had been filled with spring flowers, in such perfect peace and joy, that it was impossible for them to give utterance to their grief. "Should it be God's will," said he, "that I should still spend a little more time with you, I shall do so gladly, and I should return with pleasure to my dear Friedrichroda; but this may not be. A rich life lies behind me; I have indeed had my trying days and hours, but God has ever been gracious to me. Do not mourn for me when I am dead; I know that you will often long for me, and I am glad of it. I need not say to you, 'Love one another,' but, so bring up your children that they also may do so. I die willingly and calmly, and I am prepared to die, having committed myself to my God and Father. Here there is no abiding city, we needs must part; death cannot harm me, it must be gain."

A week later, on the 29th of April, he believed that his last hour was come. He had no pain, but he was weak in body, and somewhat depressed in spirits. During these days he lived much in the thought of his beloved Caroline, he had the account of Claudius' last days repeated to him, and liked to have his wife and daughters constantly near. He spoke lovingly to every member of his family, and when night came, as no one else was able to do so, he himself read out with a loud voice the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John from beginning to end. The next day, Sunday, he felt stronger. His eldest son Mathias having arrived from Moorburg, Perthes' wife sought gradually to prepare him for this. He laughed out in his own old way and said, "You think that because I am ill I must needs be nervous too,—let him come in at once."

"Nothing in this world," said he repeatedly, "could have given me more pleasure than the arrival of Mathias." He was often able clearly and connectedly to converse with this son for hours together, although, in addition to his extreme weakness, new and painful symptoms had just set in, one of which was erysipelas in the head of a very malignant character. But nothing interfered with his activity. He daily transacted business matters in the clearest and most systematic manner with his son Andrew, and took a cheerful part in conversations of all kinds with his friends Ukert, Ewald, and Archdeacon Hey, who had been for many years his spiritual adviser. To numbers Perthes had been a counsellor, to numbers a benefactor, and he had friends and acquaintance in every part of Germany, from whom he now rejoiced to receive letters of sympathy and affectionate leave-taking. Schelling wrote saying: "It was so comforting to know of one in the world from whom, in every case of need, one was sure of sincere sympathy, loving goodwill, and judicious counsel." Perthes' son Mathias had written from his father's dictation a farewell letter to Rist, which, unfortunately, cannot now be found. Rist answered it as follows: "I have, indeed, had much to bear in life. I have had great trials and great blessings appointed me, but it remained to me to have such a letter to receive as yours of the 5th of May, and to answer as I now do. My hand may indeed shake, but my heart is undismayed; I do not dread to look upon death, with which I have been so long familiar. I draw near to your sickbed, to thank you for your remembrance of me at such a time as this. I stretch out my hand to say farewell, if, indeed, it must be so, to edify myself by your courage, faith, and joyful trust in the new-birth

in Christ; I desire to repeat your confession, and to make it mine. I hold your wife and children happy in that they stand round you, and I greet them all. My wife has still tears for her dear old friend, to whom she bids a most loving farewell. You have been much to us, your memory will remain with us all as a blessed one. Dare I express a hope that the physicians may be deceived, and that your own feelings may deceive you!—And now farewell, here is my hand, —we shall meet again, dear Perthes!"

Perthes had many a personal leave-taking to get over. His old fosterfather's son, Carl Heubel, to whom he had been himself a father, had come over from Leipsic to see him once more. Perthes received him with heartfelt pleasure, and sent him away strengthened and supported. On the 6th of May he bade farewell to his son-in-law William Perthes, who was obliged to leave Gotha for some weeks. He keenly felt the loss of this man, who had been for five-and-thirty years very dear to him, and a few days after his departure expressed a wish to see him again; but as soon as he heard a proposal to send for him, he said, "No, no! one must not allow one's-self everything that is possible, he is not to come, and I desire you to obey me, and by no means to summon him." On the 7th of May, to his very great joy, came Perthes' sister, Charlotte Besser. He made her tell him much about earlier as well as present times, and with her he reviewed once more his whole past life. On Monday the 8th of May his son Mathias went through that painful parting that can only come once, the parting from a dying father. Perthes gave him his hand with a look of deep earnest love, and said in a tone of cheerful confidence, "We shall meet again." "I used to think," he had said a few days

previously, "that in the certainty of an existence in God above, all desire of seeing and possessing again those we have loved, would disappear, and I never attached much importance to the personal relations between man and man in heaven; but I have changed my views: I now hope to meet and enjoy again all I have loved on earth, and I believe, too, that I shall do so."

On Thursday the 9th of May, Perthes closed his journal with the short entry, "Suffering much;" and from that time forth he could not raise himself without assistance. Impressed with the certainty of death being close at hand, and with the desire to meet it in full possession of his consciousness, he lay languid and weary, but continually praying in the words of some of his favourite hymns. In a letter written at this time we find; "He is still indescribably patient, he never complains, and is always kind and cheerful. To day, he said, 'I am weak, very weak, would to God it were the last weakness—my pains increase, but still death tarries.'" With tenderest affection, and with the composure and energy which only experience can give, his wife nursed him night and day; but he did not the less appreciate the devotion shown him by others. "Do not," said he to his daughters, "sit up with me at night—you only weary yourselves, and things will get worse still; and yet," he added, a few minutes afterwards, "I should like one of you to sit on my bed at night, so that I might see you whenever I awoke." He almost always lay with folded hands, often exclaiming, "Gracious God, help me." "Come, Lord Jesus;" or, "Lead me not into temptation;" or "God be merciful to me a sinner, for thy dear Son's sake." Whenever he opened his eyes, he looked lovingly at whoever was sitting by him; nodded, or stretched out his hand. Even during these last days, he looked out a

ring for his grand-daughter, Fanny Becker, on the occasion of her confirmation, and another for his daughter Agnes, which he gave her in a basketful of flowers on her silver wedding-day. The 10th of May was the eighteenth anniversary of his own second marriage. Much and long did he and his wife speak together of their mutual life, and then he added, "Death is here, and I am conscious of a most strange feeling, as though all earthly ties were dissolving; but there is no expressing this in words."

His intimate friend, Dr. Madelung, having long promised not to conceal from him what any of his symptoms might indicate, he now asked him whether the last hours were come, and on receiving for answer, "Not yet," he said in a melancholy tone, "I had so confidently hoped to die to-day, and must I go on living?" Alas, he had still five weary days and nights before him. On Sunday the 12th he was lifted into his arm-chair, the erysipelas had struck inward, and his agonies every hour increased. Ice was laid on his head, and opium given. He struggled desperately against its influence, and though sometimes rendered delirious, he yet often by an effort collected his faculties, said what he wished to say, and then relapsed into a dreamy condition. He spent a day and night of fearful suffering, the opium had lessened his power of resistance, and agonizing cries of pain escaped him. "You must excuse it," he once said, "I cannot help it, and I have not any teeth to grind." "O that I could but weep!" said he, on another occasion. "What a long Sunday—it is a hard, hard battle! Help me, my God, and send me death." But there were words of resignation and trustfulness that alternated with these cries of anguish. While those around him supposed him asleep, he began in a low touching

voice, to repeat the words of a favourite hymn. Another time, waking from a kind of dream, he exclaimed, "Herder, on his dying bed, sought only an Idea: 'Light, light,' exclaimed Goethe; it would have been better had they cried out for love and humility." Early on Monday morning he became free, not, indeed, from pain, but from the influence of the opium; and trying to collect his thoughts, he asked his daughter what had been the matter? whether they were angry with him? whether he had broken anything? His children told him that he had taken opium, and been delirious. At first he repeated their words, as though he could not quite guess their meaning, but when, at length, it broke upon him, indescribable love, peace, and joy overspread his whole aspect, he drew his weeping daughters towards him, laid his hands on their heads, blessed them, and prayed long and fervently.

Even after this distressing night, Perthes had still some hours of unconsciousness; sometimes, too, he would mistake the time, and find some difficulty in recognising the person who chanced to come in; but he was never again delirious, and when he did speak he spoke clearly, and with a kindness which was heart-touching. He had done now with earthly things; he had neither eaten nor drunk anything for weeks, a teaspoonful of coffee was all that he was still able occasionally to enjoy; his own body appeared to be something detached from himself, whose sufferings he contemplated with compassion. He loved his wife, his children, and all who approached him, more and more, and often asked them to place themselves so that he might see them all at once, but they felt that he did not grieve at leaving them: he had entirely done with this life, and waited in perfect composure for the last great moment.

He did indeed long inexpressibly to be with God, but however weary this mortal life now seemed, he never lost the certainty of its blissful close. Those around him heard him exclaim, "Thanks be to God my faith is firm, and holds in death as in life; for his dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner!" On Thursday, the 18th of May, the doctor was able to tell him that all would soon be over. He had no longer any actual pain, and on being asked whether his dreams were distressing, he answered, "No, no, not now; once distressing, now delightful." Sometimes he would pray aloud and repeat hymns in a firm voice. But for the most part he lay there peaceful and joyful, and the peace and joy that God had granted him, pervaded all that were near. "When he folded his cold hands," wrote one of his daughters, "and prayed from his inmost soul, we too were constrained to fold our hands and pray, it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room." "The last conflict is severe," we find it said in another letter, "but we see with our own eyes that he can overcome it in love, and without pain or fear. The last enemy loses all his terrors for us, and the resurrection seems nearer us than the death."

About six o'clock in the evening, an intimate friend, the court-preacher Jacobi, came in. Perthes opened his languid eyes, and stretched out his hands to him, saying, "For the last time; it will soon be over, but it is a hard struggle." About seven, Jacobi and the Doctor left him; at eight his breathing became slower and deeper, but without occasioning any distress. His whole family stood round him. Perthes had folded his hands, and for a short time prayed aloud, but his speech had now become inarticulate; only the oft-repeated

words, "My Redeemer—Lord,—forgiveness," could be distinguished. It had now grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features, every trace of pain was gone, his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their own sorrow. The last sounds of this world that reached the dying ear were, "Yea, the Lord hath prepared blessedness and joy for thee, where Christ is the Sun, the Life, and the All in All." He drew one long last breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of agony passed over his face, and then his triumph was complete. It was within a few minutes of half-past ten. Immediately after death a look of peace and joy settled on his face. Early on the morning of the 22d of May he was buried in the churchyard of Gotha, and his favourite hymn was sung around his grave:

> What can molest or injure me who have in Christ a part?
> Fill'd with the peace and grace of God, most gladly I depart.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.